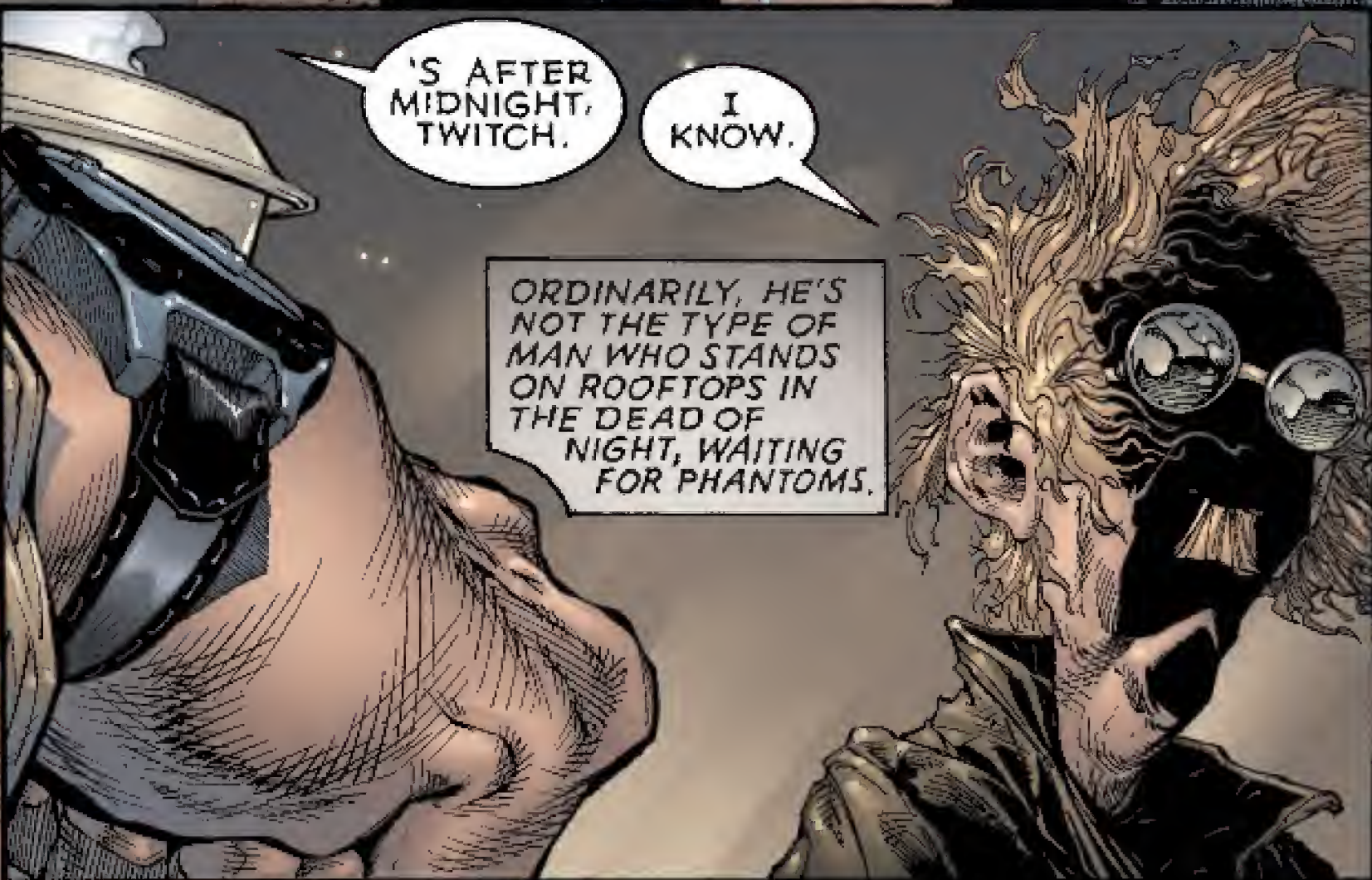


# SPAWN



Capullo D.:  
McFARLANE





DETECTIVE  
TWITCH  
WILLIAMS  
LIKES TO  
THINK OF  
HIMSELF AS  
A MAN OF  
REASON.

HE BELIEVES  
IN A WELL-  
ORDERED  
UNIVERSE  
WHERE A  
MAN CAN  
CHART THE  
COURSE OF  
HIS LIFE  
GUIDED BY  
WELL-FIXED  
STARS:  
HONOR.  
JUSTICE.  
FAMILY.

'S AFTER  
MIDNIGHT,  
TWITCH.

I KNOW.

ORDINARILY, HE'S  
NOT THE TYPE OF  
MAN WHO STANDS  
ON ROOFTOPS IN  
THE DEAD OF  
NIGHT, WAITING  
FOR PHANTOMS.

SO HE'S LATE.

I KNOW.

YOU SURE  
THIS IS WHERE  
HE SAID TO  
MEET?

NO, I'M NOT  
SURE. THE MESSAGE  
SAID "MIDNIGHT."  
THAT'S ALL. I'M ONLY  
GUESSING HE  
MEANT HERE.

YEAH.  
SEE... THING  
IS... IT'S  
AFTER MID-  
NIGHT...

I KNOW.  
AFTER MIDNIGHT.  
LATE. GOT IT.

I'M JUST  
SAYIN'.

BUT THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN  
ORDINARY IN HIS LIFE  
FOR QUITE SOME TIME.





THE DULL RATTLE OF HELL-FORGED CHAINS, THE DEEP BASSO RUMBLING OF THE MUFFLED VOICE STARTLE HIM.

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE WILLIAMS AND HIS PARTNER, SAM BURKE, FIRST ENCOUNTERED THE MYSTERIOUS BEING WHO CALLS HIMSELF **SPAWN**.

EVERY TIME HE SEES HIM, IT SENDS CHILLS DOWN HIS SPINE. HE LOOKS AT THE BLACK AND CRIMSON FIGURE THAT STANDS BEFORE HIM AND WONDERS...

WHO IS HE? WHAT IS HE? WHAT DARK SECRETS LIE HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWY FOLDS OF THAT BLOOD RED CLOAK?

SPAWN... HELLO.



HEY, BIG GUY! CHECK IT OUT. YOU WANTED ANSWERS, WE GOT YOU ANSWERS.

SHOW HIM, ZAB.

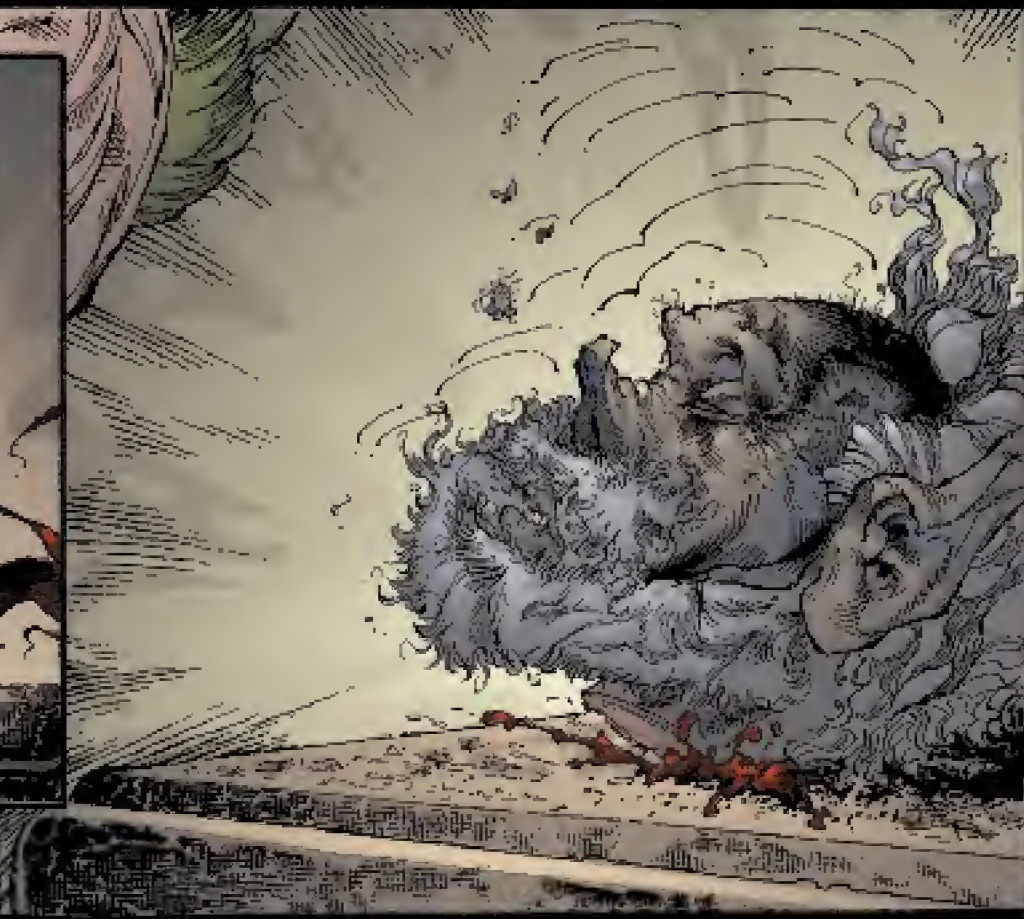
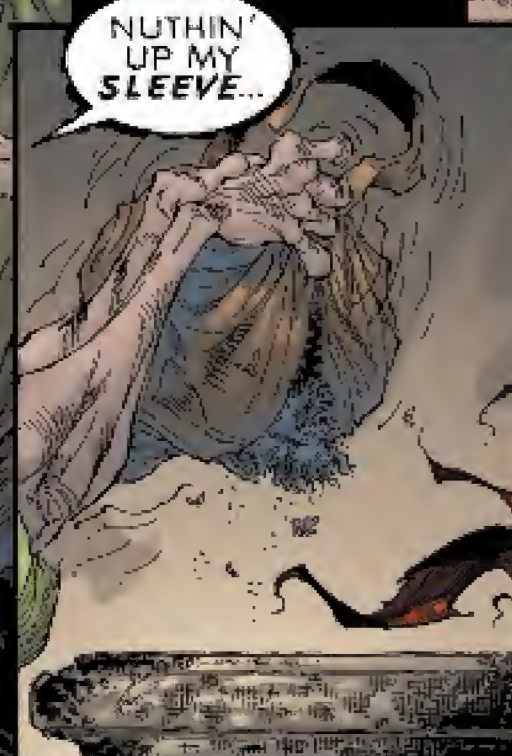
HEY DUDES. WHAT'S UP?

NUTHIN' UP MY SLEEVE...

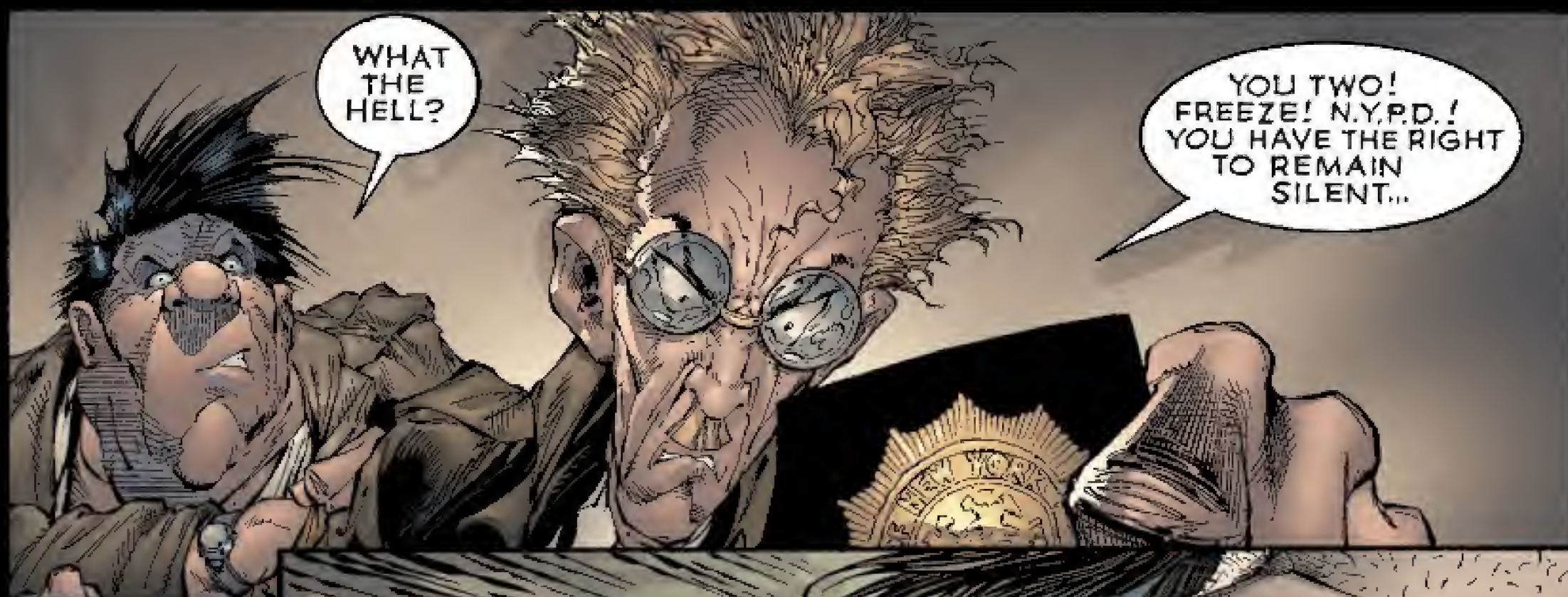
WAIT. WE'RE NOT ALL HERE.

AND MOST OF ALL, HE WONDERS, CAN HE HELP ME?

WHAT DID FIND OUT? DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BOY?







WHAT THE HELL?

YOU TWO!  
FREEZE! N.Y.P.D.!  
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT  
TO REMAIN  
SILENT...



HA  
HA  
HAH!

OKAY!  
WHATEVER YOU  
SAY, KOJAK.  
HAHAHAH!



IT'S  
ALL RIGHT.  
THEY ARE IN  
MY EMPLOY.  
FOR  
NOW.

WHO  
IS HE?

FOUND HIM  
IN A BOWERY  
DUMPSTER. STILL  
PRETTY FRESH.  
HAD SOME PRETTY  
INTERESTING  
THINGS TO  
SAY.

DIDN'T  
YOU NOW,  
BUDDY?  
HUH?



I--  
I KNEW  
HIM.





THAT'S POSSIBLE. HE WORKED FOR THE HALOS FOR A SPELL. THAT WAS BEFORE... WELL, HE'LL TELL YOU.

ALL RIGHT, PAL. START TALKING. WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY, YOU KNOW.

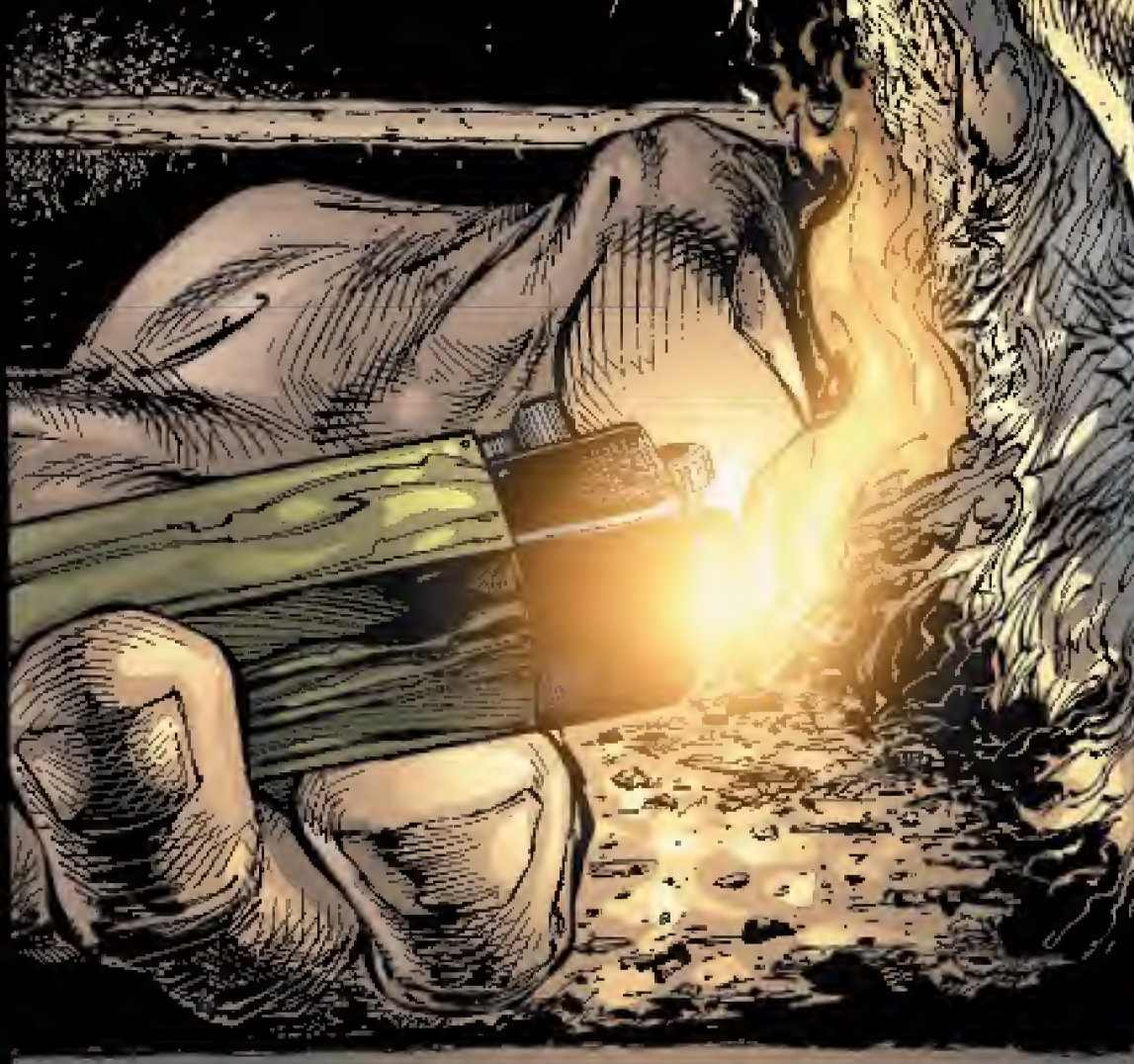


COME ON SPILL IT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, huh? YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A CHUMP?



OKAY. YOU WANT TO PLAY IT THAT WAY? FINE BY ME.





**SON  
OF A  
BITCH!**

WHAT THE  
HELL ARE YOU  
**DOING?!**  
I DON'T HAVE *ENOUGH*  
PROBLEMS WITHOUT  
YOU LIGHTING MY  
FRIGGIN' HEAD ON  
**FIRE?!**

SAM...?

QUIT  
YOUR  
WHINING,  
TOUGH GUY.  
YOU BROUGHT  
IT ON YOUR-  
SELF.

YEAH,  
BUT JESUS...  
YOU DIDN'T  
HAVE TO  
**TORCH**  
ME.

HE...  
HE  
TALKED.

WHAT THE  
HELL ARE YOU  
LOOKING AT,  
TUBBY?



MAX WILLIAMS  
FEELS LIKE HELL.  
HIS STOMACH IS  
KNOTTED INTO A  
TIGHT LITTLE  
BALL, HIS BLOOD  
BURNS LIKE  
BATTERY ACID  
IN HIS VEINS.

MAX...  
BABY...  
ARE YOU  
OKAY?

HUU MPH!

THE GIRL'S NAME IS DAWN. MAX  
MET HER AT THE ARCADE A  
COUPLE WEEKS BACK. EVER  
SINCE, IT'S LIKE HE CAN'T LIVE  
WITHOUT HER.

DEAR  
LORD,  
THIS ISN'T  
RIGHT...

LIKE HE'S A JUNKIE AND  
SHE'S HIS DRUG OF CHOICE.

Oh GOD...  
I THINK I'M  
DYING.

NO MAX.  
YOU'RE NOT  
DYING. YOU'RE  
BEING BORN  
AGAIN.

SOME  
BIRTHS  
ARE MORE  
DIFFICULT  
THAN OTHERS.  
I'M SORRY, BUT  
IT'LL BE OKAY IN  
THE END. I  
PROMISE.

MAX,  
CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?  
MAX?

DAWN...?





DAWN...  
WHERE  
AM I?

I HAD  
TO GET  
YOU OFF THE  
STREET. THE  
POLICE  
WOULD HAVE  
COME.

MAX WILLIAMS  
STARES INTO  
COLD GLOOM, HIS  
EYES SLOWLY  
ADJUSTING TO  
THE DIM LIGHT.

STILL FEVERISH,  
ANY ICY CHILL  
GRIPS HIS  
CHEST LIKE A  
BEAR TRAP.  
FOR THE FIRST  
TIME SINCE HE  
RAN AWAY, MAX  
WISHES HE WAS  
HOME AGAIN.

HOME IN HIS  
BED, WAKING  
FROM A  
STRANGE AND  
TERRIBLE  
DREAM.

YOU'RE  
SAFE, MAX.  
YOU'RE  
WELCOME  
HERE.

WHO  
ARE  
THOSE  
PEOPLE?

WHAT'S  
WRONG  
WITH  
THEM?

NOTHING'S  
WRONG WITH  
THEM, MAX.



THEY'RE MY  
FAMILY.





HEY!  
DEAD MEAT!  
I KNOW YOU.  
STILL GOT  
THAT **HICKEY**  
I LEFT  
YOU?

BET YOU THINK  
THIS IS AWFULLY **FUNNY**,  
ME ENDING UP LIKE THIS.  
WELL, IT'S **NOTHING**  
COMPARED TO WHAT THEY  
HAVE PLANNED FOR  
**YOU**.



COME ON!  
QUIT DICKIN' AROUND.  
JUST TELL HIM WHAT  
YOU TOLD ME. TELL  
HIM ABOUT THE  
**KINGDOM**.

Oh, CHRIST!  
I SHOULD HAVE RAN  
OFF TO SOME DARK HOLE  
IN SOUTH AMERICA WHEN I  
HAD THE CHANCE. THEY'RE  
MAD. EVERY LAST  
ONE OF THEM.

ME, I'M A  
NICE **NORMAL**  
VAMPIRE. GOT BIT.  
LOST MY SOUL. BECAME  
A CREATURE OF THE  
NIGHT. BUT THESE GUYS,  
THEY'RE **FANATICS**.  
BELIEVE THEY ARE  
THE CHOSEN  
ONES.

THIS  
GOES  
BACK A  
**LONG**  
WAY...





THIS IS THE  
GOSPEL  
ACCORDING TO  
SIMON PURE:

"THE **TRAVELER** FIRST APPEARED FROM THE DESERT OUT-  
SIDE OF GALILEE. A TERRIBLE SANDSTORM HAD RAGED FOR  
WEEKS, AND THE TRAVELER SOUGHT SHELTER.



"MANY TURNED  
HIM AWAY.

"BUT A KINDLY MERCHANT, WHOSE  
FORTUNE WAS LOST WHEN HIS CARAVAN  
WAS SWALLOWED UP BY THE SANDS,  
INVITED THE TRAVELER INTO HIS HOME.

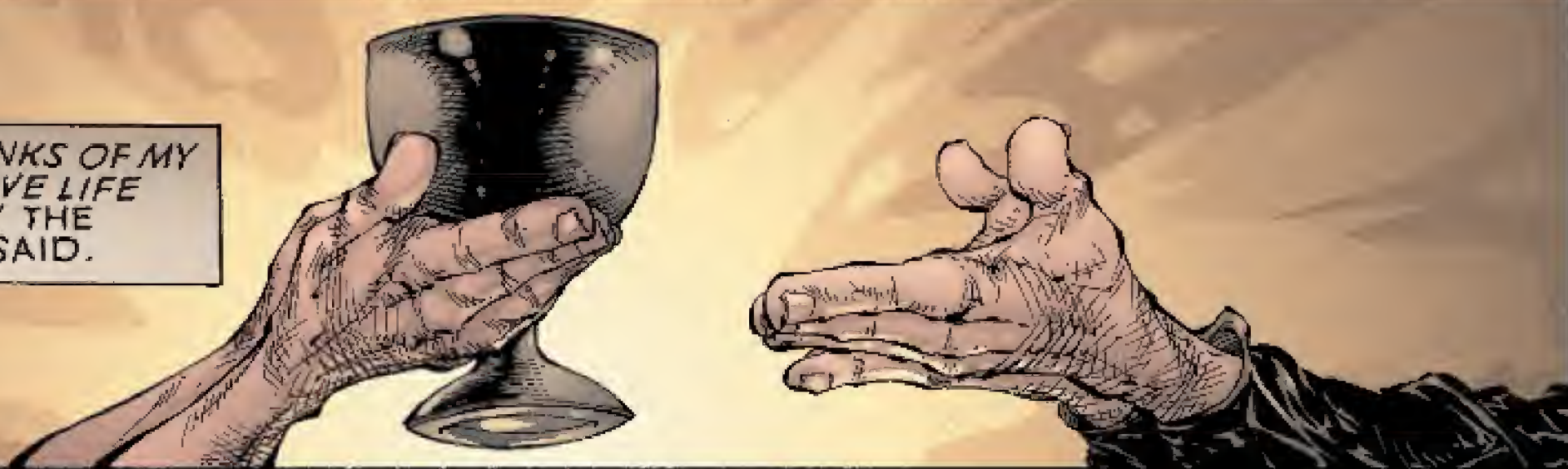


"HE GAVE HIM WHAT HOSPITALITY  
HE COULD SPARE, AND THE TRAVELER  
OFFERED HIM A GIFT IN RETURN.



"HE PRODUCED  
A CHALICE,  
SEEMINGLY  
FROM THIN AIR,  
AND OFFERED  
IT TO HIS HOST.

"'HE WHO DRINKS OF MY  
CUP SHALL HAVE LIFE  
EVERLASTING,' THE  
TRAVELER SAID.





"TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS WANDERER BLOOMED LIKE DESERT SAGE. HE COULD PERFORM MIRACLES, IT WAS SAID.

"WALK ON WATER, GO LONG PERIODS WITHOUT FOOD OR DRINK. SOON HE HAD MANY FOLLOWERS, DISCIPLES WHO HEEDED HIS EVERY WORD.



"BUT THEY WERE SHUNNED WHEREVER THEY WENT, CALLED DEVILS AND BLASPHEMERS AND FORCED TO FLEE VILLAGE AFTER VILLAGE.

"THE TRAVELER TOLD THEM, 'WE ARE BOUND BY NO LAND, FOR WE CARRY OUR **KINGDOM** WITH US. WHEREVER WE ARE GATHERED, THERE SHALL OUR GLORY BE.'



"AFTER MANY YEARS OF WANDERING, THE TIME CAME WHEN THE TRAVELER SAID THAT HE HAD TO GO AWAY.

"BEFORE HE LEFT, HE AND HIS TWELVE DEAREST DISCIPLES GATHERED IN AN OLIVE GROVE FOR ONE LAST FEAST.

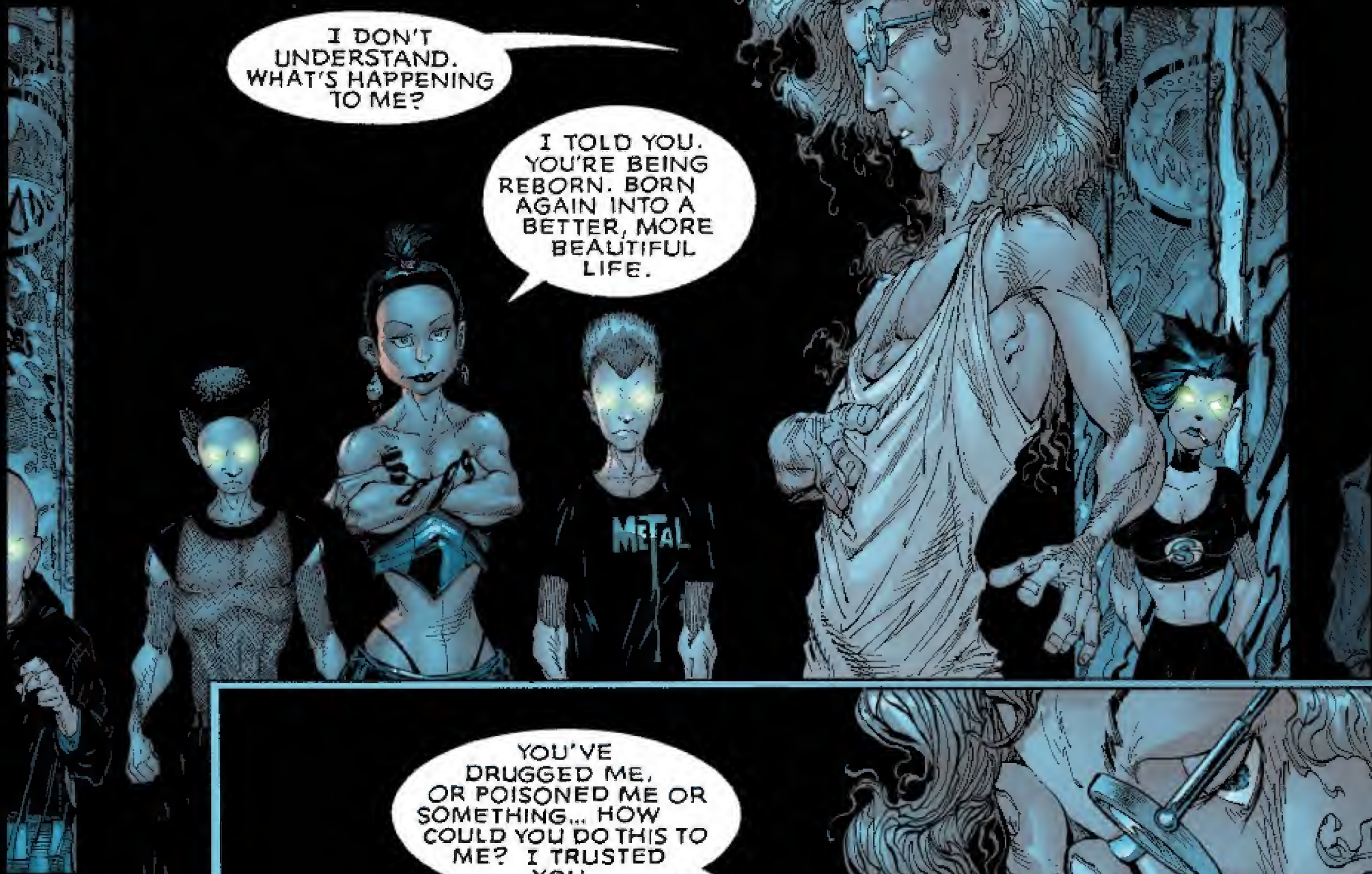


"HE TOLD HIS FOLLOWERS THAT HE WOULD LIVE ON INSIDE THEM. HE THEN PASSED AROUND A BOWL OF WINE AND BADE EACH OF HIS COMRADES TO DRINK.



" 'THIS IS MY **BLOOD**, ' HE SAID, 'THE BLOOD OF OUR COVENANT. HE WHO DRINKS OF IT SHALL NOT DIE, BUT HAVE LIFE FOREVER IN MY **KINGDOM**... ' "





I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

I TOLD YOU. YOU'RE BEING REBORN. BORN AGAIN INTO A BETTER, MORE BEAUTIFUL LIFE.



YOU'VE DRUGGED ME, OR POISONED ME OR SOMETHING... HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? I TRUSTED YOU.

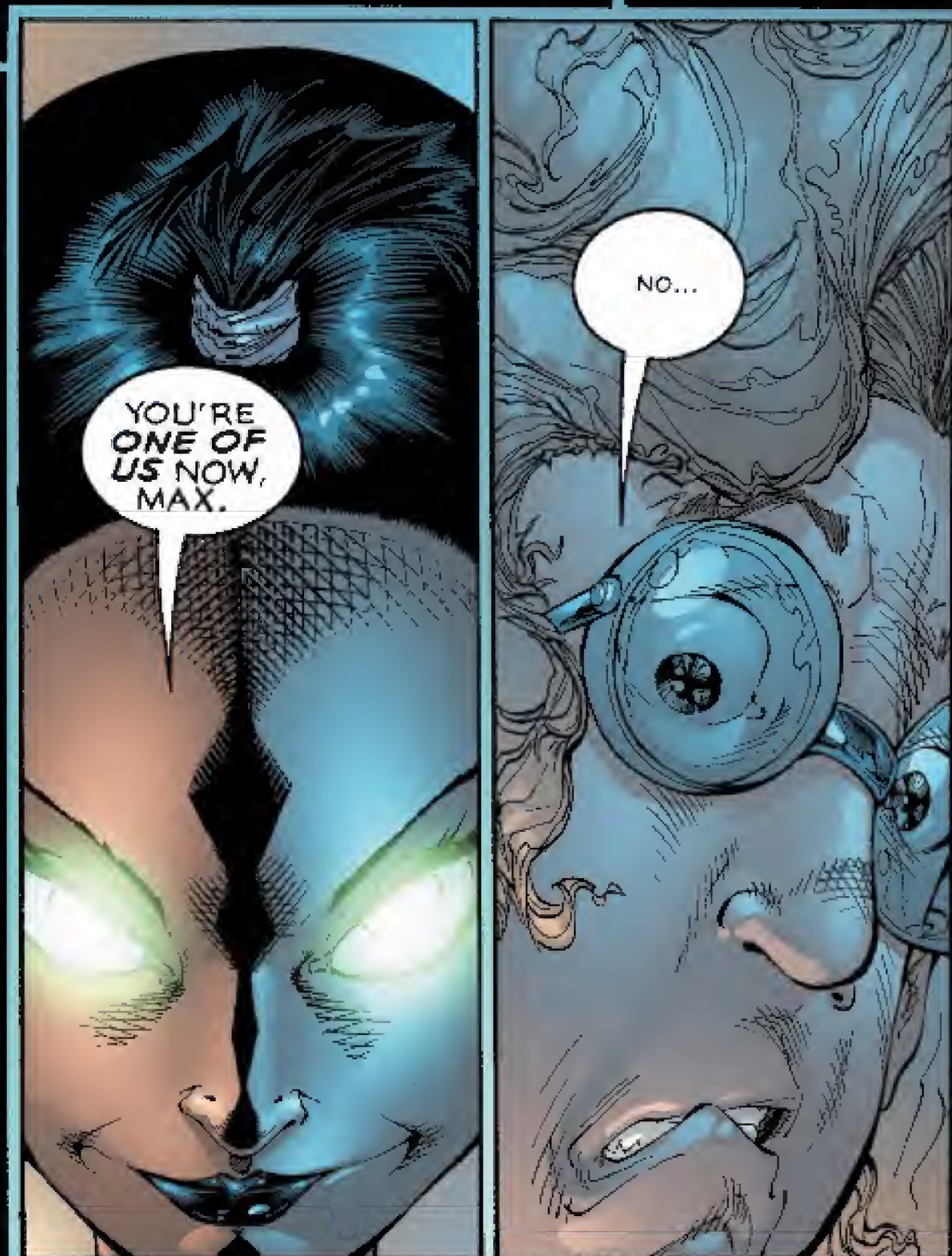


BECAUSE I CARE FOR YOU, MAX. I WANTED YOU TO BE SAVED. YOU HAVE A GOOD HEART. I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE LEFT BEHIND.

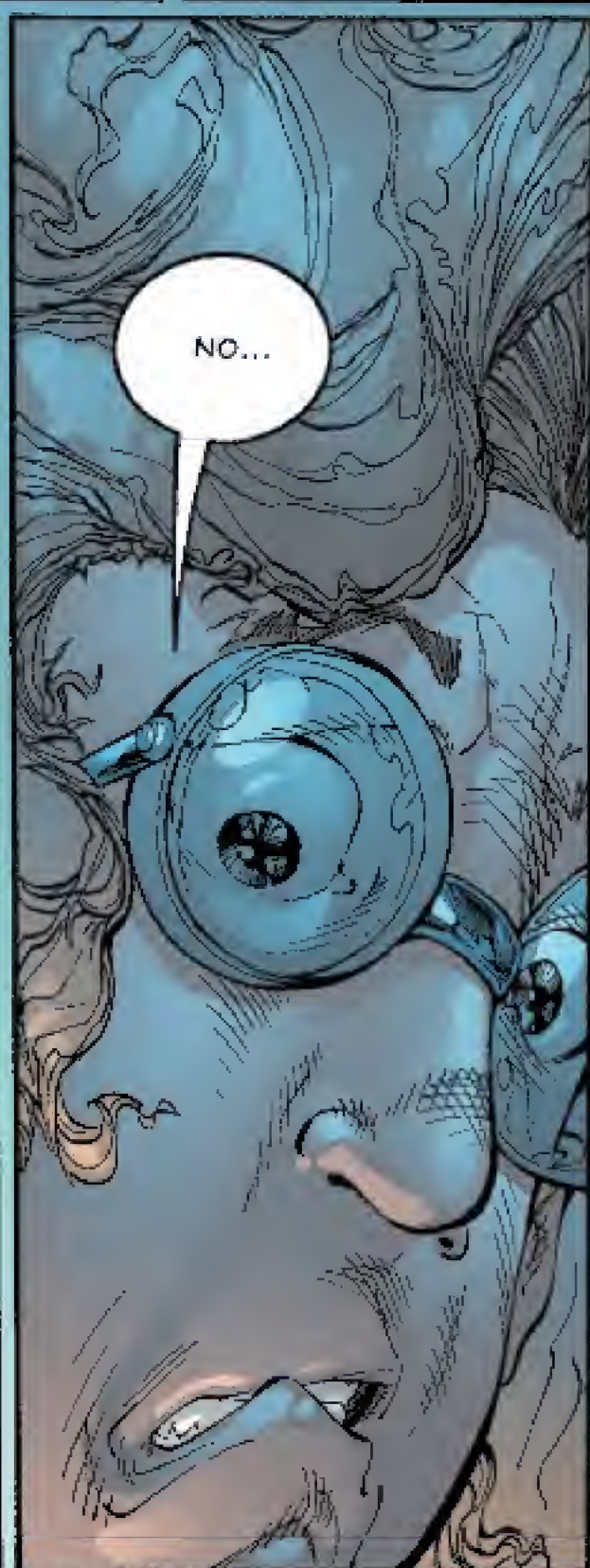


THIS IS TOO MUCH. I CAN'T HANDLE THIS. I JUST WANT TO GO. I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

"HOME" ISN'T GOING TO BE AROUND VERY MUCH LONGER, I'M AFRAID. **THIS** IS YOUR NEW HOME, MAX. THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG.



YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW, MAX.



NO...



"OVER THE CENTURIES, THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM GREW IN NUMBER. CAST LIKE SEEDS IN THE WIND, THEY SPREAD ACROSS THE FACE OF THE WORLD.



"THROUGHOUT EUROPE... ASIA... COLONIAL AMERICA... THEY WERE FEARED AND PERSECUTED. CALLED NAMES LIKE 'UNDEAD...' 'WAMPYR...' 'VAMPIRE...'



"WHEN THEY WERE CAUGHT, THEY WERE BURNED AT THE POST OR HAD STAKES DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR HEARTS, CURSING REVENGE WITH THEIR DYING BREATHS.

"STILL THEY FLOURISHED, MEETING IN SECRET IN THE ALLEYWAYS AND GHETTOS OF OLD WORLD CITIES, IDENTIFYING EACH OTHER WITH SECRET SIGNS...

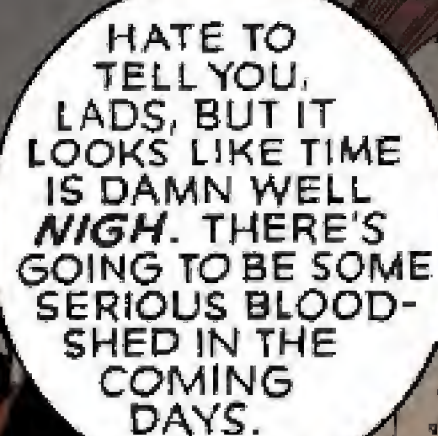


"RECRUITING NEW MEMBERS, CONCEALING THEIR PRESENCE... REACHING OUT TO THE LONELY... THE DESPERATE... THE OUTCAST... GROWING IN STRENGTH...

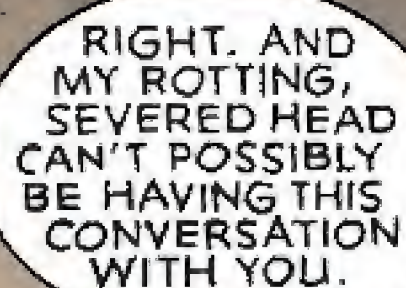


"WAITING FOR THE TIME TO COME WHEN THEY WOULD RISE UP AS *GOD'S CHOSEN RACE*... AND INHERIT A WORLD THAT WAS RIGHTFULLY THEIRS."

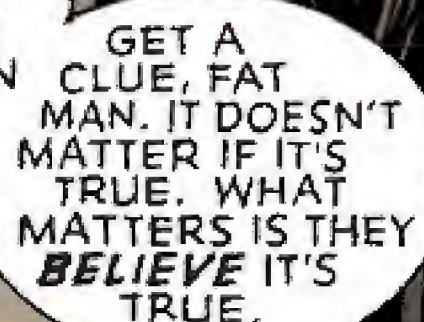




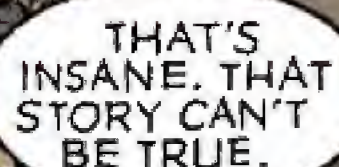
HATE TO TELL YOU, LADS, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TIME IS DAMN WELL **NIGH**. THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME SERIOUS BLOOD-SHED IN THE COMING DAYS.



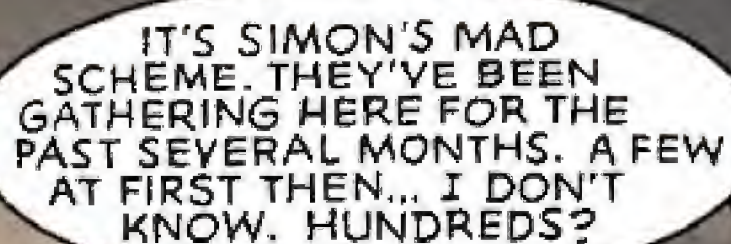
RIGHT. AND MY ROTTING, SEVERED HEAD CAN'T POSSIBLY BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION WITH YOU.



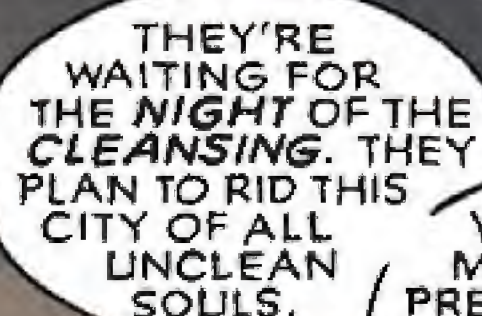
GET A CLUE, FAT MAN. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S TRUE. WHAT MATTERS IS THEY **BELIEVE** IT'S TRUE.



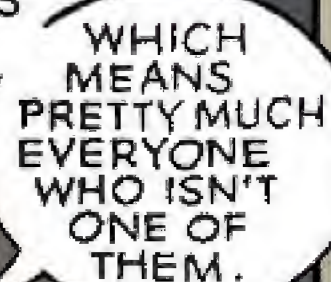
THAT'S INSANE. THAT STORY CAN'T BE TRUE.



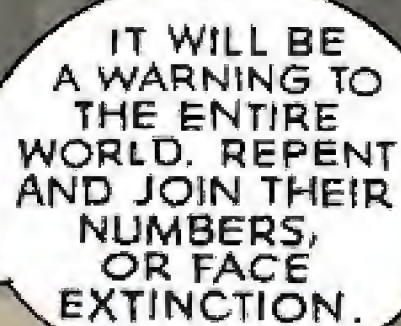
IT'S SIMON'S MAD SCHEME. THEY'VE BEEN GATHERING HERE FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS. A FEW AT FIRST THEN... I DON'T KNOW. HUNDREDS?



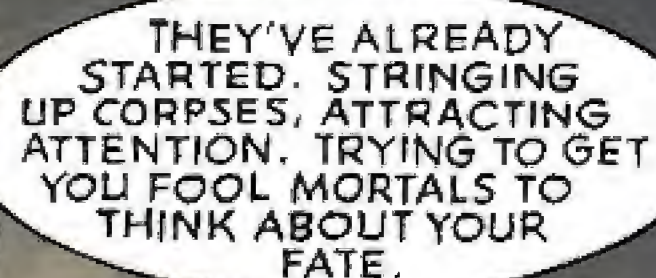
THEY'RE WAITING FOR THE **NIGHT OF THE CLEANSING**. THEY PLAN TO RID THIS CITY OF ALL UNCLEAN SOULS.



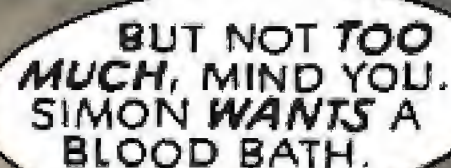
WHICH MEANS PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE WHO ISN'T ONE OF THEM.



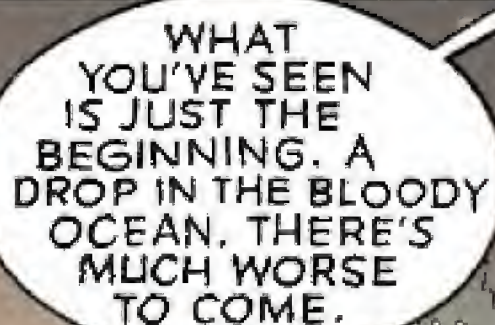
IT WILL BE A WARNING TO THE ENTIRE WORLD. REPENT AND JOIN THEIR NUMBERS, OR FACE EXTINCTION.



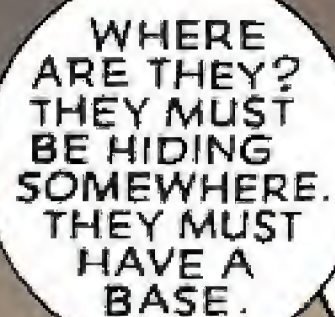
THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED. STRINGING UP CORPSES, ATTRACTING ATTENTION. TRYING TO GET YOU FOOL MORTALS TO THINK ABOUT YOUR FATE.



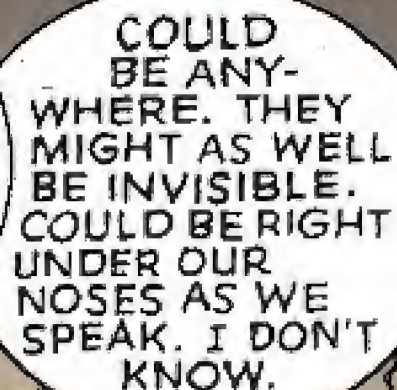
BUT NOT **TOO MUCH**, MIND YOU. SIMON **WANTS** A BLOOD BATH.



WHAT YOU'VE SEEN IS JUST THE BEGINNING. A DROP IN THE BLOODY OCEAN. THERE'S MUCH WORSE TO COME.



WHERE ARE THEY? THEY MUST BE HIDING SOMEWHERE. THEY MUST HAVE A BASE.

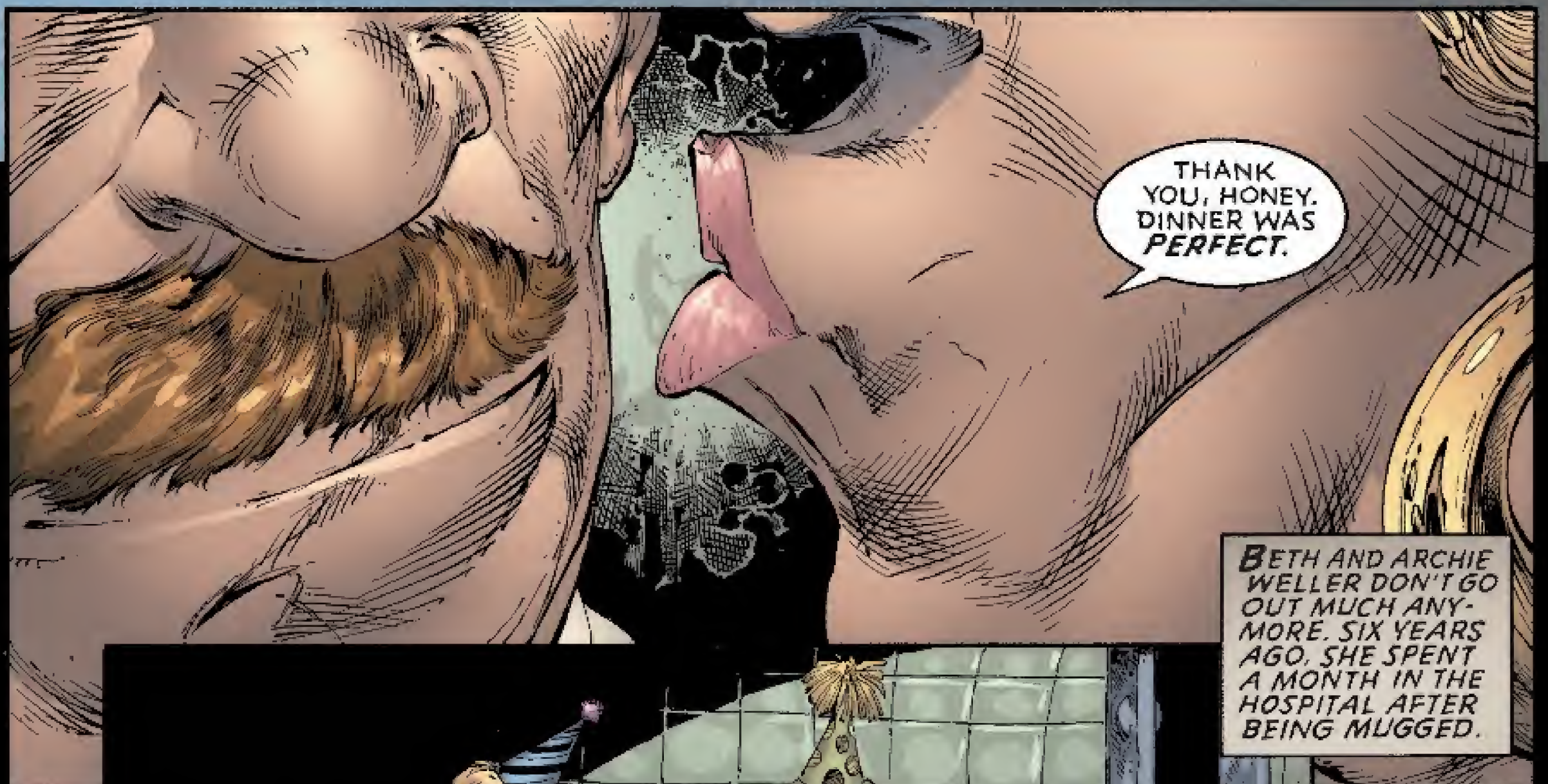


COULD BE ANYWHERE. THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE INVISIBLE. COULD BE RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES AS WE SPEAK. I DON'T KNOW.



I DO.





BETH AND ARCHIE WELER DON'T GO OUT MUCH ANYMORE. SIX YEARS AGO, SHE SPENT A MONTH IN THE HOSPITAL AFTER BEING MUGGED.

TOWN IS GOING TO THE DOGS, THEY SAID. CAN'T EVEN STEP OUT YOUR FRONT DOOR. FOR A WHILE, THEY TALKED ABOUT LEAVING THE CITY ALTOGETHER.

BUT TONIGHT WAS BETH'S BIRTHDAY, AND ARCHIE SAID HE WANTED TO TREAT HER TO A NIGHT ON THE TOWN, JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS.

HE TOOK HER TO A RESTAURANT THEY BOTH LOVED. AN OLD ITALIAN JOINT THAT SERVES PIZZA THE WAY ARCHIE LIKES IT, WITH CRUST THIN AS PAPER.

THE PLACE HADN'T CHANGED. THE MANAGER EVEN REMEMBERED THEM. THEN ALL THEIR CLOSE FRIENDS SHOWED UP AND THREW BETH A SURPRISE PARTY.

ARCHIE EVEN WORE THE STUPID PARTY HAT WITHOUT COMPLAINT. IT WAS PERFECT.

WAITING FOR THE SUBWAY CAR, THEY NO LONGER FEAR THE CITY. IT IS A GOOD PLACE, THEY'VE DECIDED. CAN'T LET A FEW BAD APPLES RUIN IT FOR EVERYONE.



BETH WELLER  
WILL NEVER  
TOUCH ANOTHER  
PIECE OF CAKE  
AS LONG AS  
SHE LIVES.

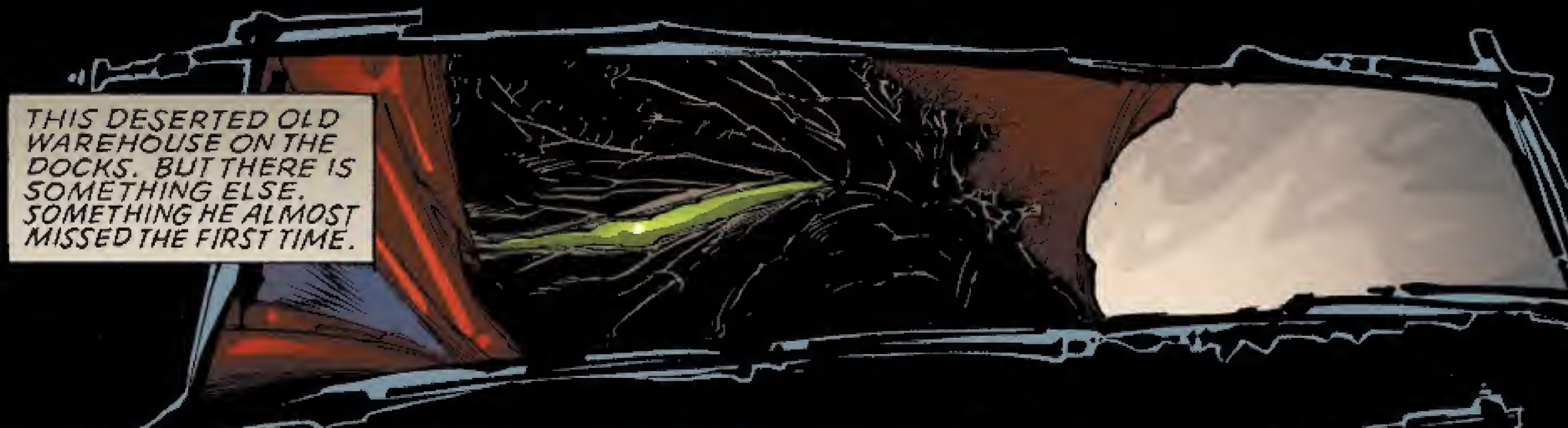
ITS TASTE MIXED,  
NOW AND FOREVER  
IN HER MIND, WITH  
THE ACRID BILE AND  
PENNE MARINARA  
THAT COMES  
HURTLING UP  
HER THROAT.

WHAT KIND OF ANIMALS COULD HAVE DONE THIS? SIX SIMPLE WORDS ARE WRITTEN ON THE WALL OF THE SUBWAY CAR, SCRAWLED IN STILL-WARM BLOOD.

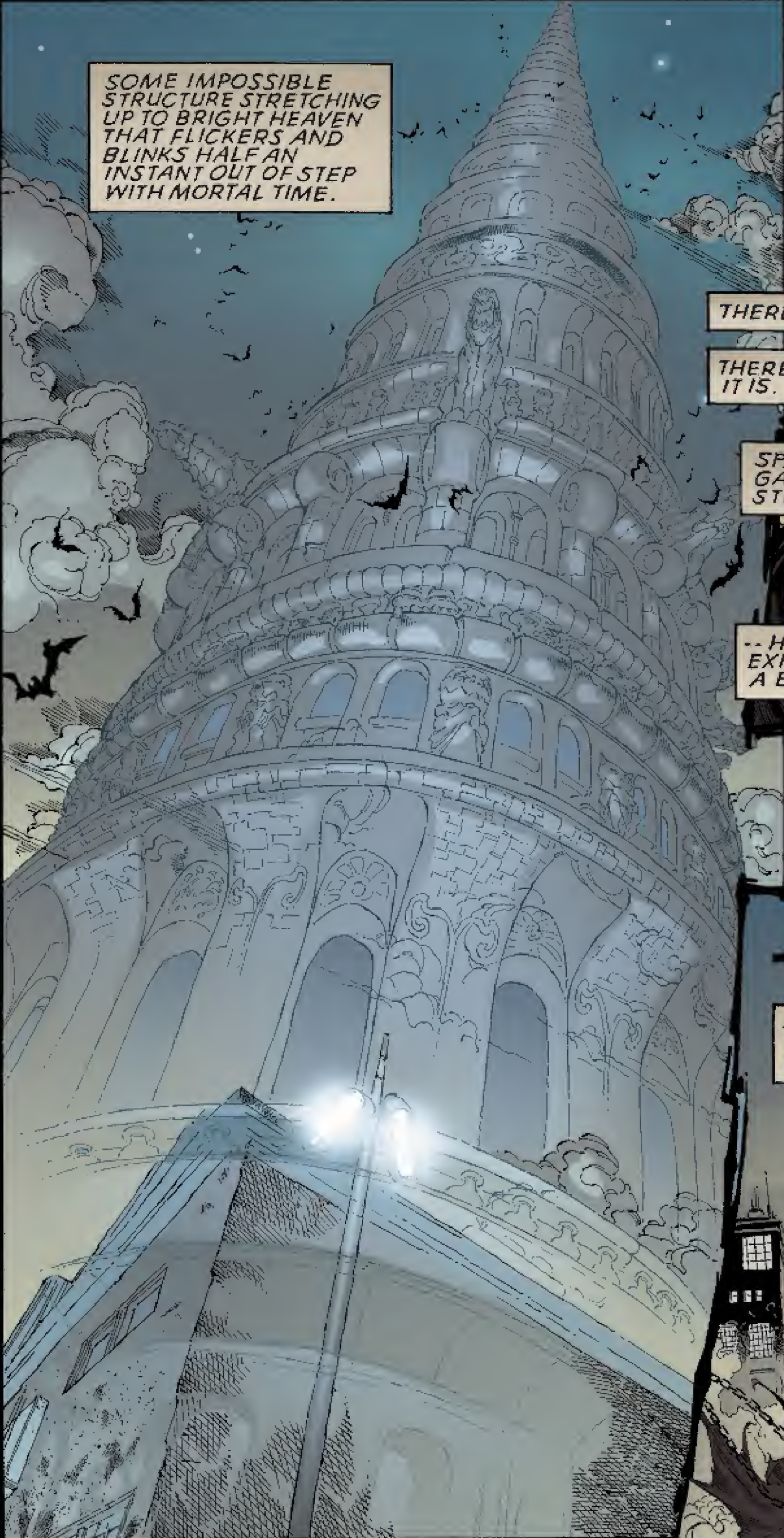
"FOR THE GLORY OF  
THE *KINGDOM*."

**ACROSS TOWN:  
THIS IS THE  
PLACE...**





THIS DESERTED OLD  
WAREHOUSE ON THE  
DOCKS. BUT THERE IS  
SOMETHING ELSE.  
SOMETHING HE ALMOST  
MISSED THE FIRST TIME.



SOME IMPOSSIBLE  
STRUCTURE STRETCHING  
UP TO BRIGHT HEAVEN  
THAT FLICKERS AND  
BLINKS HALF AN  
INSTANT OUT OF STEP  
WITH MORTAL TIME.

THERE.

THERE  
IT IS.

SPAWN  
GATHERS HIS  
STRENGTH--


-- HIS CHEST  
EXPANDING LIKE  
A BELLOWS--

-- REACHING INTO  
THE VERY HEART  
OF HIMSELF --

-- TO HIS  
DEEPEST  
RESERVES  
OF POWER.

HE  
PAUSES  
FOR A  
MOMENT,  
A CALM  
BEFORE  
THE  
STORM.





AND THEN... HE  
UNLEASHES THE VERY  
FURY OF HELL.

THE BLAST  
LIGHTS UP  
THE NIGHT  
SKY LIKE  
SOME ALIEN  
SUN.

HE POURS EVERYTHING HE  
HAS INTO THE ONSLAUGHT,  
A TORRENT OF PURE HELL-  
FIRE THAT COULD MELT THE  
GATES OF ST. PETER HIMSELF.

THEN...

NOTHING.

NOT A  
SCRATCH.



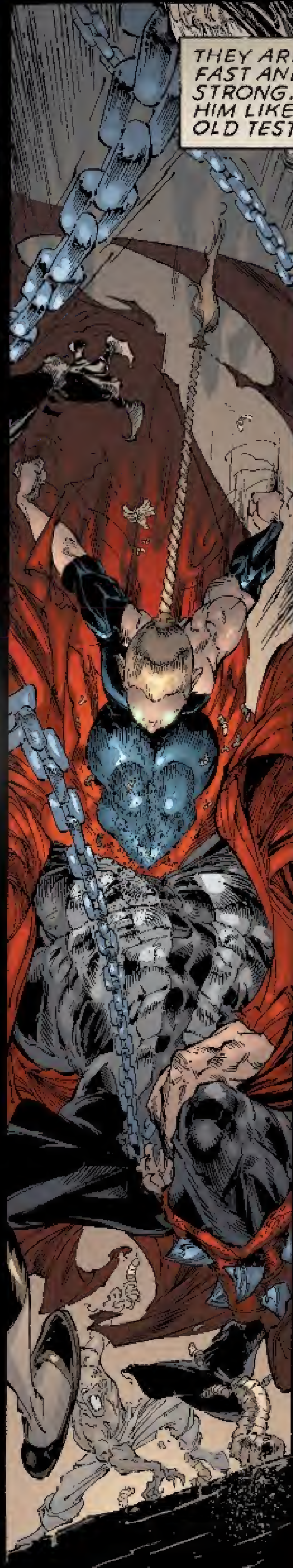


YOU  
CAN  
HUFF  
AND  
PUFF...

BUT  
YOU  
CAN'T  
BLOW  
OUR  
HOUSE  
DOWN!



THEY APPEAR  
OUT OF NOWHERE,  
BANSHEE SWIFT  
AND THIRSTING  
FOR BLOOD.




THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLY  
FAST AND UNIMAGINABLY  
STRONG. THEY BOMBARD  
HIM LIKE LOCUSTS, LIKE AN  
OLD TESTAMENT PLAGUE.

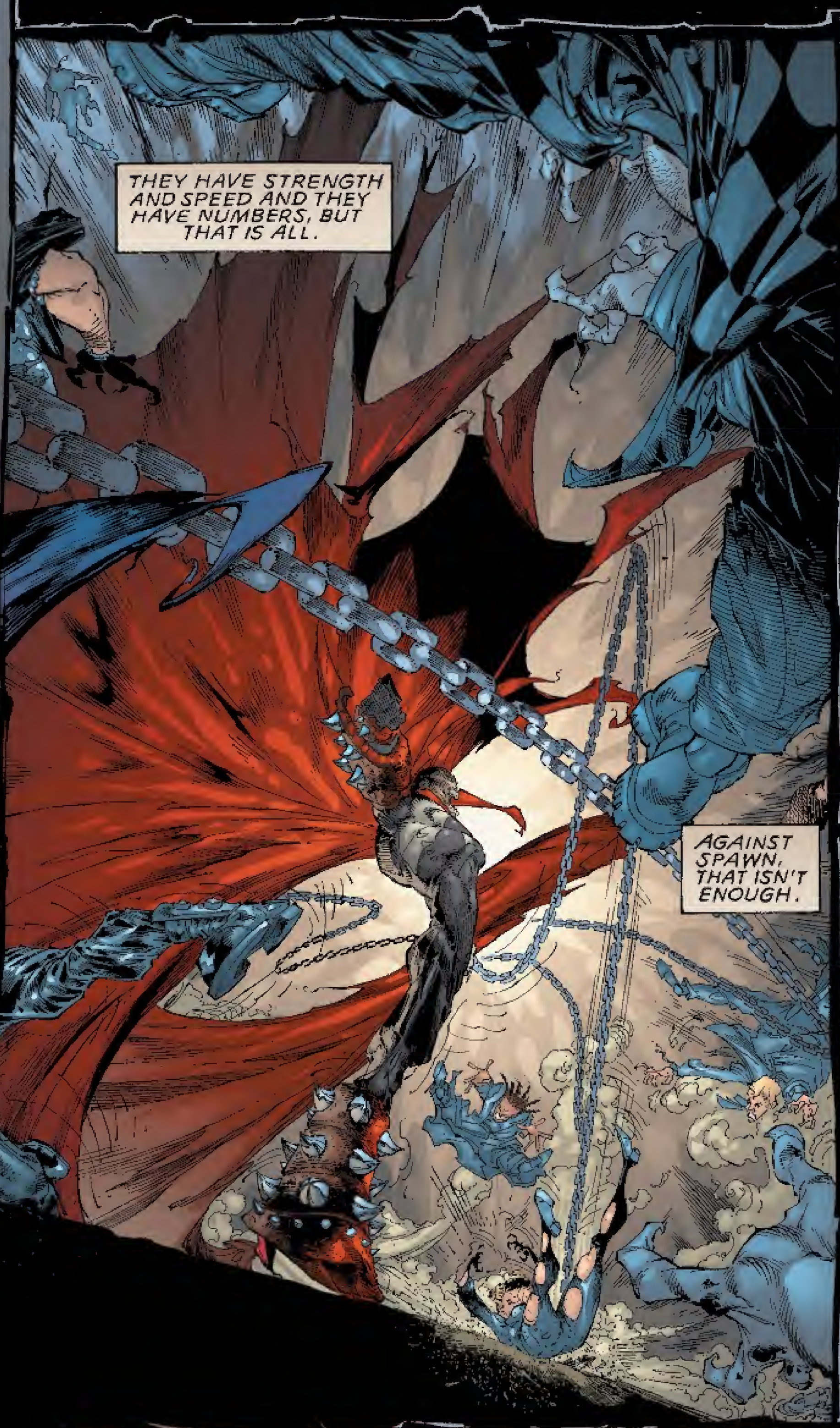


THEY  
ATTACK WITH  
ALL THE  
BRASHNESS  
AND FOLLY  
OF YOUTH.





FOR ALL THEIR  
POWER, THEY  
ARE CHILDREN.  
UNTRAINED AND  
UNDISCIPLINED.



THEY HAVE STRENGTH  
AND SPEED AND THEY  
HAVE NUMBERS, BUT  
THAT IS ALL.

AGAINST  
SPAWN,  
THAT ISN'T  
ENOUGH.



MY  
FRIEND...





YOU ARE  
EARLY.

TO BE  
CONTINUED...





# SPAWN



SPAWN  
D. M. FARLANE



111  
DIGITAL  
EDITION

SPAWN.COM





THE  
NIGHT OF  
*CLEANSING*  
IS NEARLY  
HERE.

THE FINAL  
STAND BETWEEN  
THOSE REBORN  
TO THE *LIGHT*, AND  
THOSE WHO ARE  
LOST TO THE  
*DARKNESS*...

WHEN  
THE  
STREETS OF  
THIS FILTH-  
RIDDEN CITY  
WILL BE  
AWASH WITH  
THE BLOOD  
OF THE  
WICKED...

AND IN THE  
BLOODSTAINED  
DAWN THAT  
WILL FOLLOW,  
*PARADISE*  
SHALL BEGIN  
AGAIN...

IT WILL  
BE A  
GREAT AND  
GLORIOUS  
SIGHT...

BENEATH HIS HAND,  
SPAWN CAN FEEL THE  
ANCIENT HUM OF THE  
WORLD. MILES BELOW,  
THE PILLARS OF THE  
EARTH SHIFT AND  
GROAN.







PITY  
YOU WILL  
NOT LIVE TO  
SEE IT.

THEY STEP OUT  
FROM A HUNDRED  
SHADOWED CORNERS,  
STARING THROUGH  
THE GLOOM WITH  
COAL-DARK EYES.

THEY SNARL  
AND HISS LIKE  
RABID BEASTS.  
LEAN AND  
RAVENOUS  
AND READY  
TO FEED.






LOOK AT  
US, CREATURE.  
WE ARE THE  
FUTURE. THE  
KINGDOM OF GOD  
IS SPREAD UPON  
THE EARTH,  
THOUGH MEN  
DO NOT SEE  
IT.




YOU  
KNEEL LIKE  
A LOWLY SLAVE,  
HELLSPAWN.  
I TRUST YOU  
ARE NOT  
EXPECTING  
MERCY.



OUR  
JUDGMENT  
IS FINAL.  
THERE IS NO  
ESCAPING  
IT.

BENEATH HIS HAND,  
SPAWN CAN FEEL THE  
ANCIENT HUM OF THE  
WORLD. MILES BELOW,  
THE PILLARS OF THE  
EARTH SHIFT AND  
GROAN.





YOU  
CAN'T RUN  
FROM US.  
OUR NUMBERS  
ARE LEGION.  
WE ARE TOO  
STRONG.

WE  
ARE TOO  
**FAST** FOR  
YOU.

IT MOVES IN SLOW WAVES, LIKE  
RIPPLES ACROSS A POND. GENTLE  
AS A SIGH AT FIRST, IT GROWS  
TO A BANSHEE HOWL.

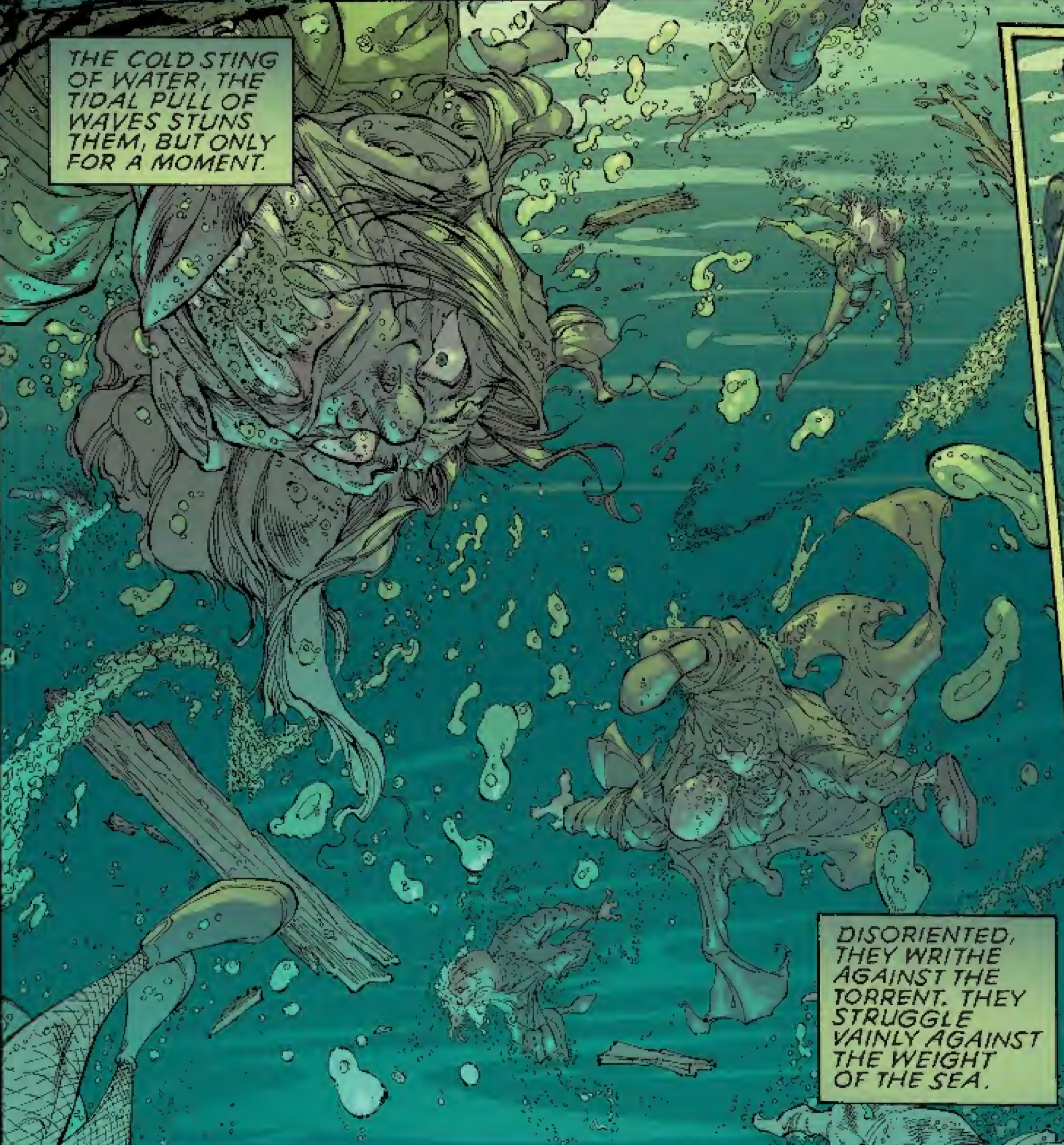
SIMON!  
LOOK!

WHAT?  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?!

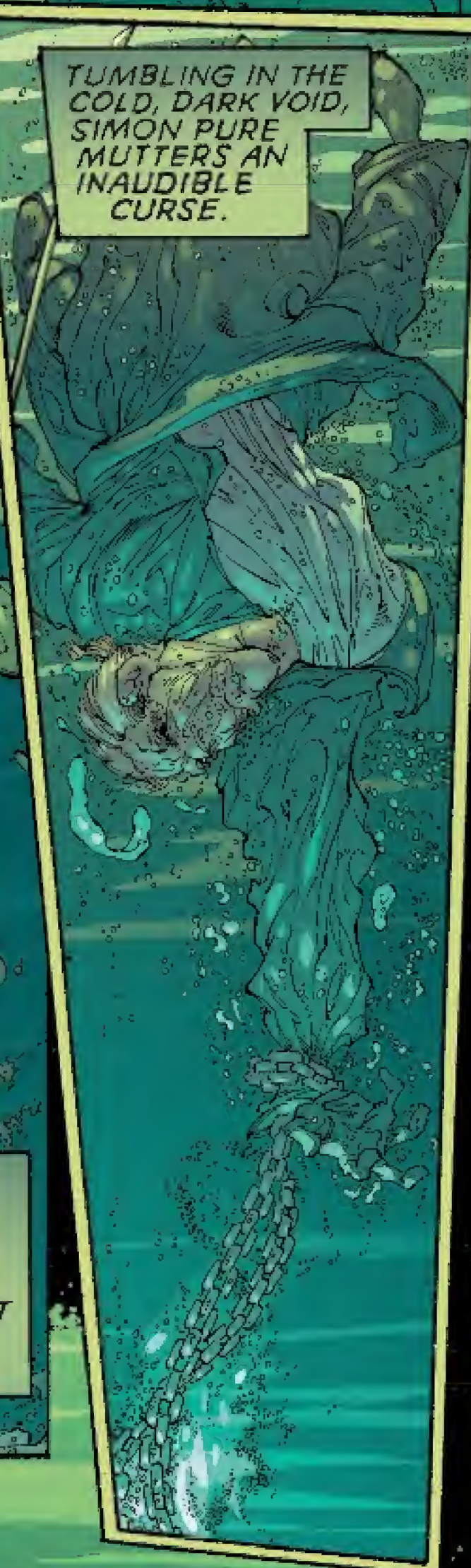
SLOWING  
YOU DOWN.

AND  
CRASHES  
DOWN  
WITH A  
THOUSAND  
THUNDERS.



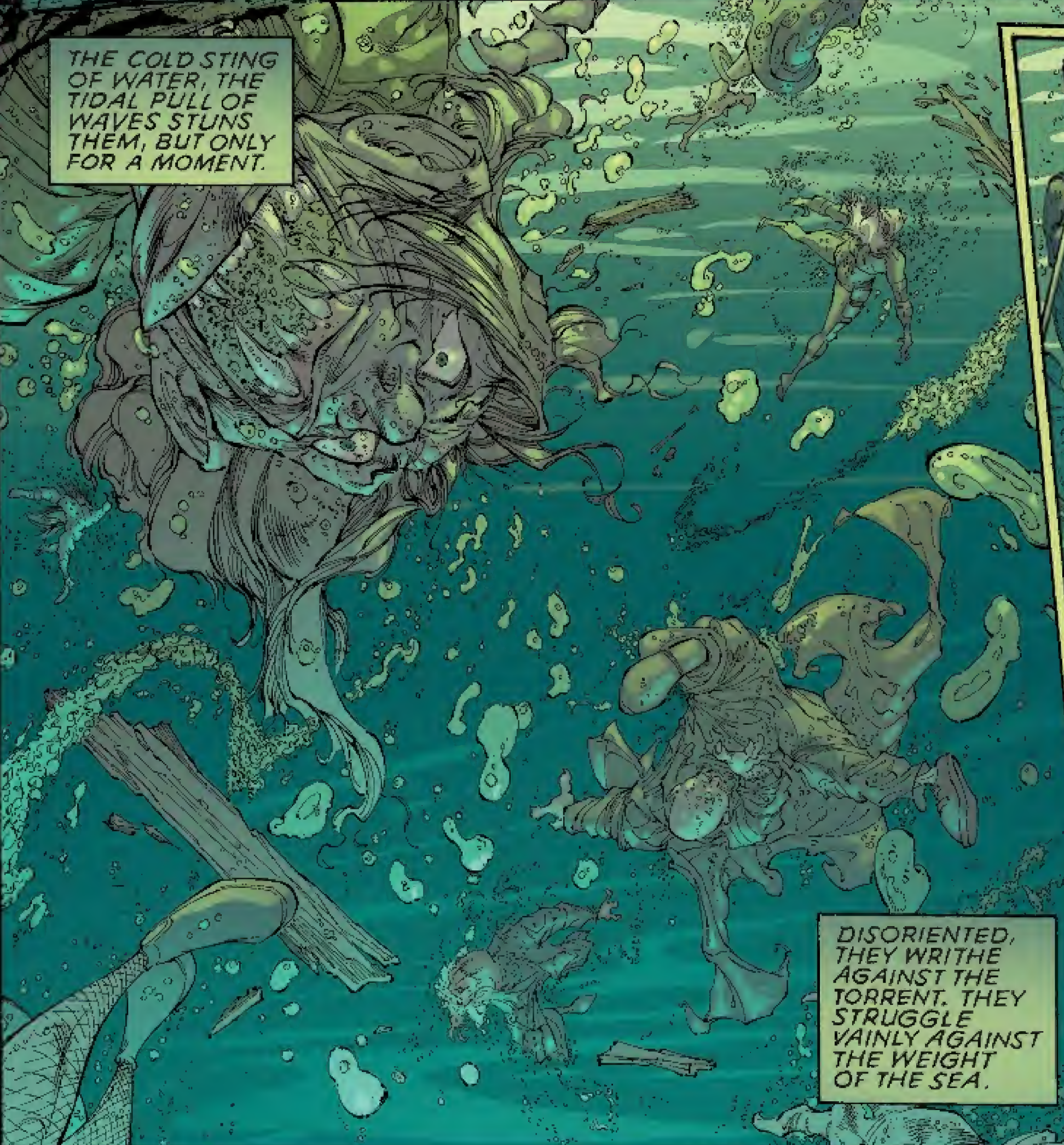


THE COLD STING  
OF WATER, THE  
TIDAL PULL OF  
WAVES STUNS  
THEM, BUT ONLY  
FOR A MOMENT.

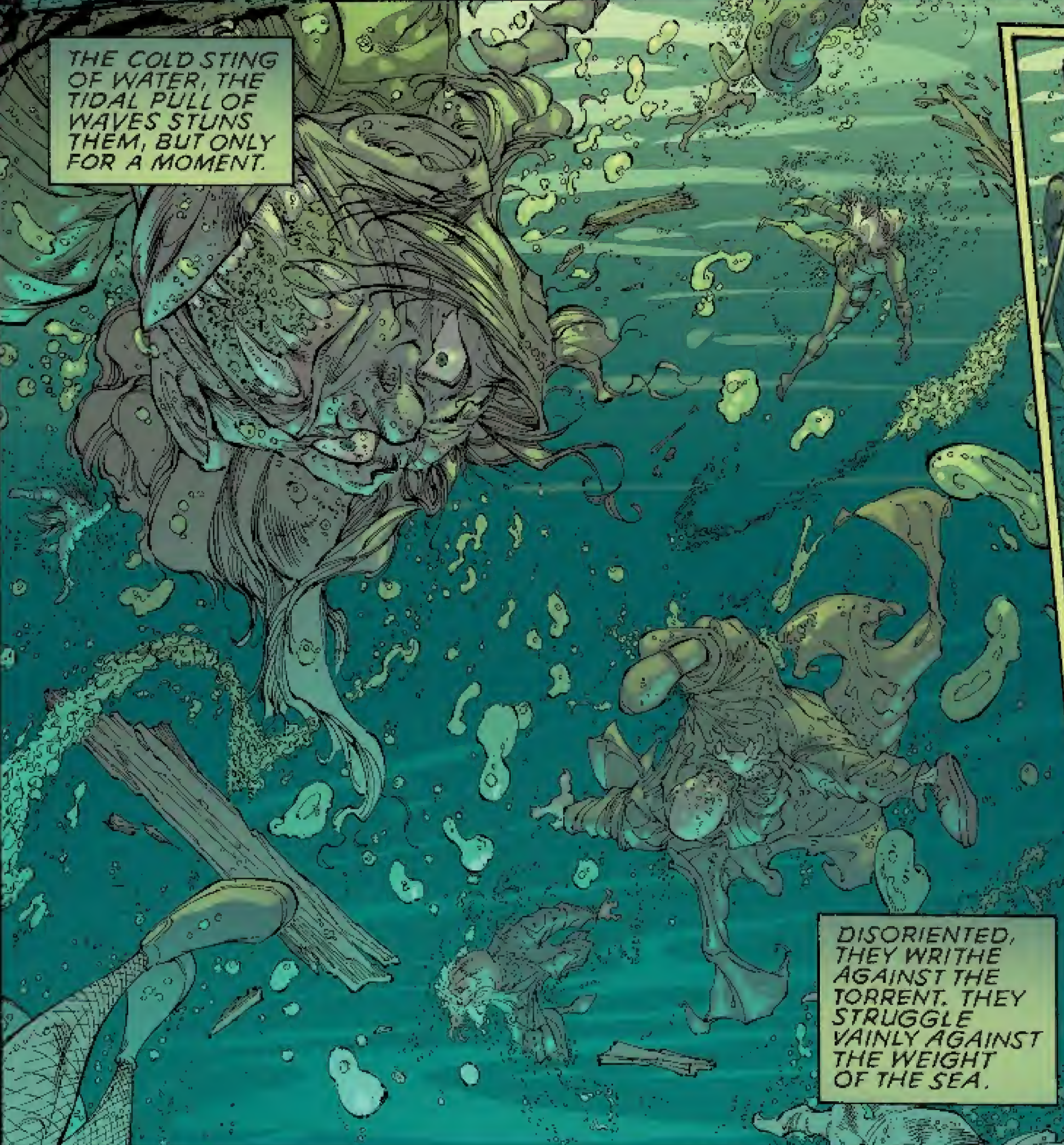


TUMBLING IN THE  
COLD, DARK VOID,  
SIMON PURE  
MUTTERS AN  
INAUDIBLE  
CURSE.

DISORIENTED,  
THEY WRITHE  
AGAINST THE  
TORRENT. THEY  
STRUGGLE  
VAINLY AGAINST  
THE WEIGHT  
OF THE SEA.

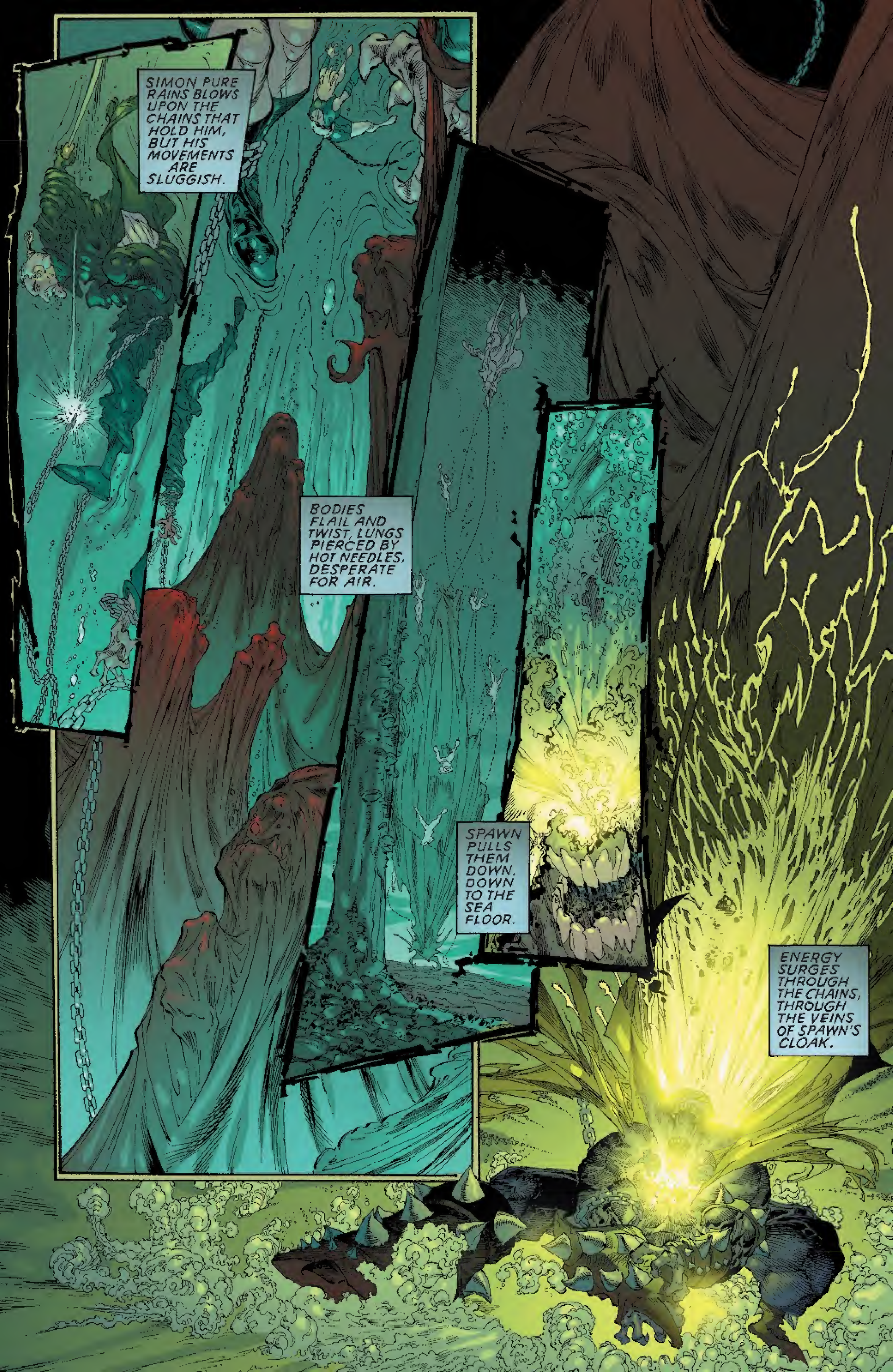


SPAWN'S CHAINS SNAKE OUT  
FROM HIS CHEST, SERPENTS  
IN SEARCH OF PREY.



HIS CLOAK BILLOWS  
AND EXPANDS,  
SPREADING LIKE BLOOD  
ON FRESH LINEN, A  
MONSTROUS NET  
GATHERING A  
POISONOUS HARVEST.



A large, dark, industrial scene with a massive, dark, textured wall or ceiling. A large, glowing yellow energy source is visible on the right side, with bright yellow energy surges emanating from it. The scene is filled with chains and mechanical components. Simon Pure is seen fighting the chains, with his movements being sluggish. The overall atmosphere is dark and intense.

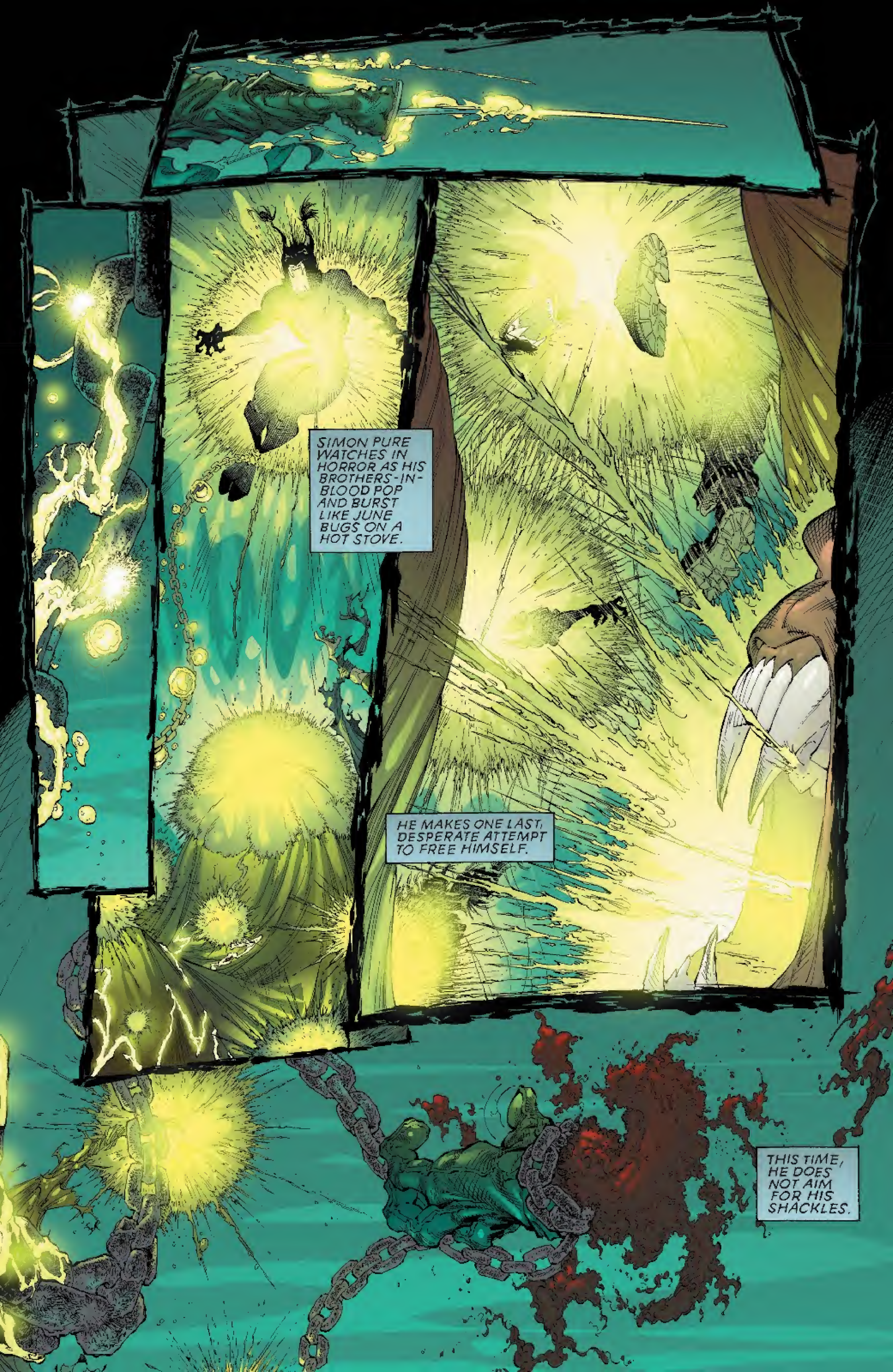
SIMON PURE  
RAINS BLOWS  
UPON THE  
CHAINS THAT  
HOLD HIM,  
BUT HIS  
MOVEMENTS  
ARE  
SLUGGISH.

BODIES  
FLAIL AND  
TWIST, LUNGS  
PIERCED BY  
HOT NEEDLES,  
DESPERATE  
FOR AIR.

SPAWN  
PULLS  
THEM  
DOWN,  
DOWN TO THE  
SEA  
FLOOR.

ENERGY  
SURGES  
THROUGH  
THE CHAINS,  
THROUGH  
THE VEINS  
OF SPAWN'S  
CLOAK.



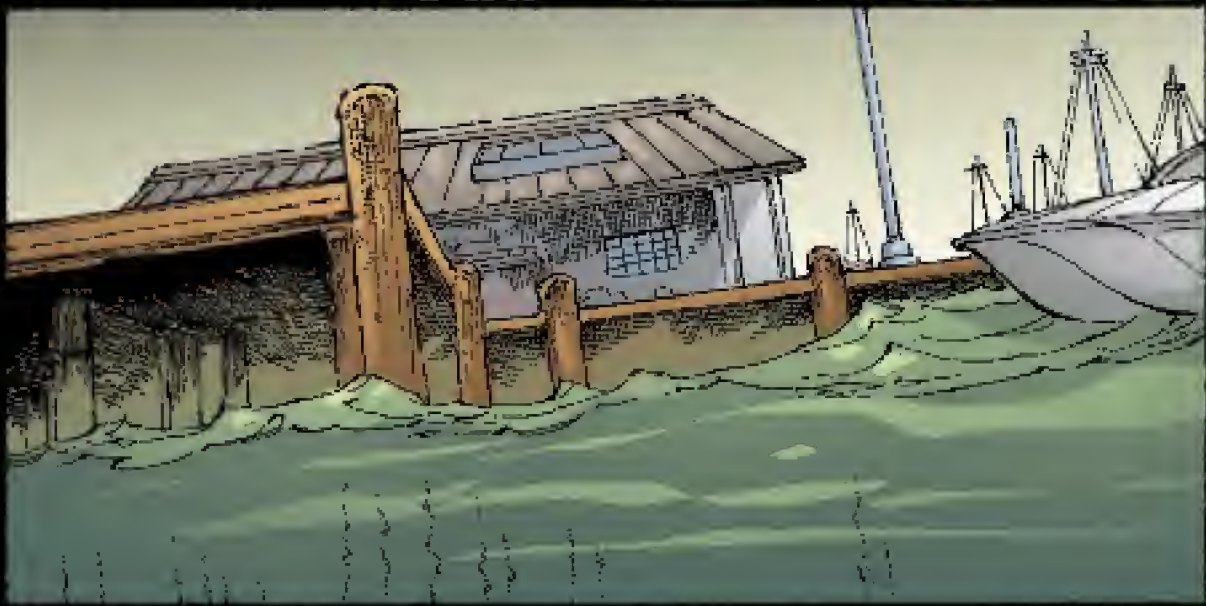
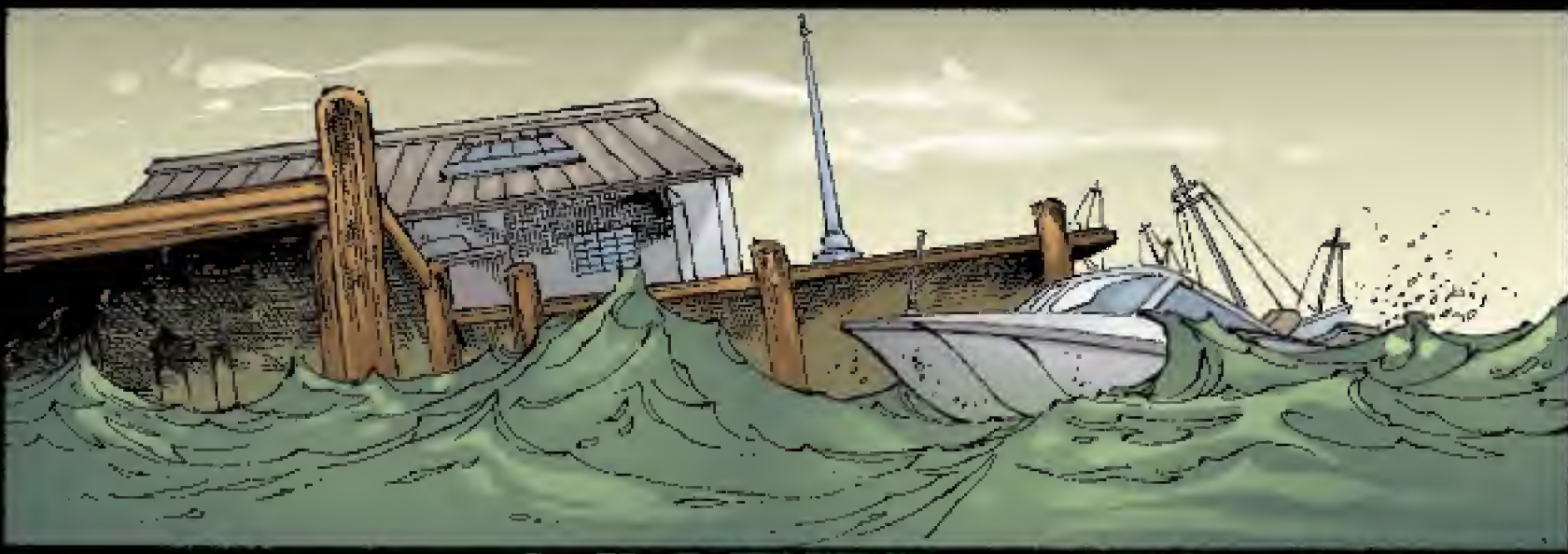
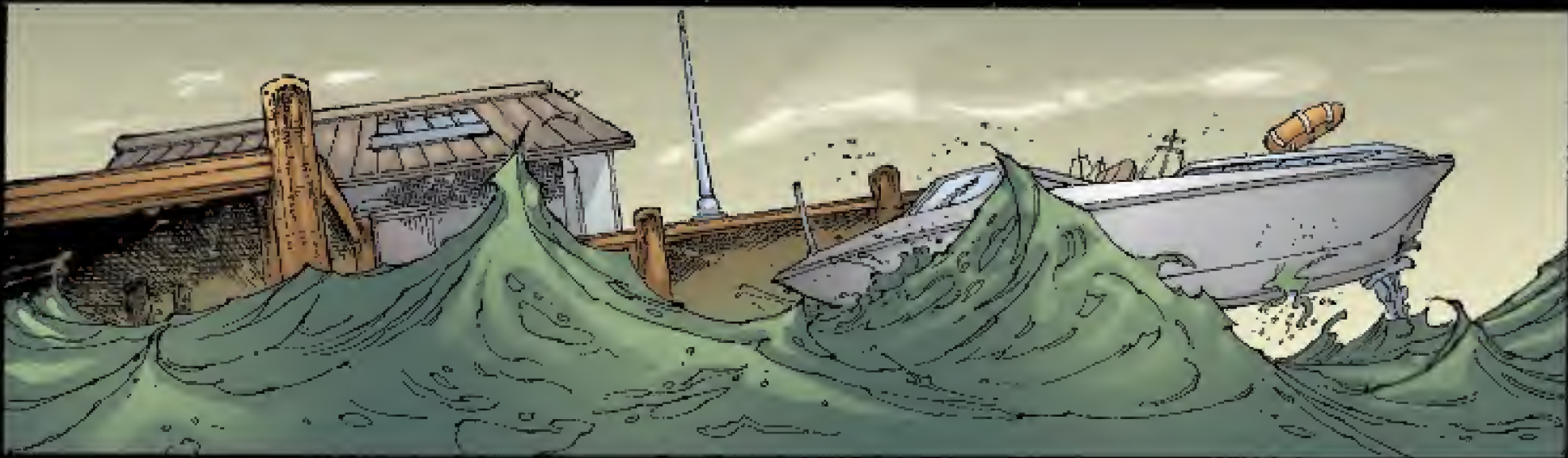
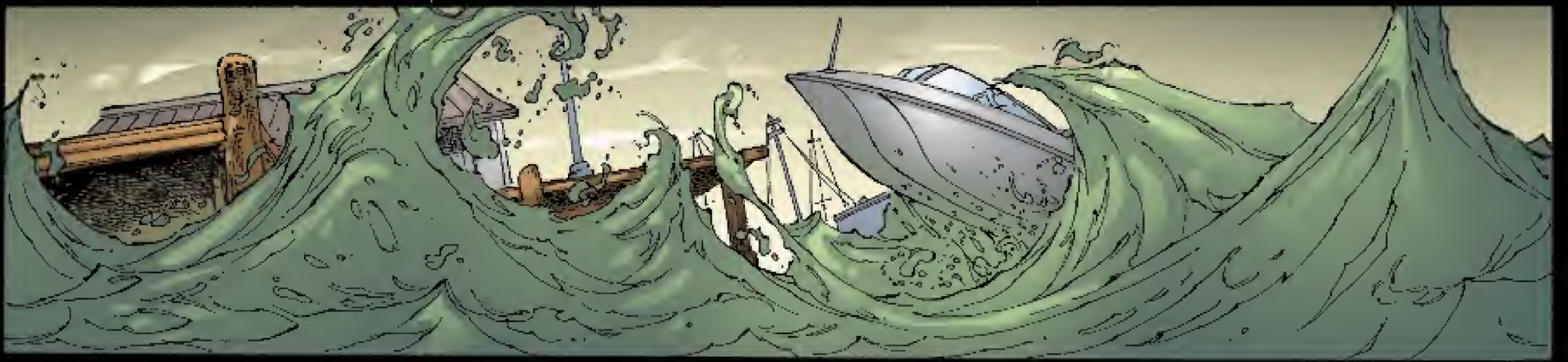


SIMON PURE  
WATCHES IN  
HORROR AS HIS  
BROTHERS-IN-  
BLOOD POP  
AND BURST  
LIKE JUNE  
BUGS ON A  
HOT STOVE.

HE MAKES ONE LAST,  
DESPERATE ATTEMPT  
TO FREE HIMSELF.

THIS TIME,  
HE DOES  
NOT AIM  
FOR HIS  
SHACKLES.





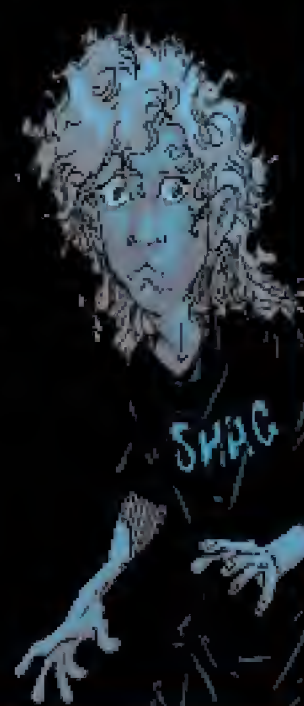


HELLO...?

DAD...?  
DAD, IT'S  
ME.

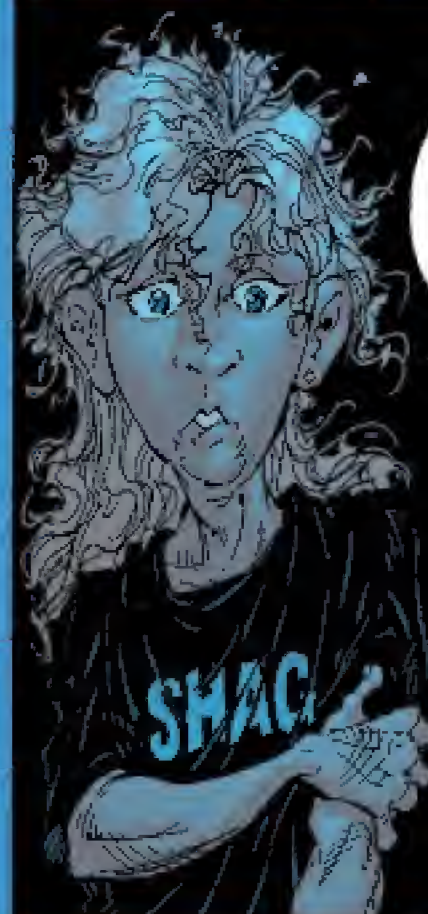
IT'S ME,  
MAX. I'M  
SORRY.

I'M  
SORRY I  
PUT YOU  
THROUGH  
THIS.



I NEVER  
DREAMED IT  
WOULD END  
UP THIS WAY.  
I JUST...  
I DON'T KNOW  
...I WAS  
MAD.

BUT I  
NEVER  
MEANT  
TO HURT  
YOU.



YOU  
AND  
MOM.

NOT  
REALLY.



SON...?  
SON,  
WHERE ARE  
YOU? TELL ME  
WHERE YOU  
ARE AND I'LL  
COME GET  
YOU.



IT'S TOO  
LATE, DAD.  
I KNOW IT.  
I JUST  
WANTED... I  
JUST WANTED  
TO SAY...  
oh, GOD.



MAX.  
IT'S OKAY.  
WHATEVER  
IT IS, WE'LL  
FIX IT.



I JUST  
WANTED TO  
SAY, I'M  
**SORRY**. IT'S  
NOT YOUR  
FAULT. IT'S  
**MINE**.



NO,  
MAX. IT'S  
MY FAULT.  
I SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
THERE FOR  
YOU.

I'M SO  
SORRY.  
BUT WANT  
YOU TO  
KNOW  
THAT...  
DAD...



MAX!  
DON'T GO.  
WE'LL FIX  
IT. WE'LL  
MAKE EVERY-  
THING  
BETTER. I  
PROMISE.

...



MAX!  
SON...  
DON'T  
GO!



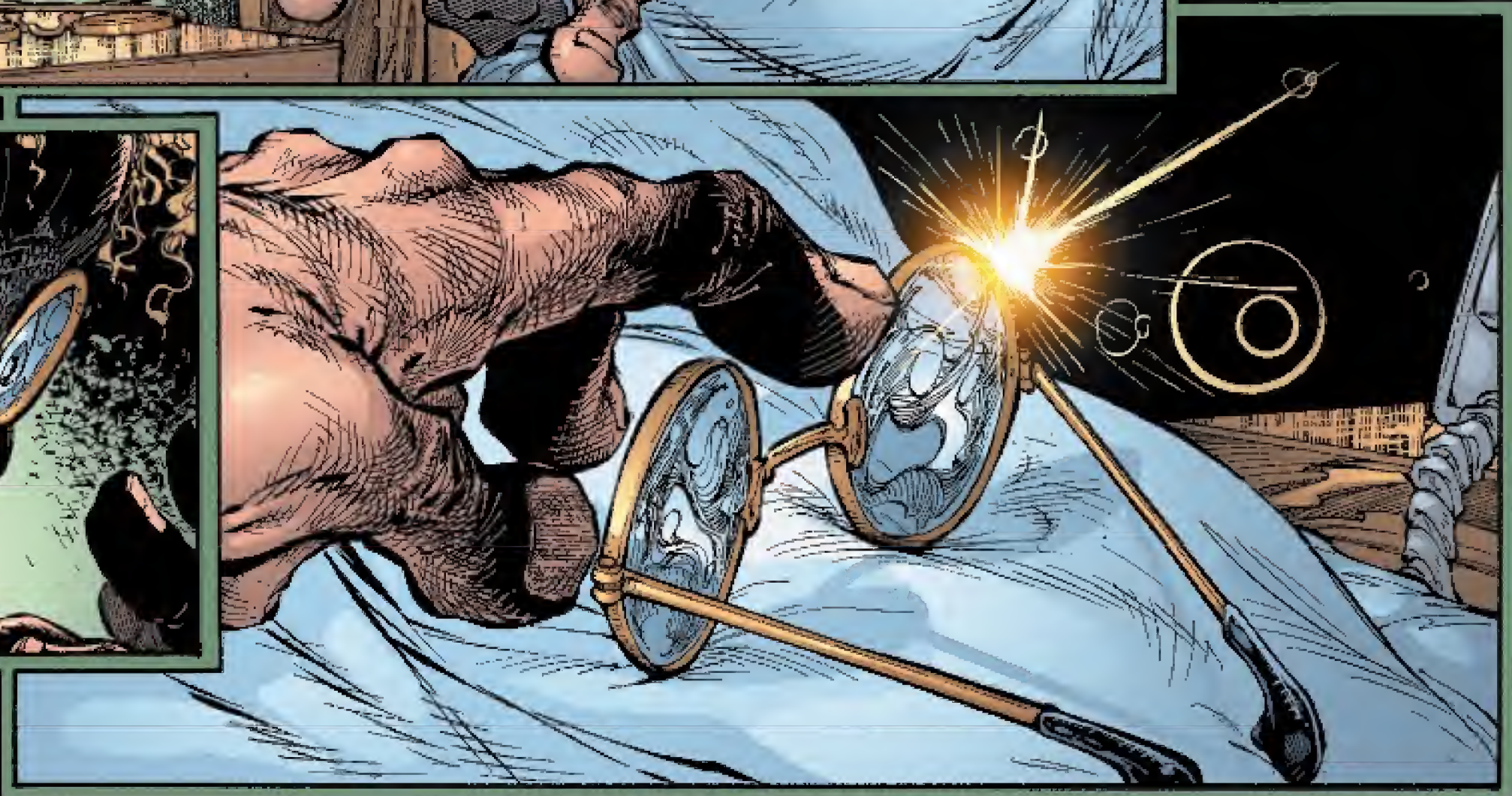
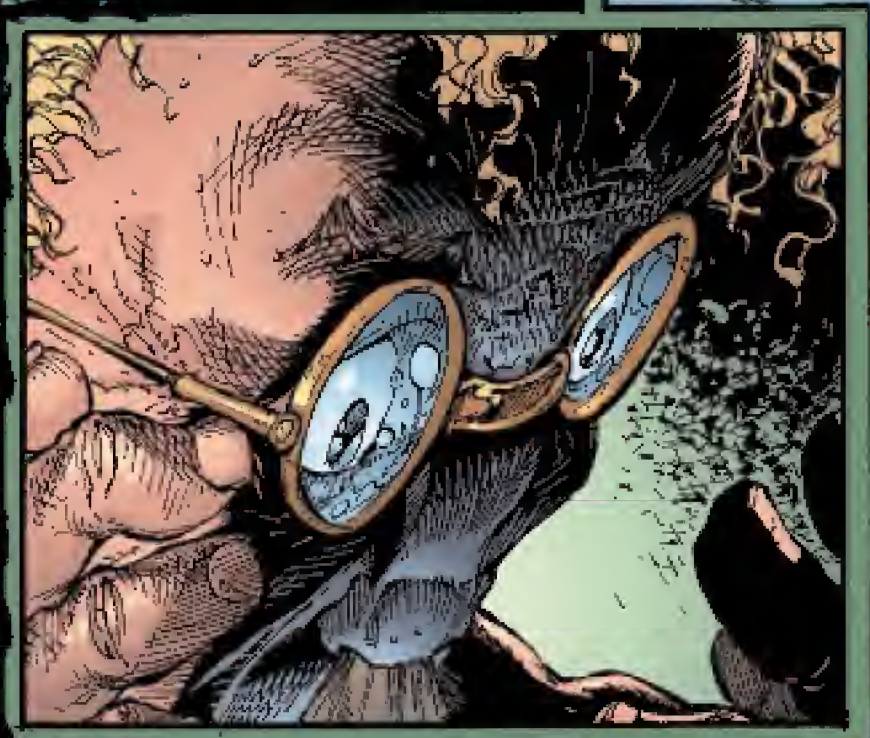
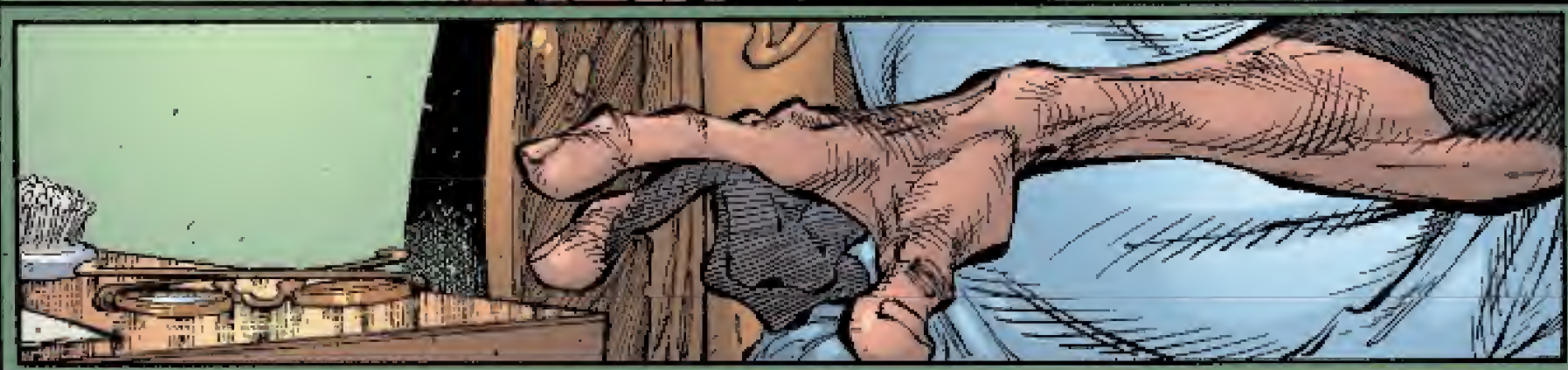
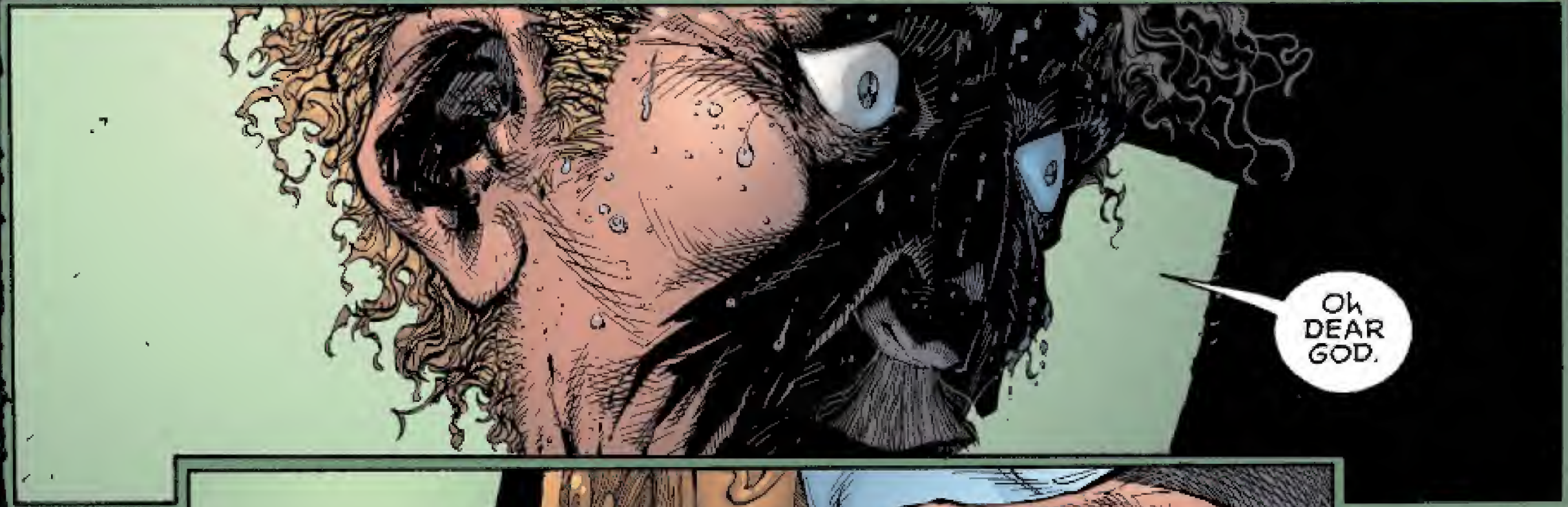
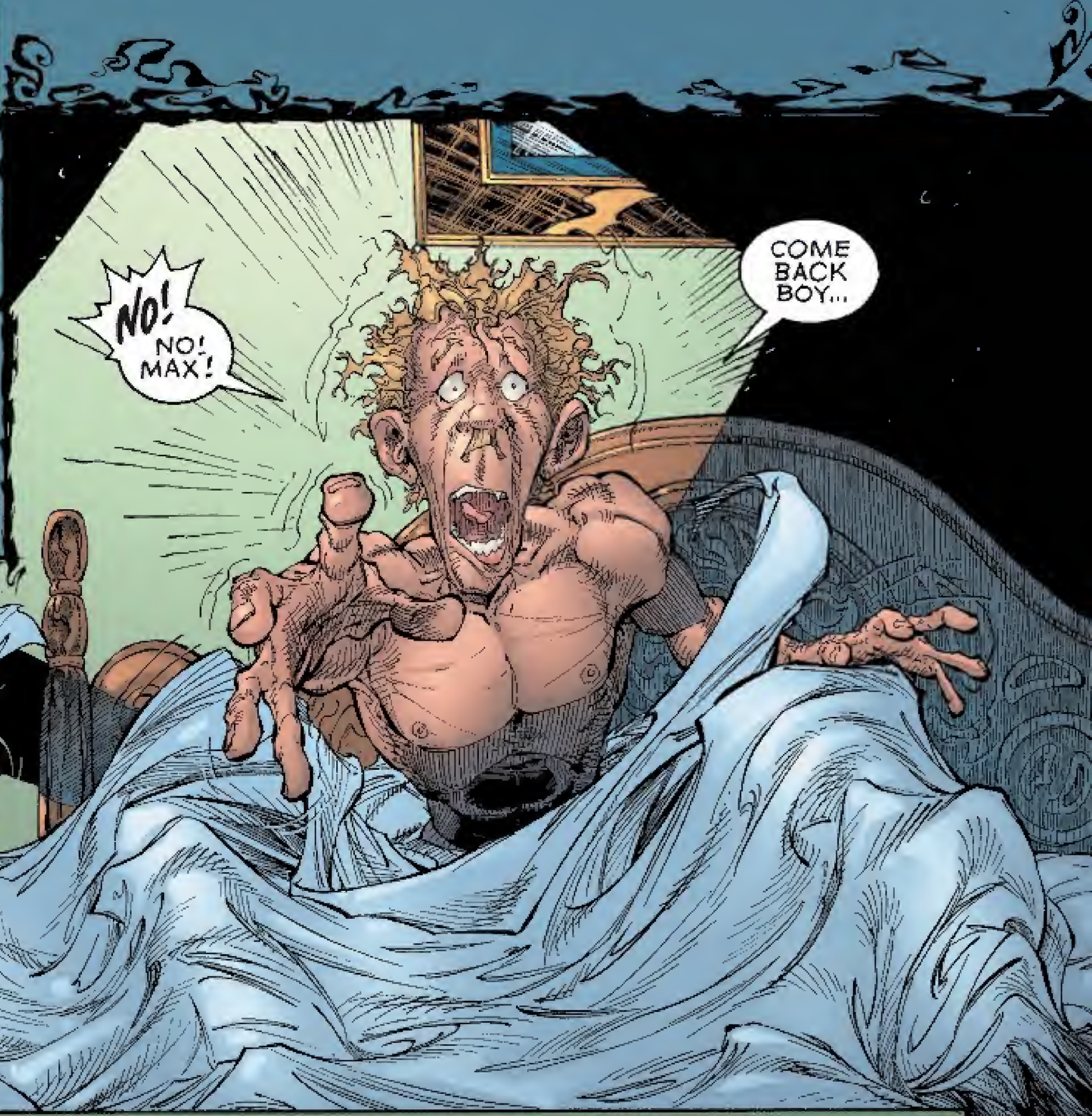
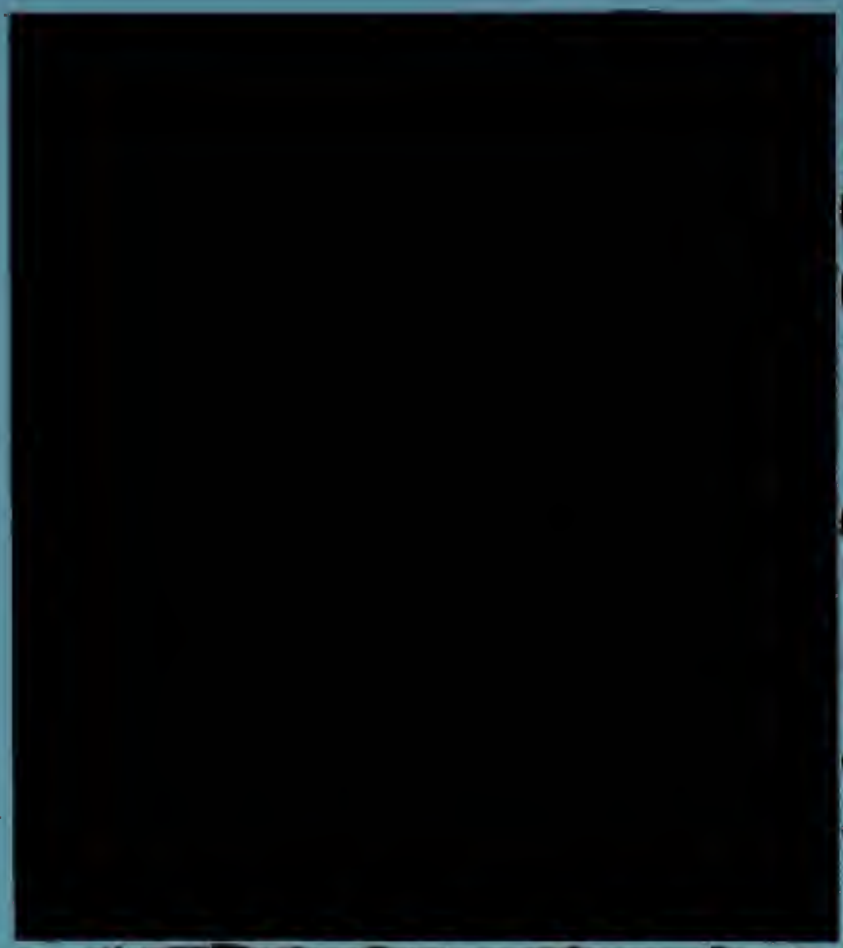
MAX...!
















DEAR LORD,  
FATHER OF LIGHT,  
BRINGER OF JUSTICE...

GRANT ME STRENGTH.

STRENGTH TO SERVE YOU.  
TO DO YOUR WILL... ON EARTH  
AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

FORGIVE MY WEAKNESS.  
YOU TESTED ME.  
TESTED MY WORTHINESS.

I FAILED.



BUT IN THE NAME  
OF MY FALLEN BROTHERS, IN  
THE NAME OF ALL I HOLD SACRED...



I  
**SWEAR**  
I SHALL  
**NOT**  
FAIL YOU AGAIN.



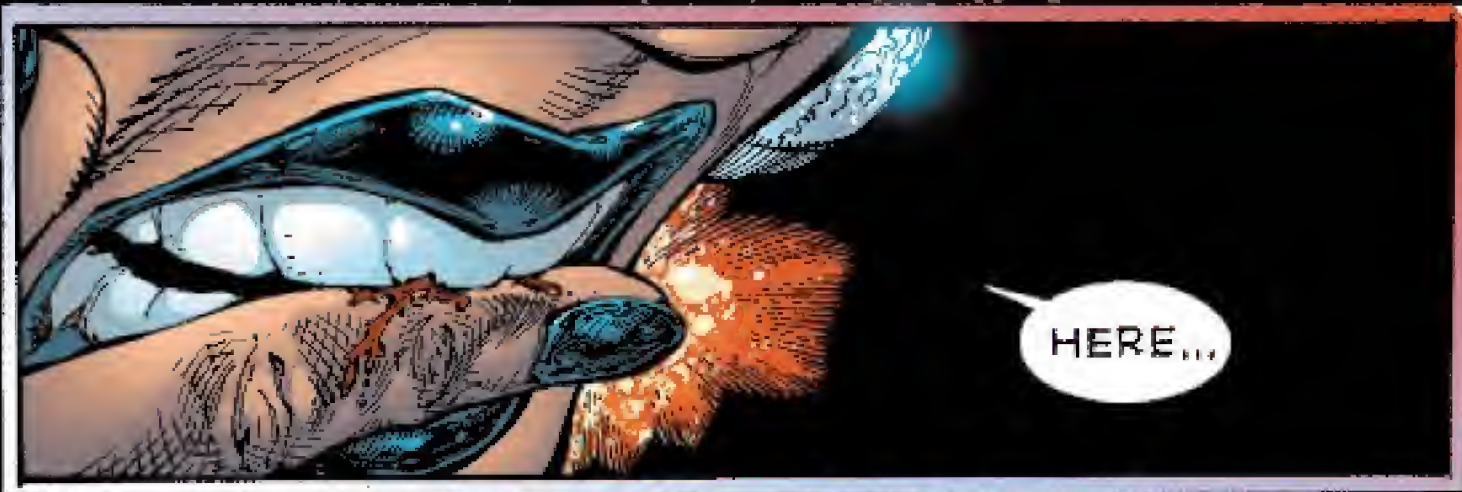
THAT'S ENOUGH MOPING, MAX. CHILDHOOD'S OVER. TIME TO GROW UP.

GO AWAY.

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. WHAT YOU DREAMED OF. A CHANCE TO LIVE FOREVER, WITHOUT **PAIN**, WITHOUT **WANT**.

A LIFE FULL OF **MEANING** AND **PURPOSE** AND **LOVE**.

GO AWAY.

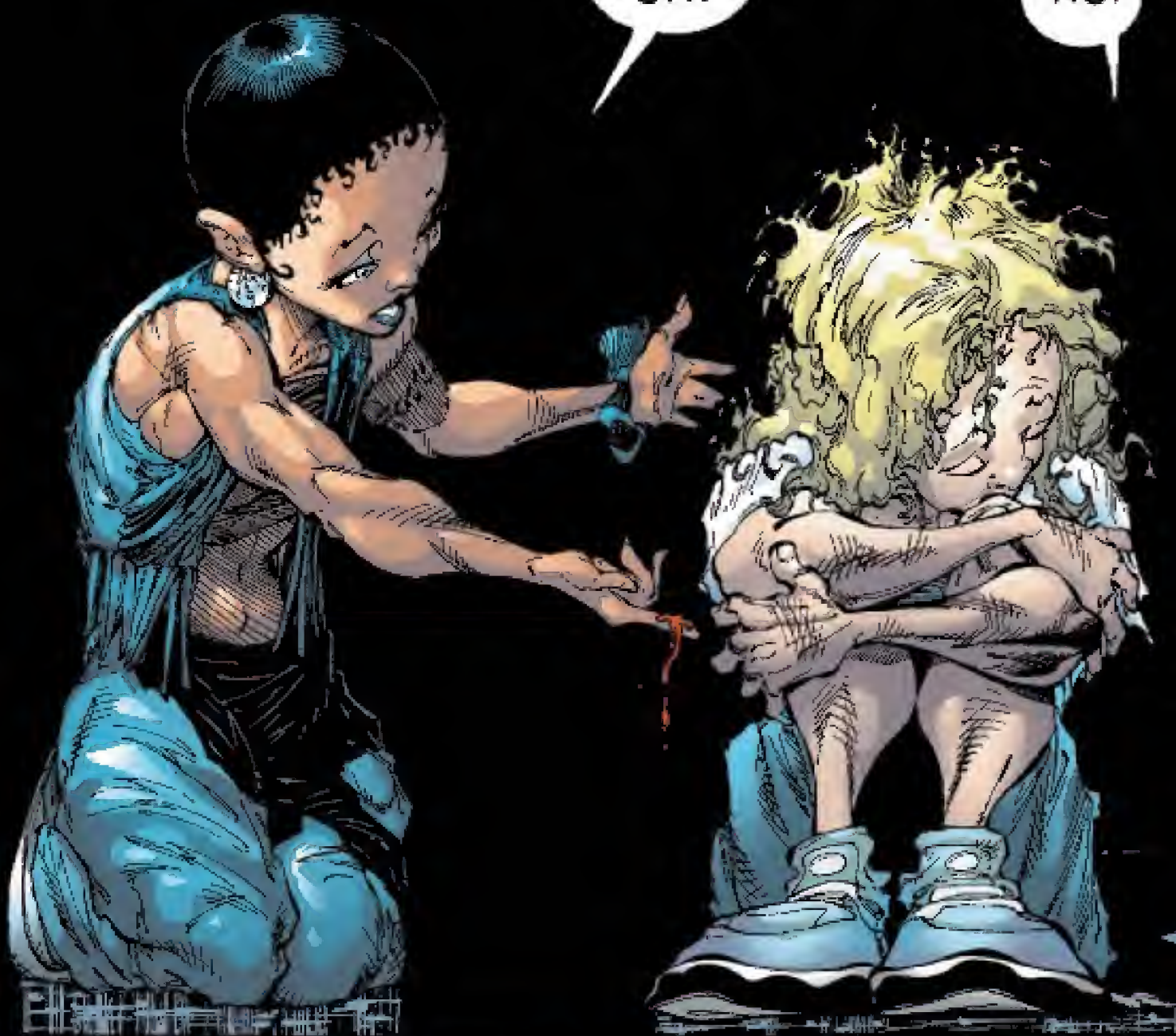


HERE...

YOU MUST BE STARVING. GO AHEAD. IT DOESN'T HURT ME. I LIKE IT. IT LETS ME BE **PART OF YOU**.

COME ON.

NO.



MAX, THIS ISN'T A GAME. YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW. IF YOU DON'T **FEED**, YOU'RE GOING TO **DIE**. BELIEVE ME, IT WON'T BE PRETTY.

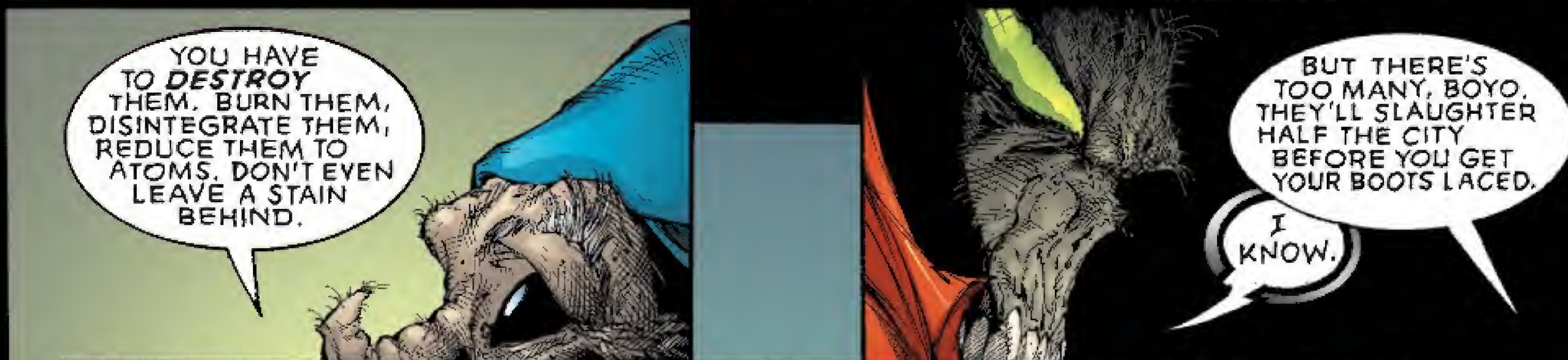
YEAH?

YEAH.

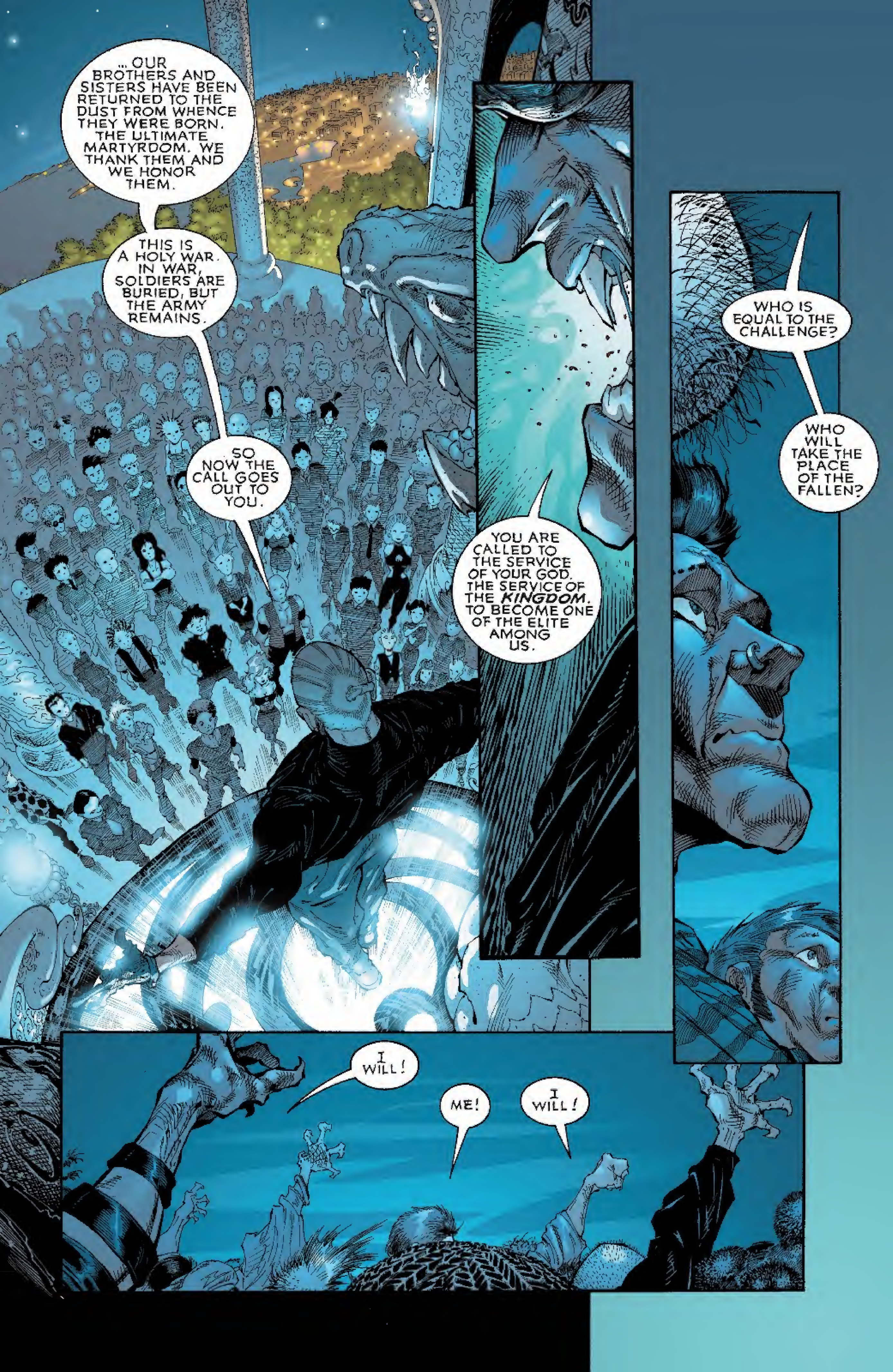
GOOD.

DON'T BE LIKE THIS. PLEASE. I ONLY WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU.









... OUR  
BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS HAVE BEEN  
RETURNED TO THE  
DUST FROM WHENCE  
THEY WERE BORN.  
THE ULTIMATE  
MARTYRDOM. WE  
THANK THEM AND  
WE HONOR  
THEM.

THIS IS  
A HOLY WAR.  
IN WAR,  
SOLDIERS ARE  
BURIED, BUT  
THE ARMY  
REMAINS.

SO  
NOW THE  
CALL GOES  
OUT TO  
YOU.

YOU ARE  
CALLED TO  
THE SERVICE  
OF YOUR GOD.  
THE SERVICE OF  
THE *KINGDOM*.  
TO BECOME ONE  
OF THE ELITE  
AMONG  
US.

WHO IS  
EQUAL TO THE  
CHALLENGE?


WHO  
WILL  
TAKE THE  
PLACE  
OF THE  
FALLEN?

I  
WILL!


ME!

I  
WILL!





WE ARE THE  
CHILDREN OF THE  
KINGDOM.



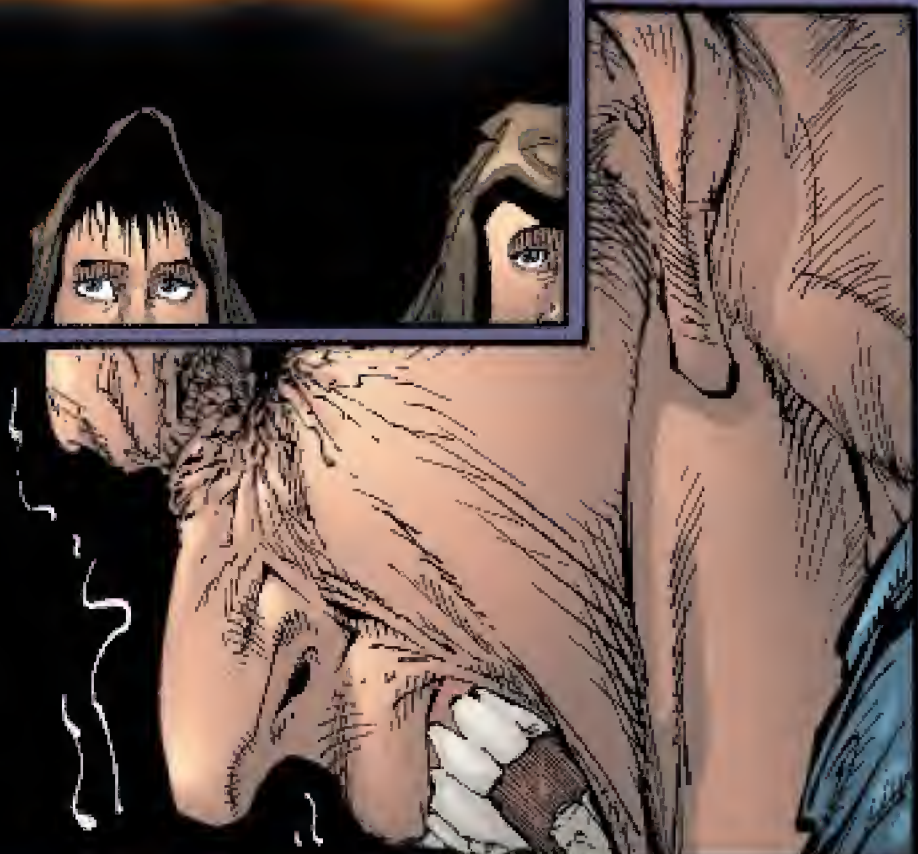
THE  
SWIFT,  
UNYIELDING  
SWORD OF  
GOD.



WE ARE  
AN ARMY OF  
JUSTICE.



AND  
JUSTICE  
MUST BE  
BLIND.



BROTHER  
MATHIAS,  
ARE YOU READY  
TO SEE THE  
LIGHT?



I  
AM.



YOU SURE THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO DO? NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, MIND YOU. IT'S JUST...

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.

BUT BEFORE YOU DO, I JUST WANT TO SAY SOMETHING. JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU KNOW.

HE SAYS HE'S MADE UP HIS MIND ALREADY. COME ON! LET'S DO THIS THING!

SHUDDUP, ZAB.

LISTEN, SPAWN. YOU KNOW WHAT WE ARE. DEMONS, YES. BUT A SPECIAL KIND OF DEMON. WE'RE **OPENERS**.

THERE'S ALMOST NOTHING IN THIS UNIVERSE THAT CAN KEEP US OUT. THERE IS NO DOOR THAT IS CLOSED TO US.

"LEAST, THAT'S HOW IT USED TO BE."

"SEE, THE WORLD'S FULL OF ALL KINDS OF DOORS. BIG ONES, SMALL ONES, EVERY SHAPE, SIZE AND DESIGN."

"SOME ARE OBVIOUS. OTHERS YOU COULD SPEND YOUR LIFE LOOKING FOR AND NEVER FIND."

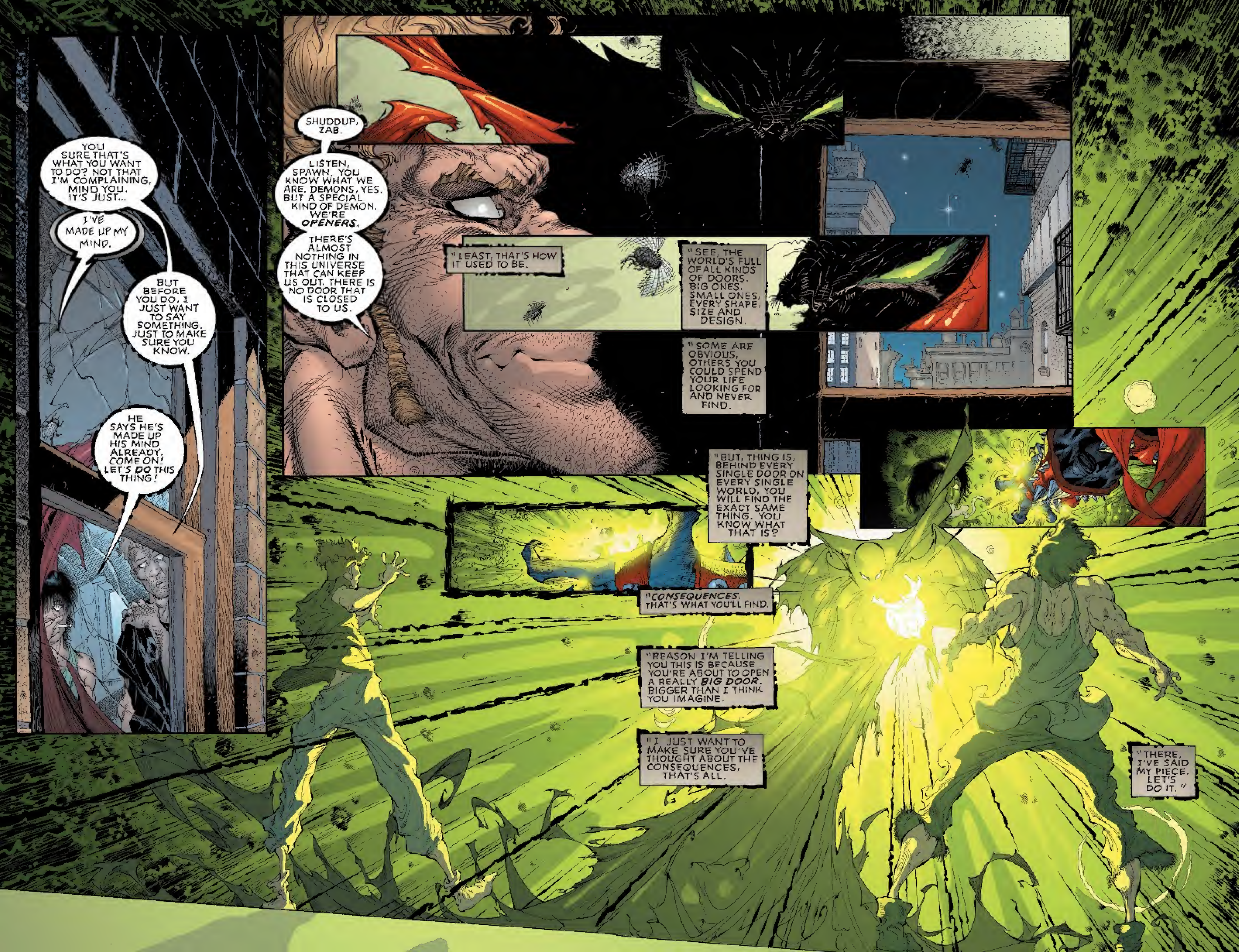
"BUT, THING IS, BEHIND EVERY SINGLE DOOR ON EVERY SINGLE WORLD, YOU WILL FIND THE EXACT SAME THING. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?"

"CONSEQUENCES. THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL FIND."

"REASON I'M TELLING YOU THIS IS BECAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO OPEN A REALLY **BIG DOOR**. BIGGER THAN I THINK YOU IMAGINE."

"I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'VE THOUGHT ABOUT THE CONSEQUENCES. THAT'S ALL."

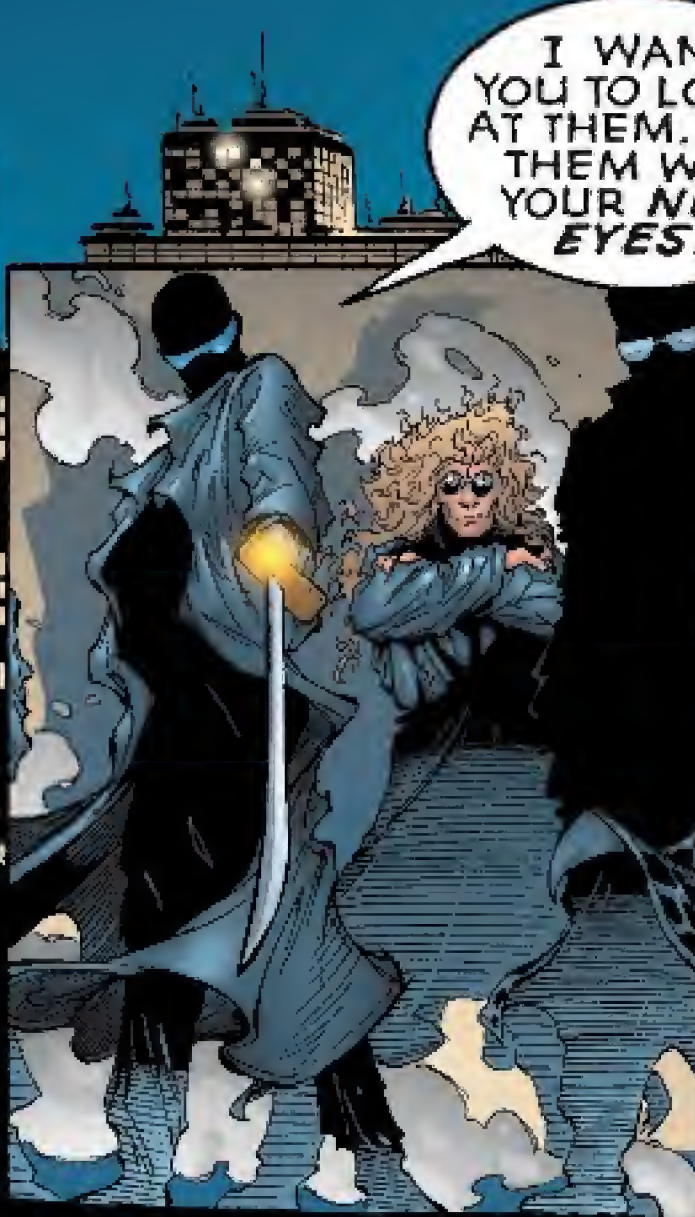
"THERE. I'VE SAID MY PIECE. LET'S DO IT."



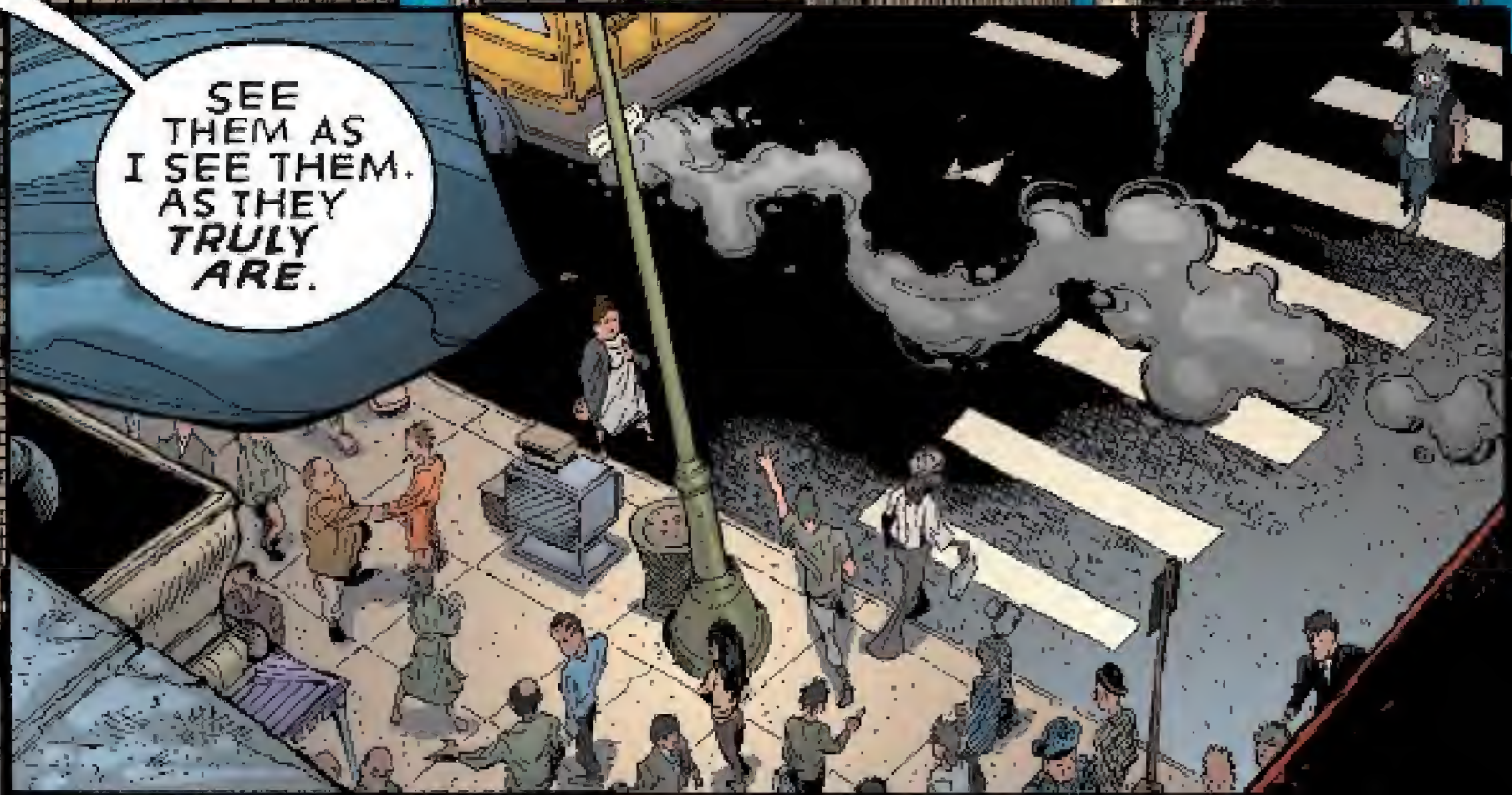









I WANT  
YOU TO LOOK  
AT THEM. SEE  
THEM WITH  
YOUR **NEW**  
**EYES.**




SEE  
THEM AS  
I SEE THEM.  
AS THEY  
**TRULY**  
**ARE.**




BEHOLD.  
THE MARK  
OF **SIN**, THE  
STAIN OF  
**WICKEDNESS**  
THEY WEAR  
ON THEIR  
BROW.



**THEY**  
ARE OUR  
**PREY.**



WHOEVER  
IS THUSLY  
STAINED IS AN  
ABOMINATION  
BEFORE THE  
LORD.

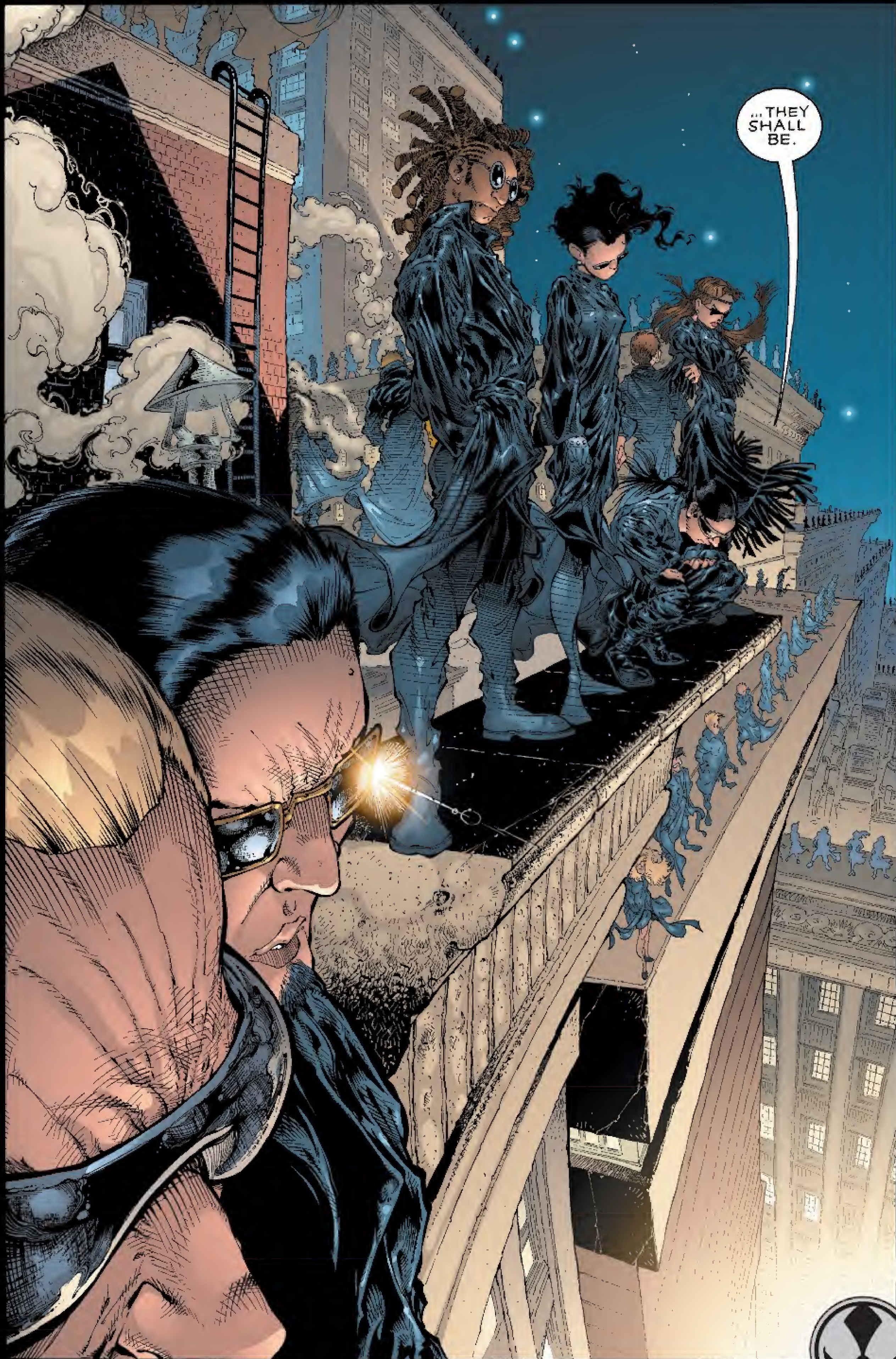


UNWORTHY  
SINNERS WHO  
MUST BE ERASED  
FROM GOD'S  
SIGHT.



TOMORROW  
NIGHT...







# SPAWN





MIDNIGHT.

THE NIGHT  
OF THE  
CLEANSING.

IT BEGINS...







LIKE THE PLAGUES  
OF MOSES, WE RAIN  
DOWN UPON THE  
FAITHLESS. TEETH  
BARED, BLADES  
FLASHING. A BLACK  
AND TERRIBLE  
SCOURGE.

WE MOVE AS ONE.  
LIKE A PACK OF  
FERAL BEASTS.  
LIKE THE HOLY  
WRATH OF ANGELS.

PULSES QUICKEN,  
PIQUED BY THE  
SCENT OF BLOOD  
AND THE BOOTLESS  
SCREAMS OF THE  
DAMNED.


WE ARE THE  
CHILDREN  
OF THE  
KINGDOM.

WINDMILLS  
Etc.  
EZ WAS  
OFFICIAL  
FISH TANK

NO  
PARK

TOP  
W  
M





WE HAVE COME TO DO  
GOD'S WORK.

WE HAVE LONG WAITED  
FOR THIS NIGHT. WE  
GAVE HUMANITY EVERY  
CHANCE TO AWAKEN  
TO THE LIGHT.

THEY HAVE  
SHOWN THEM-  
SELVES TO BE  
UNWORTHY.

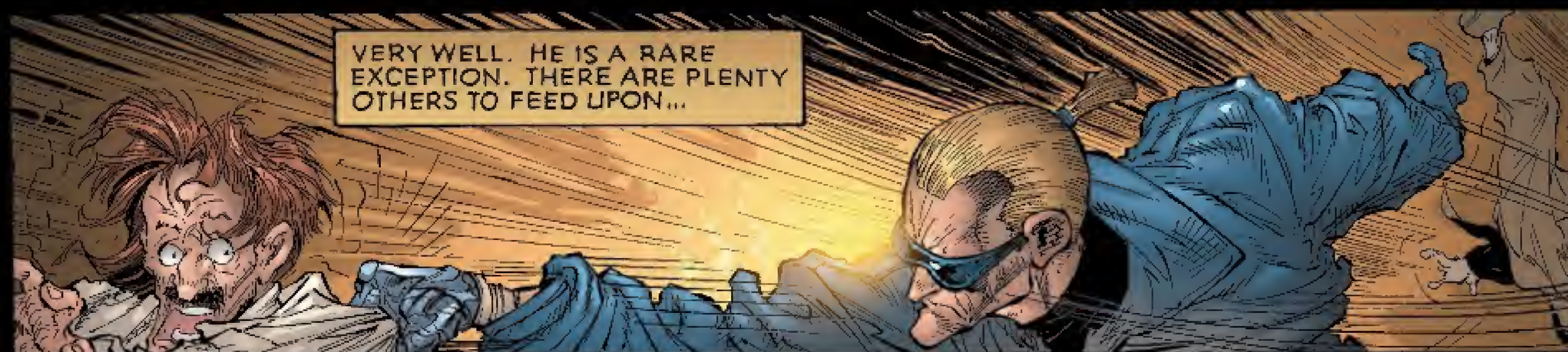
IT IS UP TO US TO TEACH THESE  
DECADENT MONGRELS A LESSON.  
WE SHALL FEAST UPON THEIR FLESH,  
GET DRUNK UPON THEIR BLOOD.

EVERY  
BROW THAT  
IS STAINED  
BY THE  
CRIMSON  
MARK OF  
**SIN**, THERE  
SHALL BE  
OUR PREY.

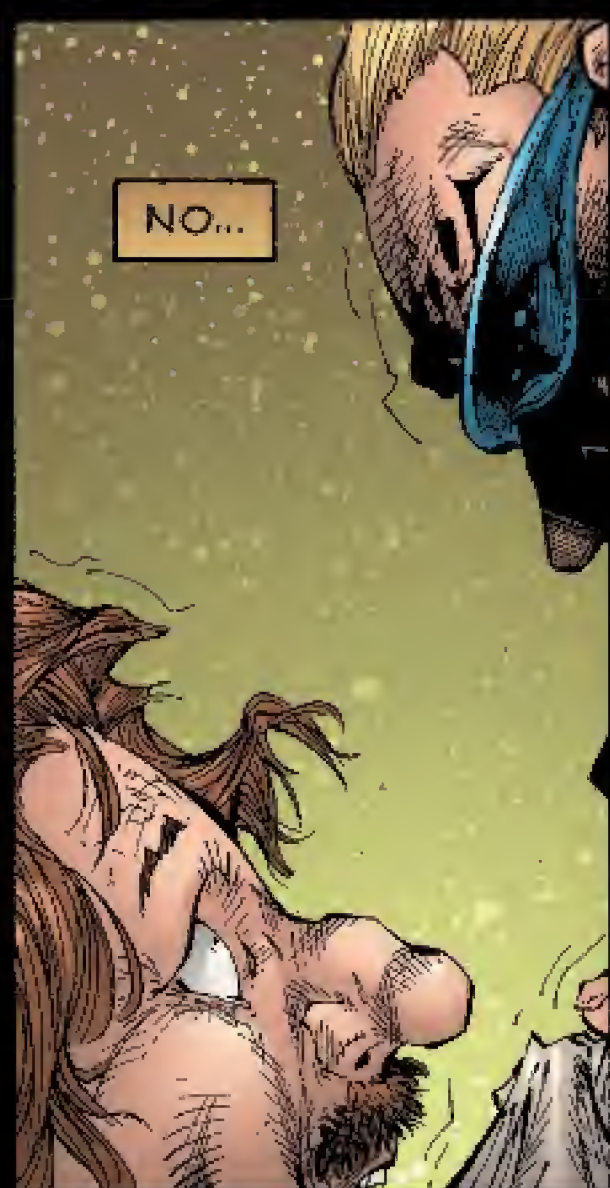
IMPOSSIBLE.  
THE FOOL  
IS CLEAN.

UNMARKED.  
UNTAINED BY  
THE MEREST SIN.  
IT IS GOD'S WILL  
THAT HE BE  
SPARED.





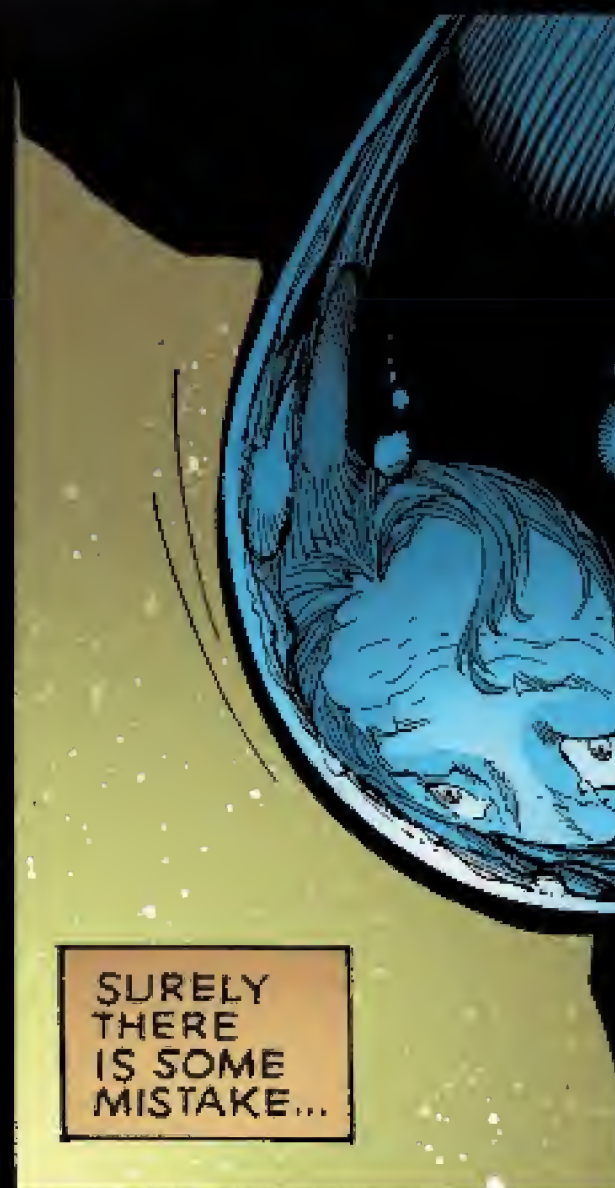
VERY WELL. HE IS A RARE EXCEPTION. THERE ARE PLENTY OTHERS TO FEED UPON...



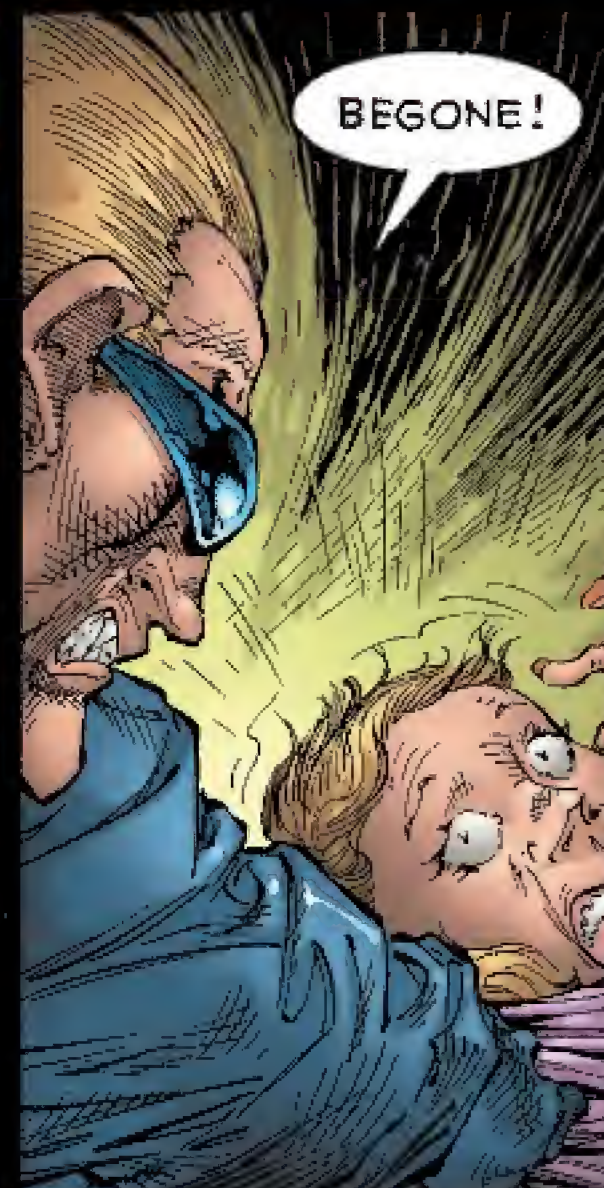
NO...



IMPOSSIBLE...



SURELY THERE IS SOME MISTAKE...



BEGONE!



EVERYWHERE IN THIS CITY, THIS *DEN OF JACKALS*, MEN WALK FREE OF SIN.

AN ARMY OF 777 HOLY WARRIORS GAZES ACROSS THESE DIRTY STREETS, SEARCHING FOR A SINGLE TARGET, FINDING NONE.



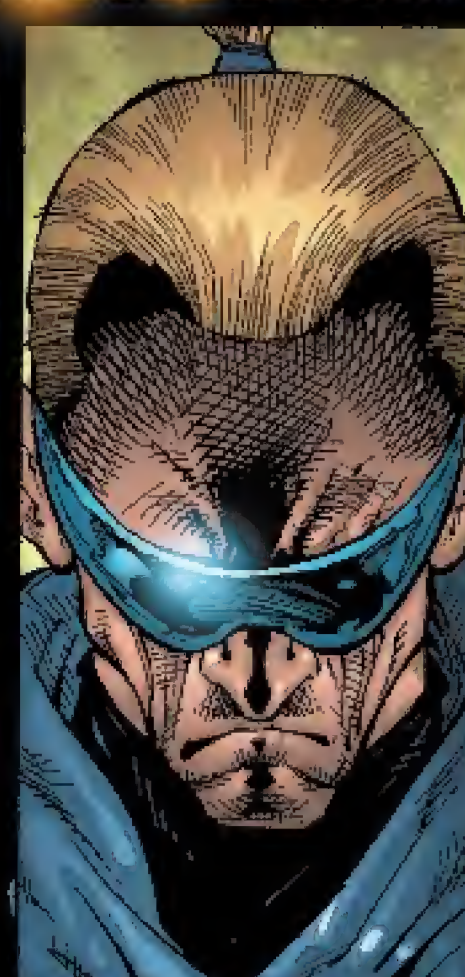
I DON'T...



UNDER...



...STAND...?



SPAWN...



OLIVE

FOURTEEN HOURS EARLIER...

CENTRAL PARK? THAT BIG GREEN PATCH IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY?

YES.

YOU WANT ME TO SHUT DOWN CENTRAL PARK?

YES.

BUT NOT JUST SHUT IT DOWN. CLEAR IT OUT. RUN A SWEEP TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NOT A SOUL LEFT IN THE PLACE.

AND THIS IS BASED ON SOME VAGUE TIP THAT THIS "KINGDOM" GROUP IS PLANNING A STRIKE?

YES, SIR.

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THE MAYOR'S GOING TO SAY? HUH? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH MANPOWER, HOW MUCH OVERTIME...

I MEAN, WHAT IF YOU'RE **WRONG**?

SIR, WITH ALL MY HEART AND SOUL, I **HOPE** WE'RE WRONG. BUT WITH ALL DUE RESPECT... WHAT IF WE'RE **NOT**?

WOULD YOU RATHER BE EMBARRASSED BECAUSE YOU DID TOO LITTLE, OR 'CAUSE YOU DID TOO MUCH?

Hmm... ANONYMOUS TIP, huh?

WELL, WE SURE SHOVELED THAT ON THICK. THINK HE BOUGHT IT?

I HOPE SO.



SUNSET.

SPAWN FEELS  
THE BREATH AND  
SIGH OF THE  
CITY MOVE IN  
INTRICATE WAVES  
ALL AROUND HIM.

HE CAN FEEL  
THEIR PAIN.  
THEIR FAILURE.  
THEIR WEAK-  
NESS. HE DRINKS  
IN THEIR GUILT  
AND THEIR  
AVARICE AND  
THEIR HATE.

IT CALLS TO HIM EVEN  
AS HE CALLS TO IT.  
IT SURPRISES HIM  
HOW EASY IT IS.

IT FLOWS TO HIM SO  
NATURALLY, LIKE  
RIVERS RETURNING  
TO THE SEA.

HE DOESN'T LIKE  
THIS FEELING.

BUT IT IS A  
BURDEN HE  
MUST BEAR.





8:24 P.M.

Ding-  
Dong

YES...?  
Oh... Hi.

WHAT  
IS IT? Oh,  
GOD, IS IT  
MAX? DID  
YOU...

Hi,  
HELEN.  
NO, NO,  
NOTHING  
LIKE THAT.

IF IT'S  
OKAY WITH YOU,  
I MEAN.

IT'S  
JUST...  
I DON'T  
KNOW...  
I JUST  
REALLY  
NEED TO BE  
WITH MY  
FAMILY  
TONIGHT.

YEAH.  
SURE. COME  
ON IN. YOU  
SURE THERE'S  
NOTHING...

DAD!

DADDY!

DADDY'S  
HERE!

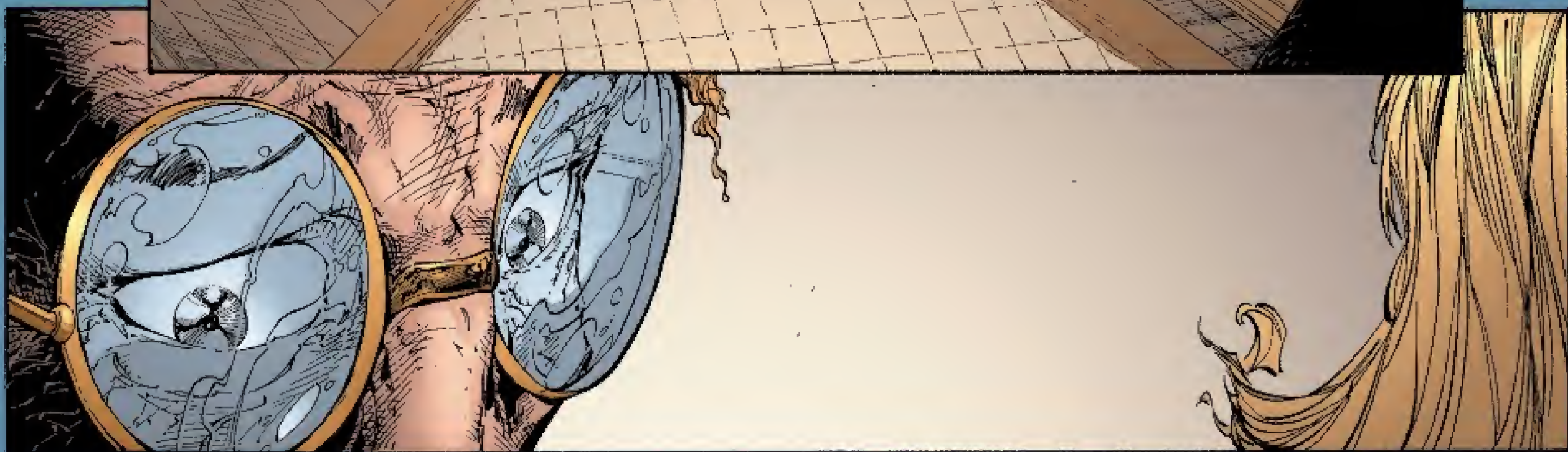
THERE'S  
MY BABIES!  
Oh, I  
MISSED  
YOU!

LOOKIT, LOOKIT,  
LOOKIT! I GOT AN  
"A-PLUS" ON MY  
SCIENCE FAIR PROJECT!  
COME SEE!

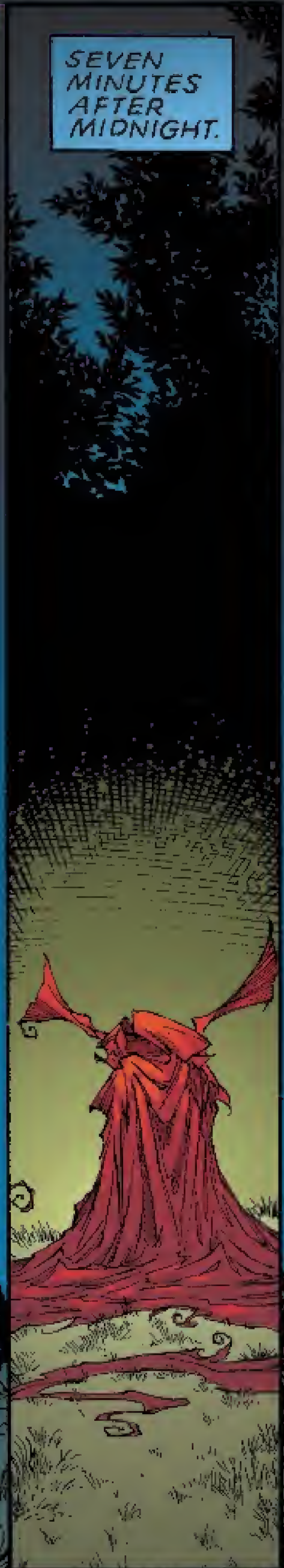
DADDY!  
COME WATCH  
THIS CARTOON  
WITH ME!  
PLEASE!

DADDY!  
LUPPIE!

OKAY.  
OKAY.  
SLOW DOWN.  
WE'VE GOT  
PLENTY OF  
TIME.













THE CITADEL  
OF THE  
KINGDOM.

MAX.  
WAKE  
UP.

IT'S A NEW  
MORNING.

IT'S ALL  
HAPPENING.  
IT'S ALL  
COMING  
TRUE.

IT'S THE  
*MIDNIGHT DAWN*.  
EVERYONE IS GATHERING  
IN THE GREAT HALL TO  
CELEBRATE. WE DON'T  
WANT TO MISS IT.

GO AWAY.

MAX, I  
KNOW IT IS  
HARD TO PUT  
AWAY CHILDISH  
THINGS... BUT THIS  
IS IMPORTANT.  
THE MOST  
IMPORTANT THING  
TO EVER  
HAPPEN.

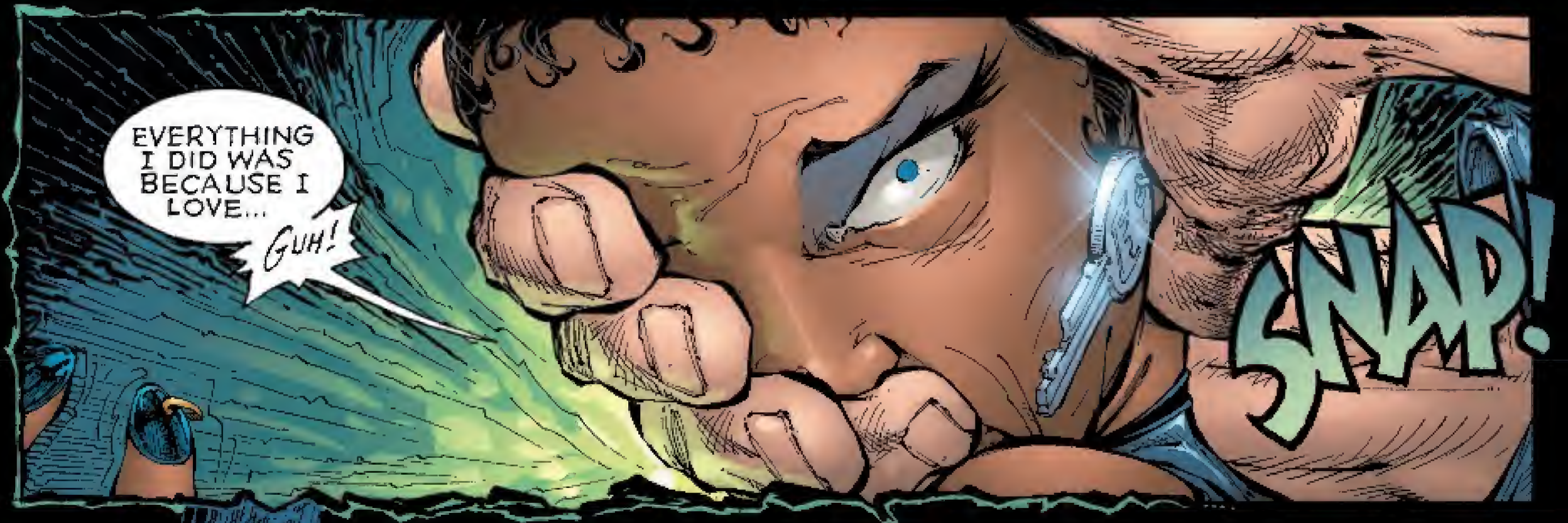
IT'S  
BEAUTIFUL.

AN ARMY  
OF OUR BRAVEST  
IS SWEEPING AWAY  
THE OLD LIFE SO WE  
CAN REMAKE THIS  
WORLD IN OUR  
IMAGE.


GO AWAY.  
YOU'RE *SICK*!  
ALL OF YOU. JUST  
*KILL ME* AND GET  
IT OVER WITH.

MAX... DON'T  
TALK LIKE THAT. I  
COULD NEVER HURT  
YOU, ALL THE PEOPLE  
IN THE WORLD, AND  
I CHOSE TO  
SAVE YOU.









BENEATH THE COLD  
STARE OF A FULL MOON,  
CHAOS IS LOOSED.

FROM THEIR WINDOWS,  
NEW YORKERS CAN SEE  
FLASHES OF EERIE  
LIGHT AND HEAR  
DISTANT, FERAL HOWLS.

THEY HAVE NO IDEA  
WHAT BATTLE RAGES OR  
HOW MUCH IS AT STAKE.

AN ARMY OF 777 VAMPIRIC  
HUNTERS, DRIVEN TO A  
FRENZY FOR THE SCENT OF  
BLOOD AND TASTE OF SIN.

AGAINST THEM STANDS  
ONE LONE SOLDIER,  
BURDENED BY THE  
SINS OF MILLIONS.

ONE LAST LINE OF DEFENSE BETWEEN  
THE MURDEROUS PACK AND THE  
CITY THEY WOULD SLAUGHTER.





**KILL HIM!**

HE HAS DARED TO MEDDLE WITH OUR NIGHT OF *GLORY*. REND HIM TO PIECES! RIP OUT HIS BLACK HEART! MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM!

THERE SHALL BE NO HAVEN FOR THE WICKED. NO PLACE FOR THE IMPURE TO HIDE.

"I HAVE NOT COME TO BRING PEACE," SAYETH THE LORD, "BUT TO BRING A SWORD."

YOU WANTED A SINNER, SIMON! HERE I AM!

SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE ME.

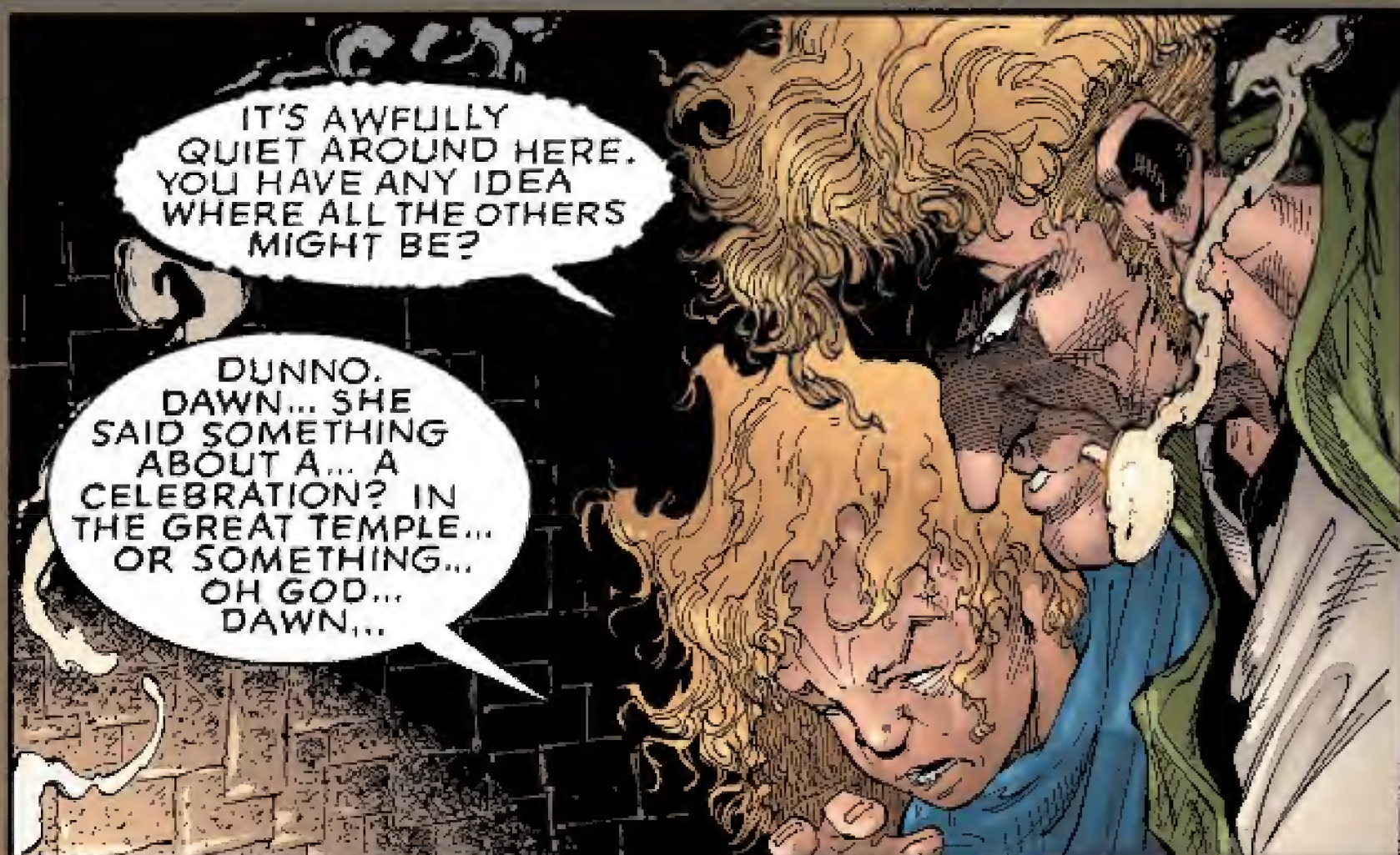




YOU  
HOLDING  
UP OKAY,  
KID?  
HANG IN  
THERE.

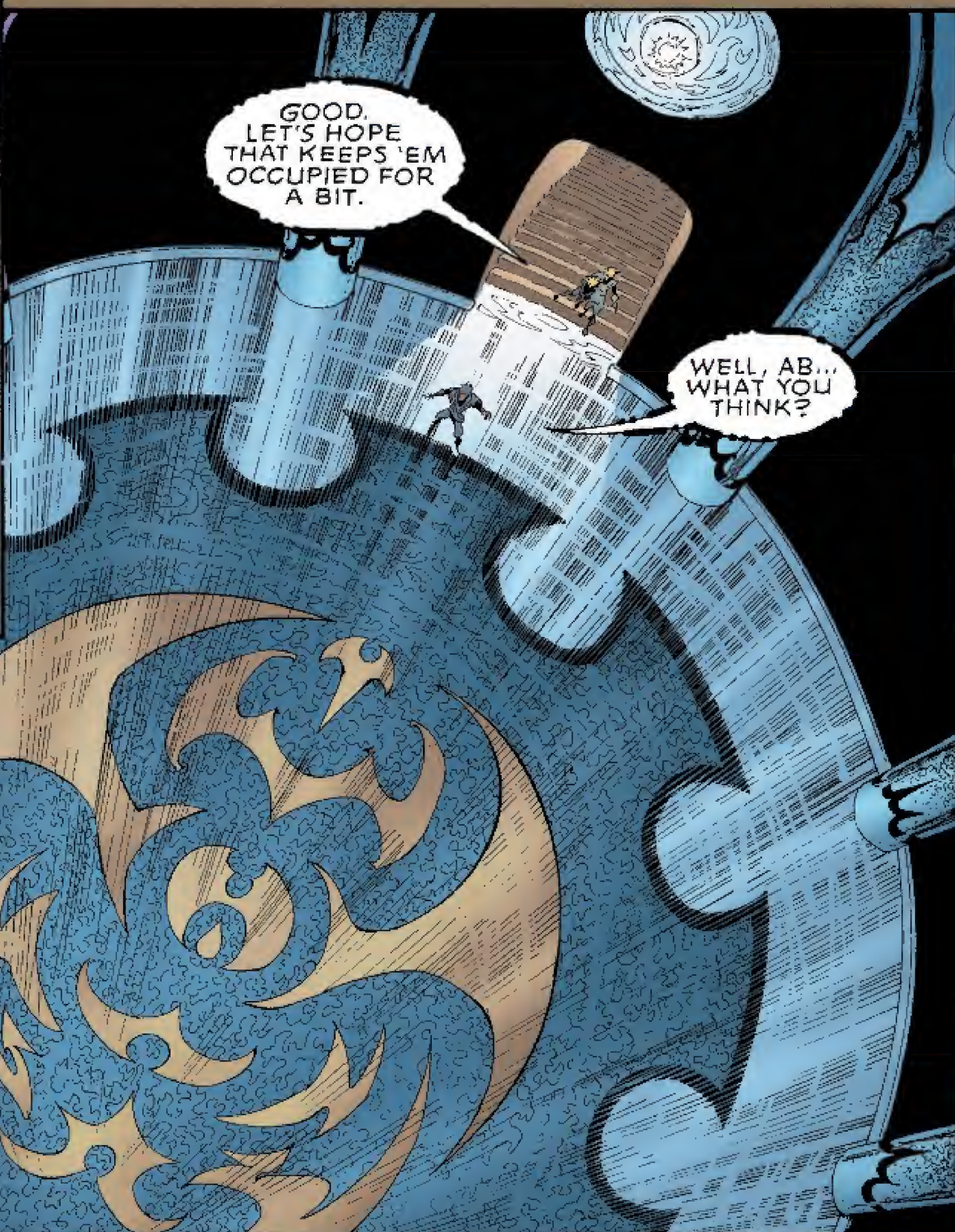
IT'S  
KIND OF  
IMPORTANT  
TO ME AND MY  
FUTURE THAT  
YOU GET OUT  
OF HERE  
ALIVE,  
DIG?

SO...  
TIRED.



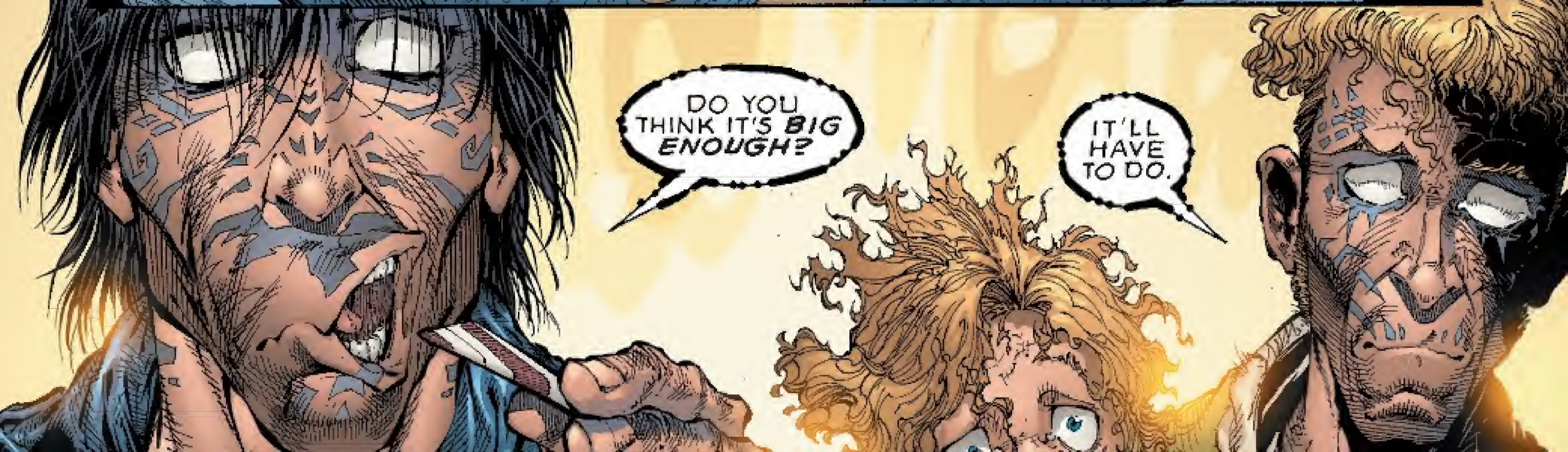
IT'S AWFULLY  
QUIET AROUND HERE.  
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA  
WHERE ALL THE OTHERS  
MIGHT BE?

DUNNO.  
DAWN... SHE  
SAID SOMETHING  
ABOUT A... A  
CELEBRATION? IN  
THE GREAT TEMPLE...  
OR SOMETHING...  
OH GOD...  
DAWN...



GOOD.  
LET'S HOPE  
THAT KEEPS 'EM  
OCCUPIED FOR  
A BIT.


WELL, AB...  
WHAT YOU  
THINK?



DO YOU  
THINK IT'S **BIG**  
ENOUGH?

IT'LL  
HAVE  
TO DO.





YOU  
WANTED A  
SACRIFICE...

YOU  
WANTED  
A FLOCK OF  
DOCILE LAMBS  
TO LEAD  
TO THE  
SLAUGHTER.





THE  
GAME HAS  
CHANGED.  
YOU DON'T  
GET  
LAMBS...

YOU GET  
ME!





AND  
I WILL  
BURY  
YOU!

YOU ARE  
AN UNHOLY  
THING, A *STAIN*  
ON THE HEM OF  
CREATION, AND  
YOU SHALL BE  
*CLEANSED!*



WHAT...  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?



JUST A  
LITTLE BIT OF  
ARTS AND CRAFTS.  
A LITTLE SURPRISE  
FOR YOUR  
TOOTHsome  
FRIENDS.



SEE, IT  
MAY NOT LOOK  
LIKE IT NOW, BUT  
WHEN WE'RE  
DONE, THIS HERE'S  
GOING TO BE A  
*DOOR.*



DOOR?

YEAH.  
A *DOOR TO  
HELL.*





VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAYETH THE LORD.

JUDGE NOT LEST YE BE JU---

AAAAH!



FEED!

FEED!

FEED!  
FEED!

FEED!





TO BE CONCLUDED...



# SPAWN



Capullo  
01

D:


MFARIANE




113  
DIGITAL  
EDITION

SPAWN.COM







" I CAME TO  
THE END OF  
MY ROPE. "



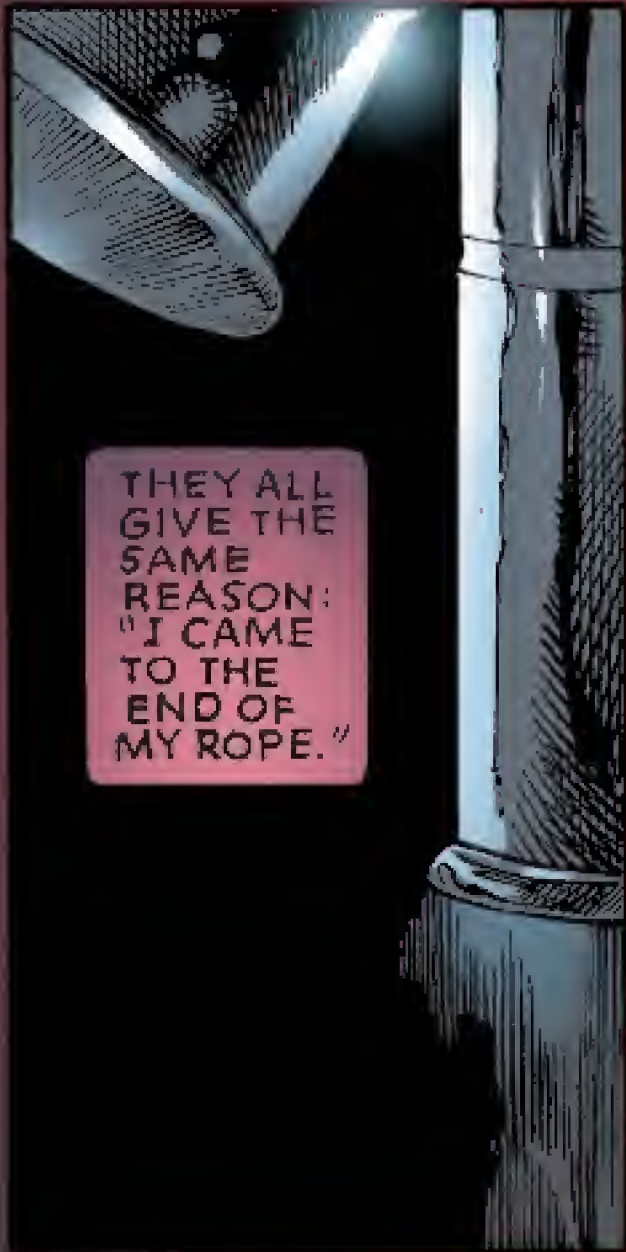
WORK IN LAW  
ENFORCEMENT  
AS LONG AS I  
HAVE, YOU  
HEAR THAT  
PHRASE A LOT.




SOME  
IDIOT  
SHOOTS  
UP A  
SUBWAY  
CAR...




AN UNEMPLOYED  
BRICKLAYER  
TAKES HIS OWN  
THREE-YEAR-OLD  
HOSTAGE...



THEY ALL  
GIVE THE  
SAME  
REASON:  
"I CAME  
TO THE  
END OF  
MY ROPE."




" I JUST  
COULDN'T  
TAKE IT  
ANYMORE. "




I NEVER  
REALLY  
UNDERSTOOD  
WHAT THAT  
MEANT.



HOW IT  
FELT.




TO BE SO  
DESPERATE  
AND LOST...



THAT YOU  
DON'T CARE  
ONE WHIT FOR  
YOUR OWN  
FUTURE.



NO.



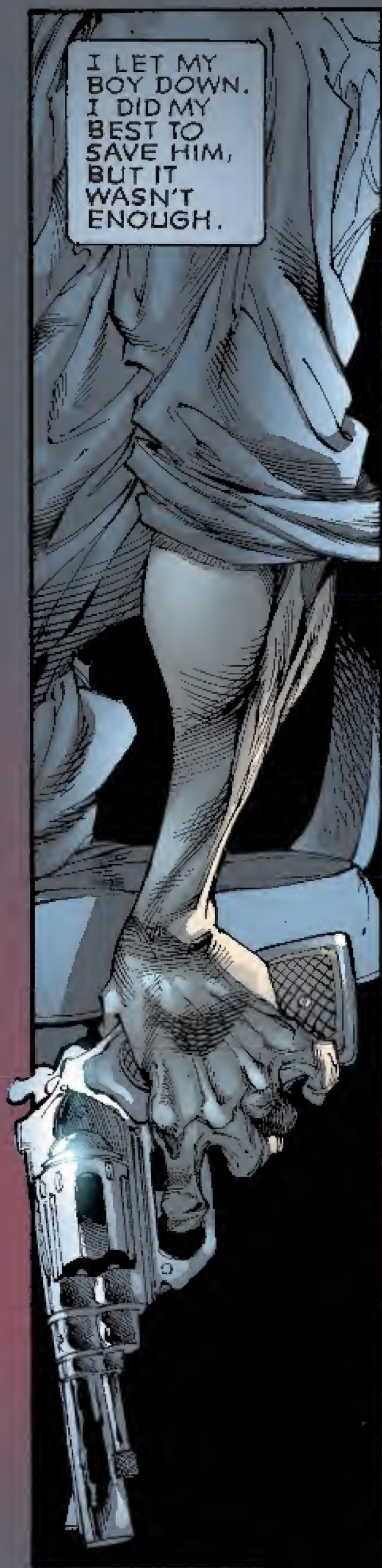
I NEVER  
UNDERSTOOD...



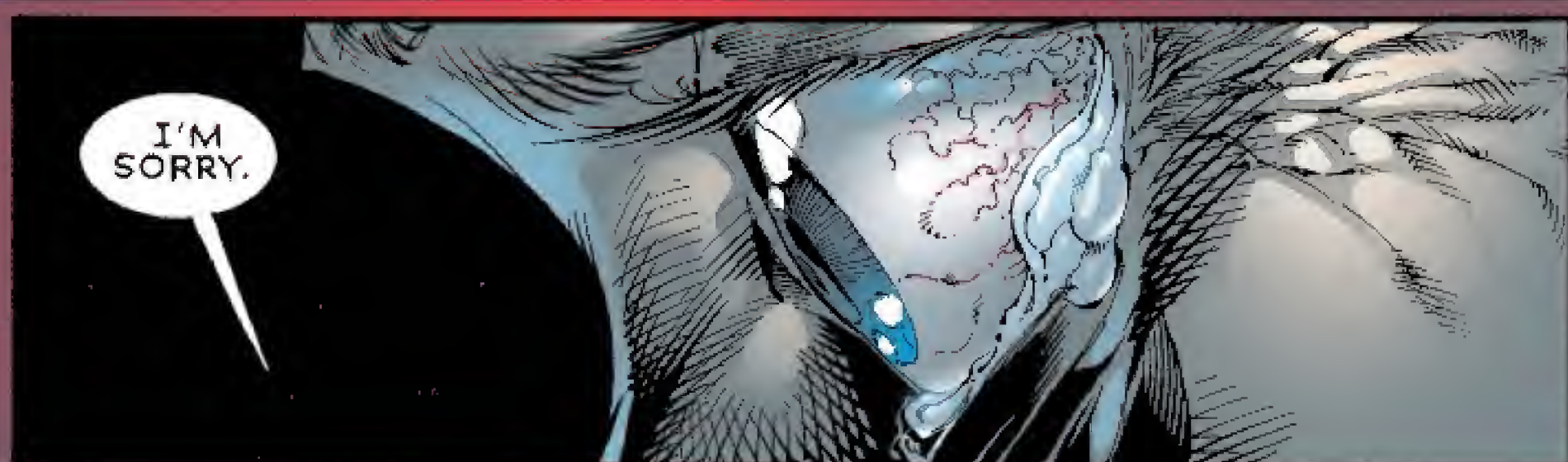
UNTIL  
NOW.







I LET MY  
BOY DOWN.  
I DID MY  
BEST TO  
SAVE HIM,  
BUT IT  
WASN'T  
ENOUGH.





CENTRAL PARK.  
TEN DAYS EARLIER.

THE PACK MOVES WITH  
ONE MIND, A SHAMBLING  
WALL OF FLESH AND BONE.

THIS WAS TO BE  
THEIR NIGHT  
OF GLORY. THE  
NIGHT OF  
CLEANSING.  
THEY DESCENDED  
ON THE CITY, A  
HOLY ARMY OF  
ASSASSINS.

BUT THEY WERE  
DENIED. DENIED  
BY THIS BEAST,  
THIS UNHOLY  
THING WHO  
CALLS HIMSELF  
SPAWN.

BRING  
HIM TO ME!  
BRING HIM!  
LIKE A FATTED  
LAMB TO THE  
SLAUGHTER!

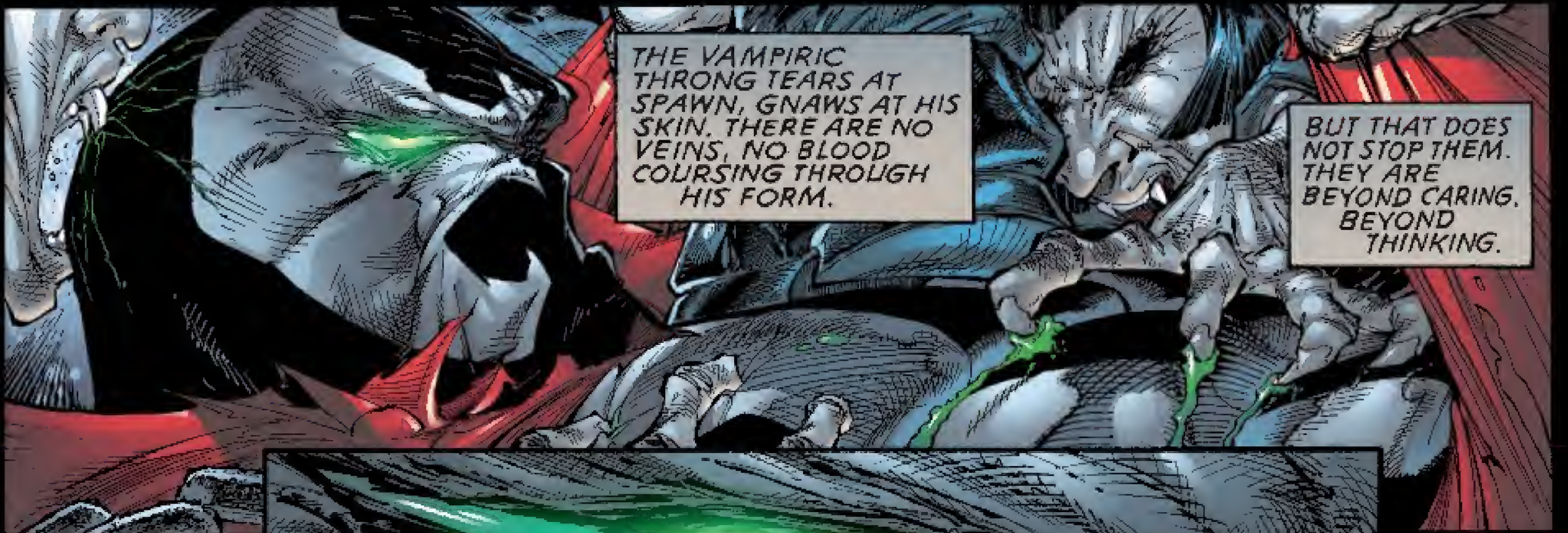
AND NOW SPAWN  
MUST PAY FOR HIS  
HUBRIS. VENGEANCE  
WON'T BE DENIED.

SIMON PURE  
LOOKS UPON  
HIS MINIONS,  
THE CHILDREN  
OF THE  
KINGDOM,  
AND BEAMS  
WITH PRIDE.

SPED BY  
A THIRST  
FOR  
BLOOD  
AND A  
HUNGER  
FOR SIN.

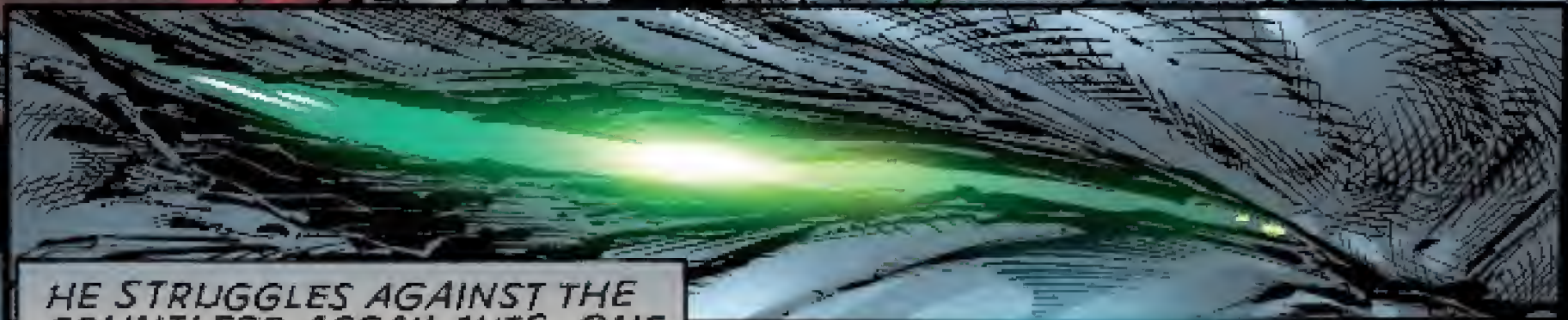
HE SAVORS  
THE MOMENT,  
HIS HEART  
FILLED WITH  
THE PURE,  
RIGHTEOUS  
JOY THAT  
COMES ONLY  
FROM KILLING  
IN THE NAME  
OF GOD.





THE VAMPIRIC  
THRONG TEARS AT  
SPAWN, GNAWS AT HIS  
SKIN. THERE ARE NO  
VEINS, NO BLOOD  
COURSING THROUGH  
HIS FORM.

BUT THAT DOES  
NOT STOP THEM.  
THEY ARE  
BEYOND CARING.  
BEYOND  
THINKING.



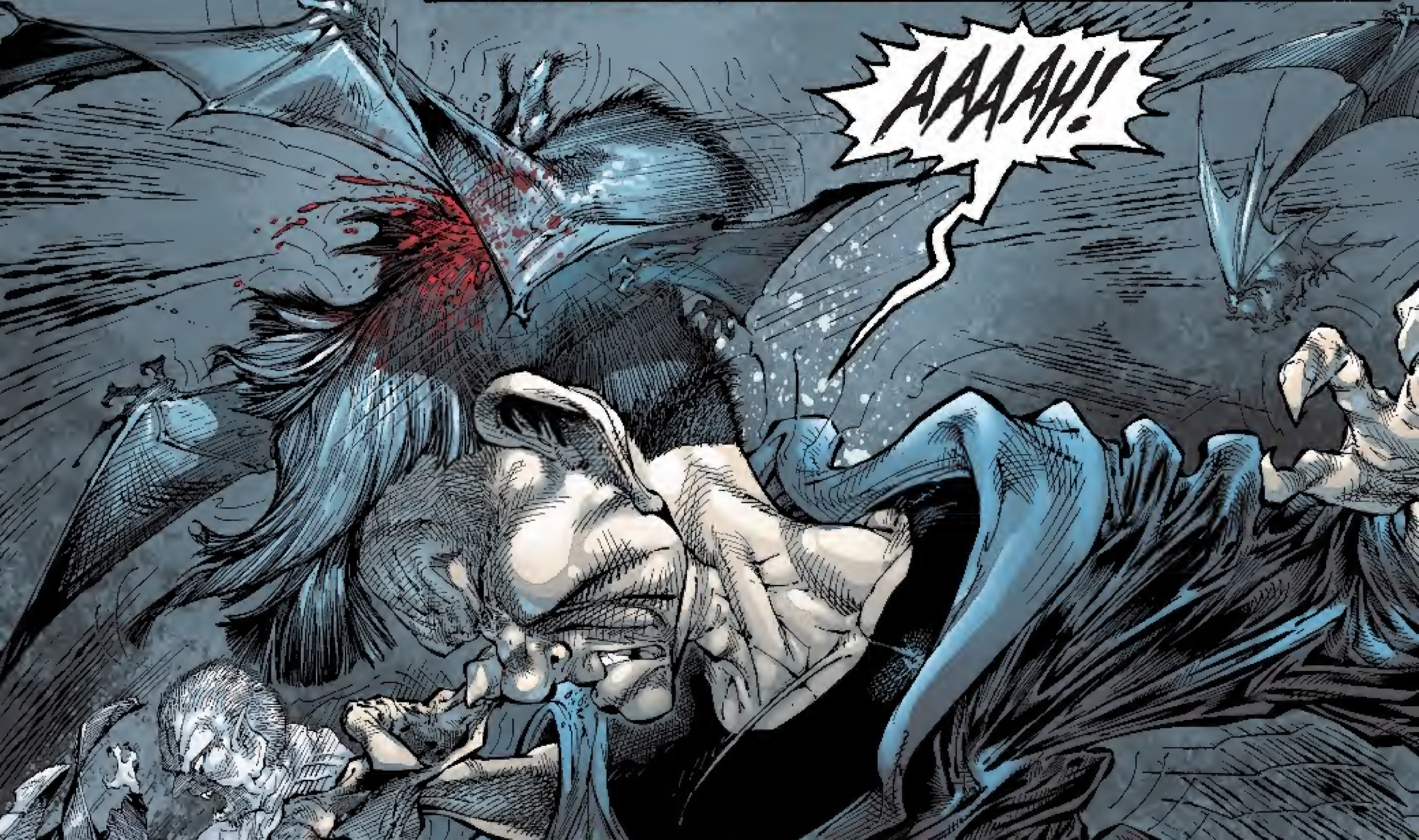
HE STRUGGLES AGAINST THE  
COUNTLESS ASSAILANTS, ONE  
BEING AGAINST HUNDREDS.




BUT HE IS  
NOT ALONE.




SPAWN HAS  
ALLIES IN  
THE NIGHT.








LEGIONS OF BATS  
BLACKEN THE SKY.

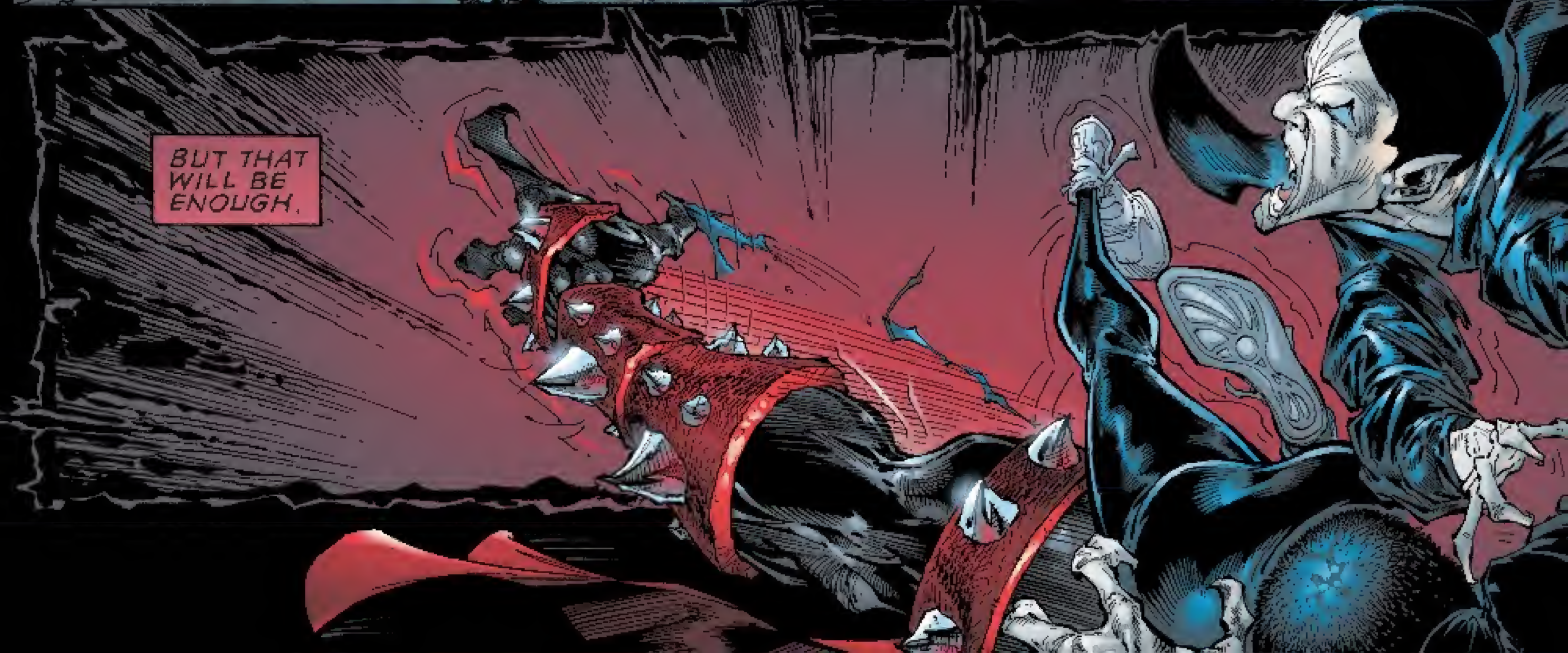


SWELLING ARMIES OF  
RODENTS COVER THE  
GROUND IN SHIFTING  
WAVES.



CLAWING,  
BITING,  
SCRATCHING  
AND  
TEARING...

IN THE END,  
THEY WILL  
PROVE LITTLE  
MORE THAN A  
DISTRACTION.



BUT THAT  
WILL BE  
ENOUGH.





THE CITADEL  
OF THE  
KINGDOM.

WHAT--  
WHAT'S  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN?

EVER SEE  
"RAIDERS OF  
THE LOST  
ARK"?

YEAH.

REMEMBER  
THE ENDING?  
ALL THEM NAZIS  
MELTIN' LIKE  
WAX? IT'S GOING  
TO BE A LITTLE  
LIKE THAT,  
'CEPT WAY  
WORSE.



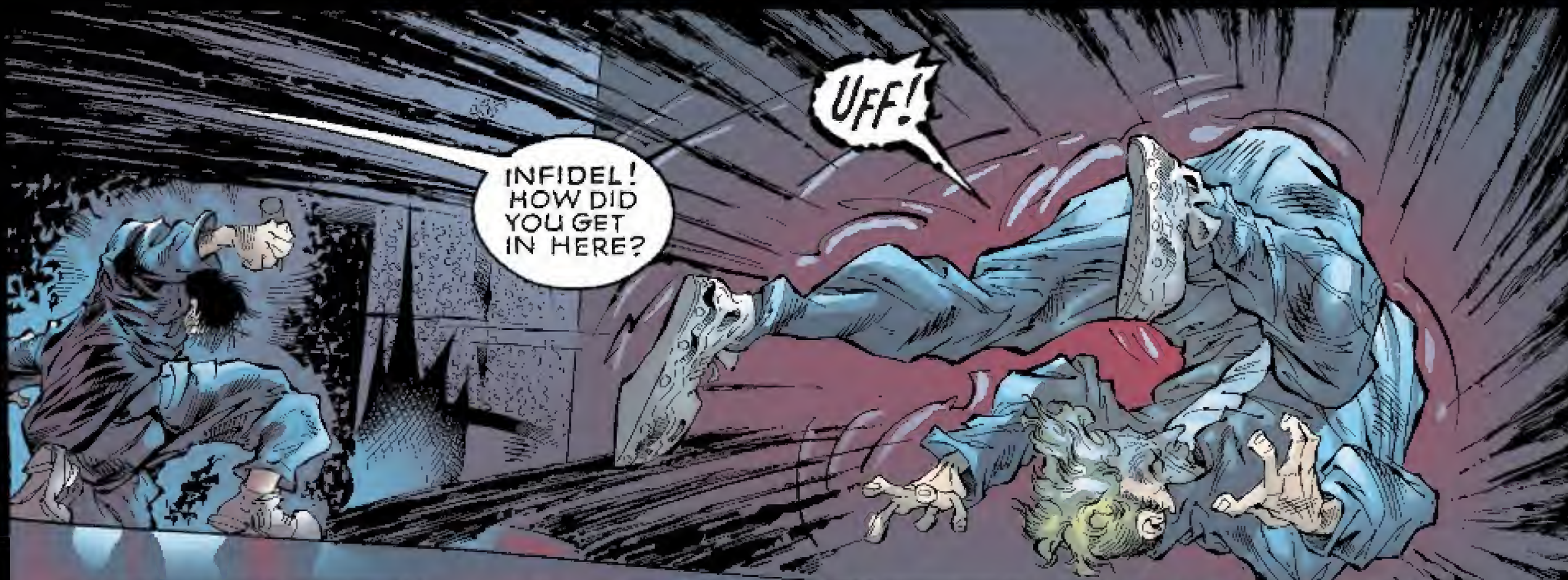
YEAH.  
SO WHEN  
THIS GOES DOWN,  
MAX, YOU'RE GOING  
TO WANT TO COVER  
YOUR **EYES** AND  
YOUR **EARS**.

AND  
ANY OTHER  
**OPENING** YOU  
DON'T WANT... uh...  
**INVADED**.

ALL RIGHT.  
JUST A COUPLE  
MORE STROKES  
HERE AND...





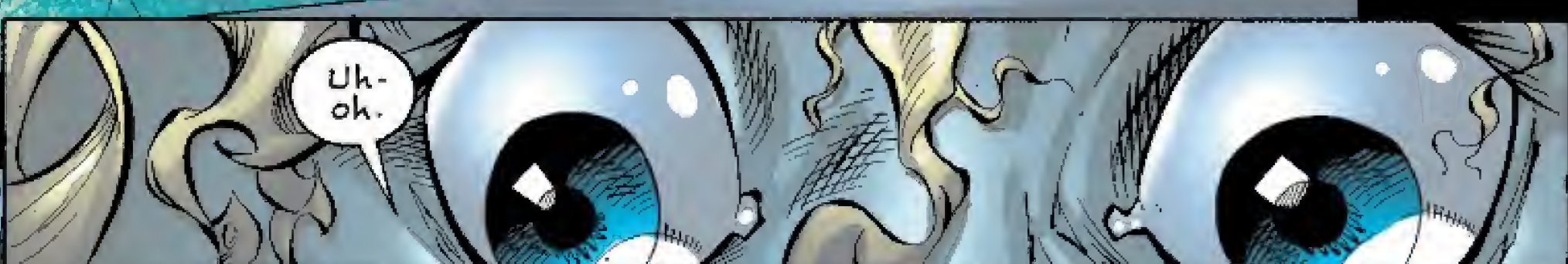


INFIDEL!  
HOW DID  
YOU GET  
IN HERE?

UFF!



INTRUDERS!



Uh-oh.

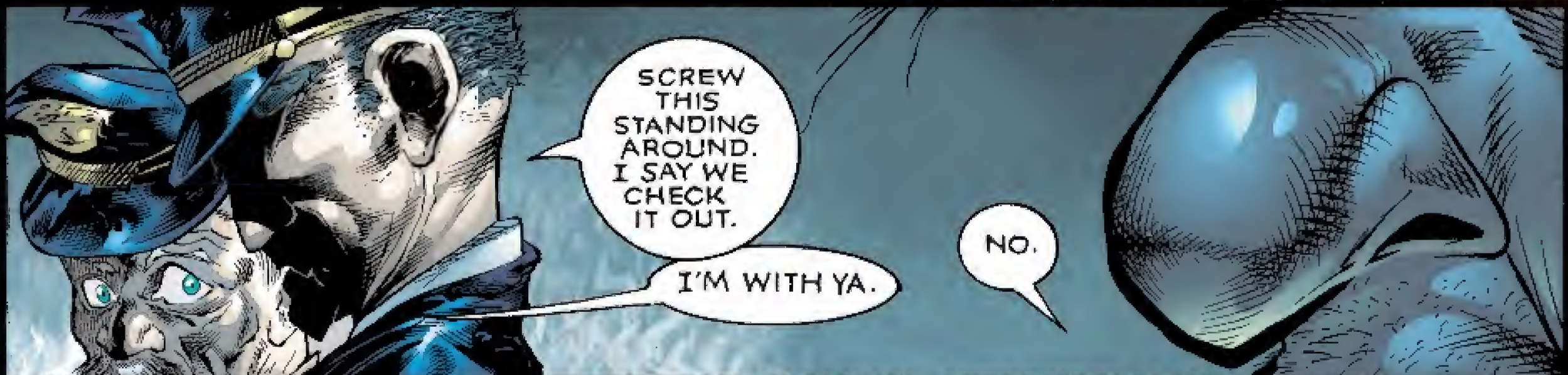


THE PARK.

SOMETHING  
HINKY'S  
GOING ON  
IN THERE.

WHAT THE  
HELL IS GOING  
ON IN THERE?  
WHAT'S THAT  
SOUND? LIKE  
SOMETHING  
HOWLING.

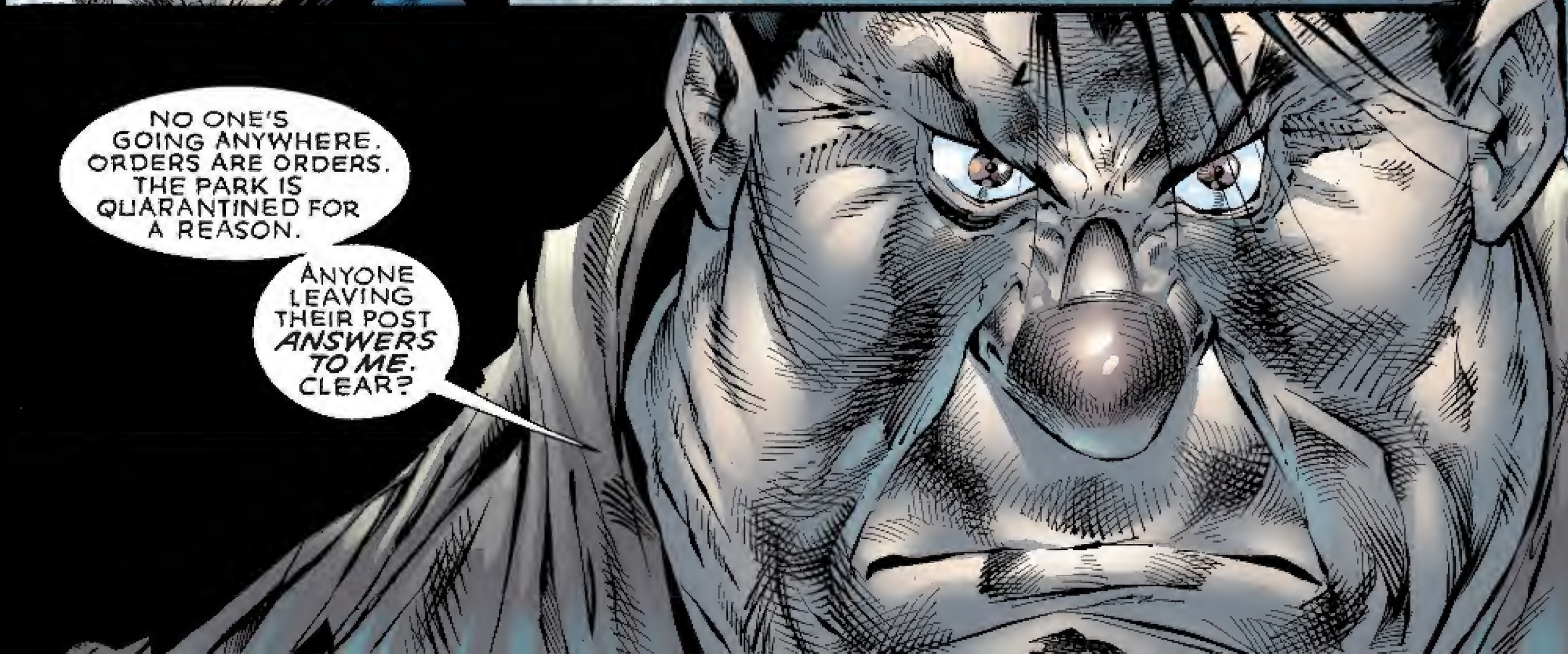
YEAH,  
BUT THAT  
AIN'T NO  
DOG.



SCREW  
THIS  
STANDING  
AROUND.  
I SAY WE  
CHECK  
IT OUT.

I'M WITH YA.

NO.



NO ONE'S  
GOING ANYWHERE.  
ORDERS ARE ORDERS.  
THE PARK IS  
QUARANTINED FOR  
A REASON.

ANYONE  
LEAVING  
THEIR POST  
ANSWERS  
TO ME.  
CLEAR?










IT WILL BE MY  
**HONOR!**

I AM THE  
FURY OF  
HEAVEN,  
HELLSPAWN!  
GOD'S OWN  
WRATH!

I SHALL  
NOT BE  
**DENIED!**





I AM  
THE *LIGHT!*  
THE HOT,  
RIGHTEOUS  
FLAME OF  
*GLORY!*  
AND MY  
**JUDGMENT**  
IS **FINAL!**

SHUT...  
UP...!

THIS  
IS MY  
CITY.

HERE  
THE ONLY  
**JUDGMENT**  
THAT  
COUNTS--



--IS  
MINE!

YEAARGH!

UNDERSTAND  
THIS...

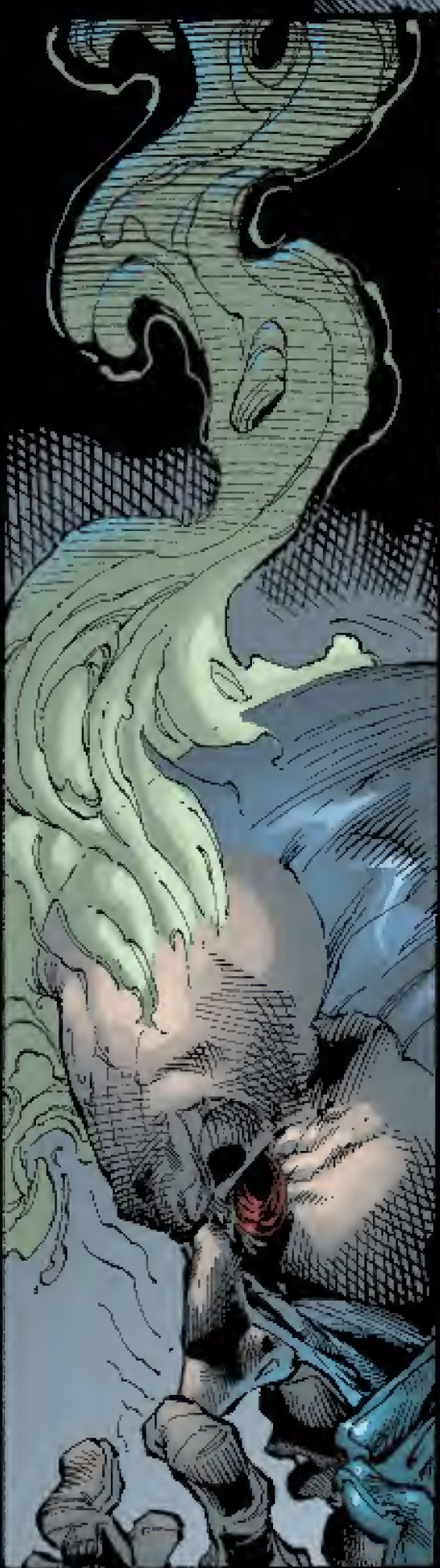
YOU ARE  
NO HERO.  
YOU ARE NO  
SAVIOR.  
YOU ARE SIMPLY  
A KILLER  
IN MARTYR'S  
CLOTHING!

NNNGAAH!

YOU  
LEAD AN  
ARMY OF FOOLS,  
BLINDLY LOYAL  
TO YOUR OWN  
MAD CAUSE.

WELL,  
SIMON,  
I TRUST YOU  
TRAINED THEM  
WELL...









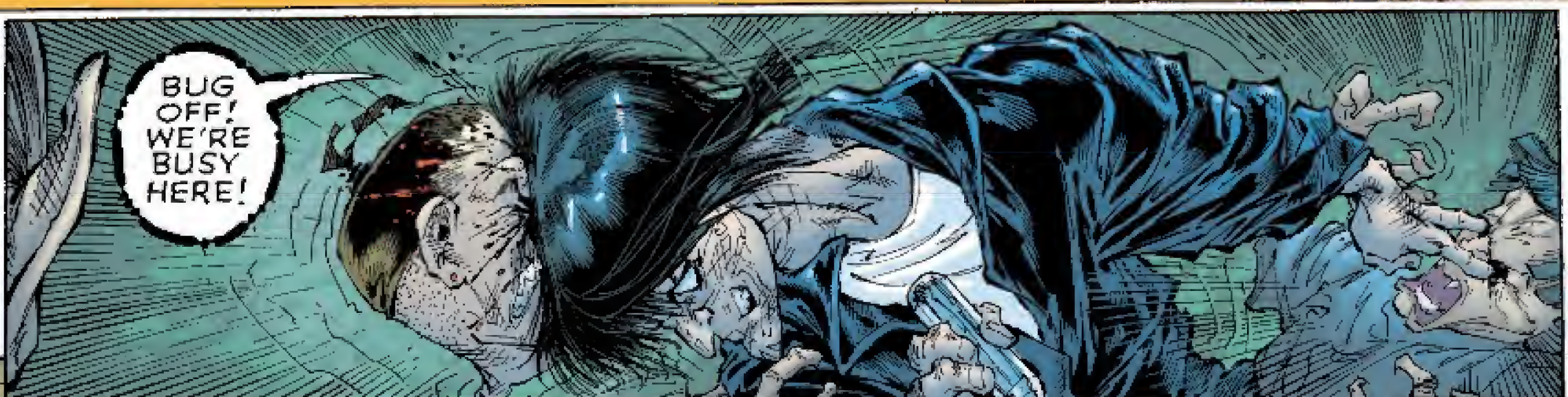
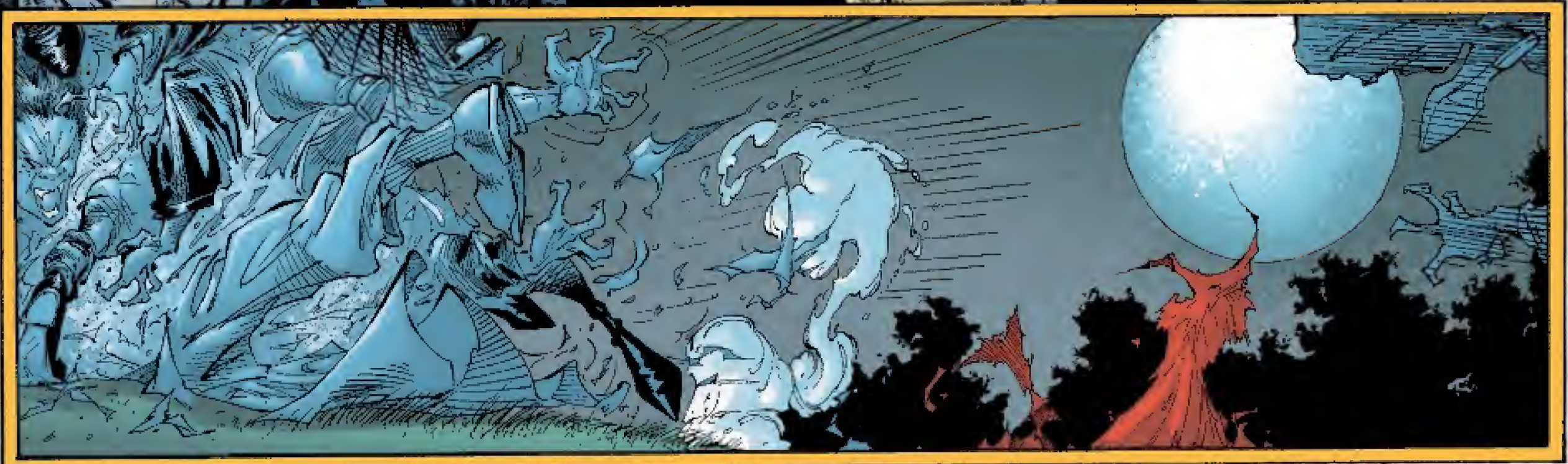
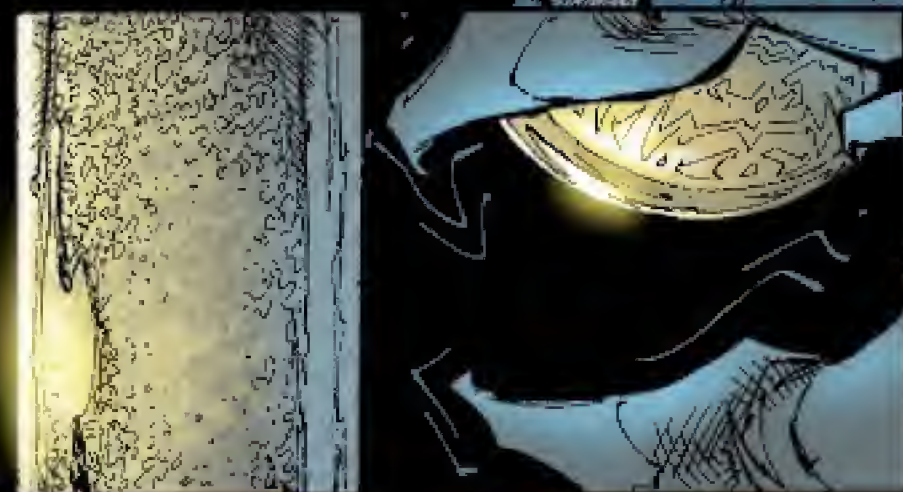
Uh-oh! THE  
**HALL MONITORS**  
HAVE JUST ARRIVED!  
FINISH UP!  
**NOW!**



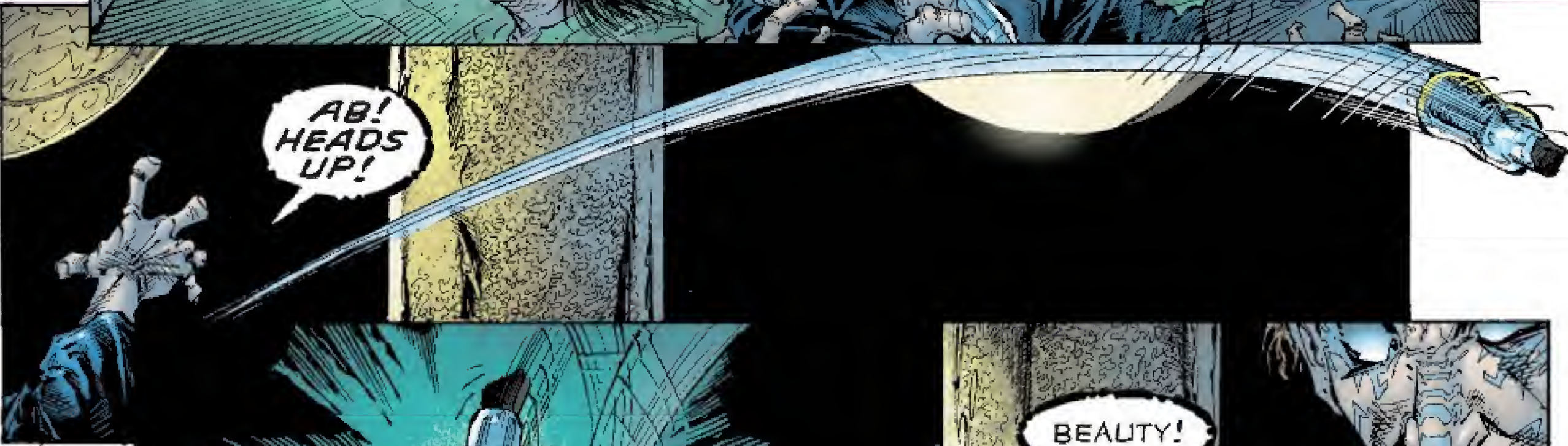
CAN'T!  
LOST MY  
**PEN!**



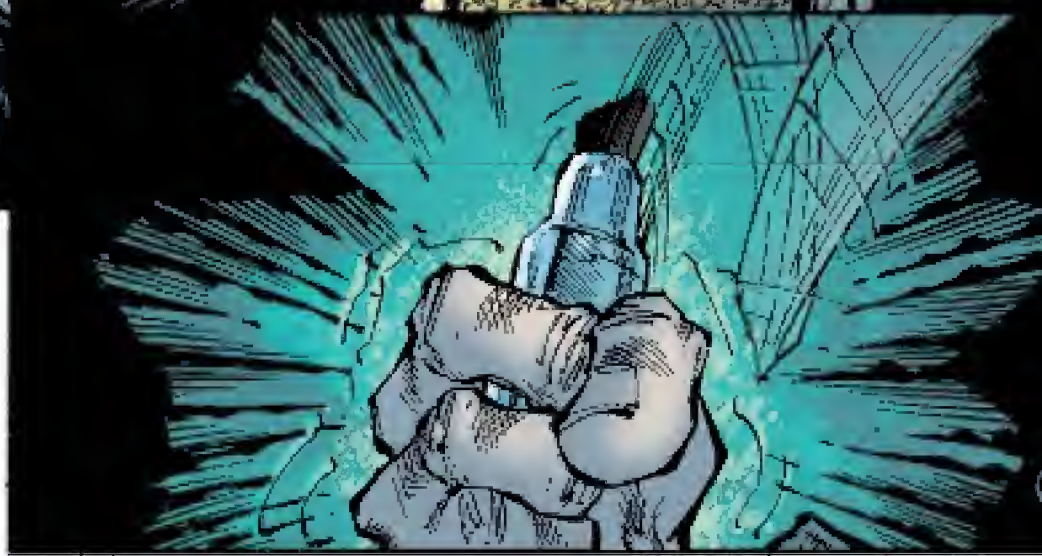
**WHAT?**  
ARE YOU  
KIDDING  
ME?



BUG  
OFF!  
WE'RE  
BUSY  
HERE!

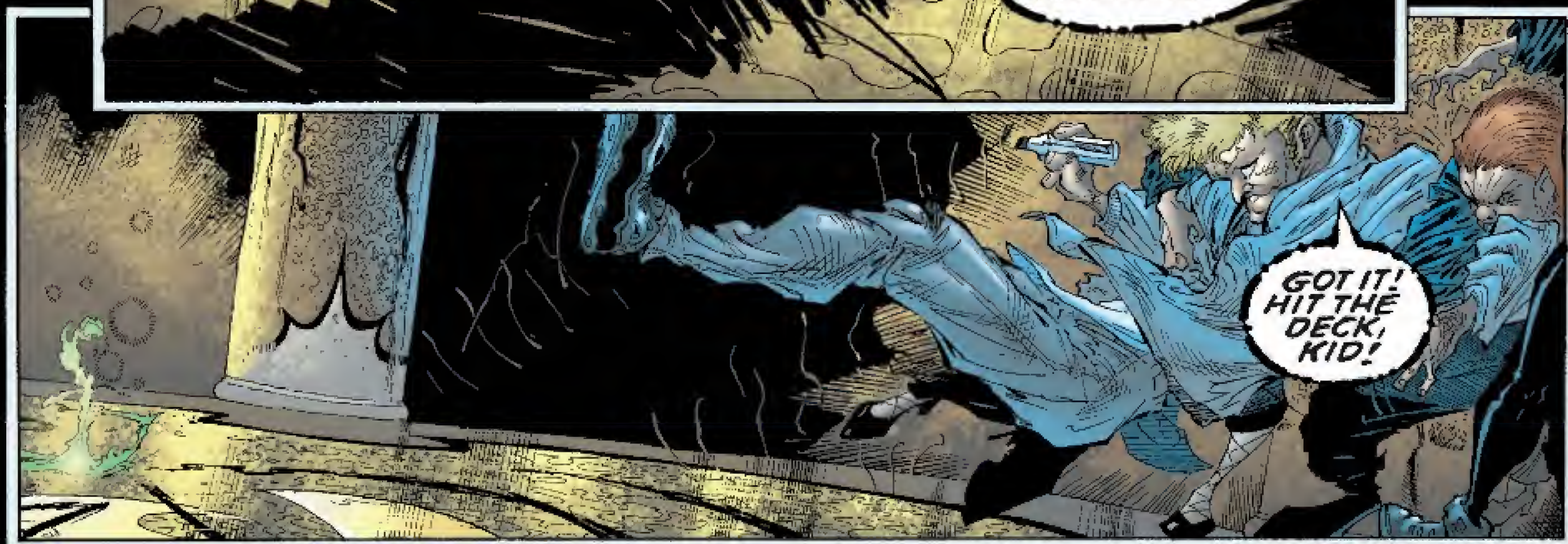
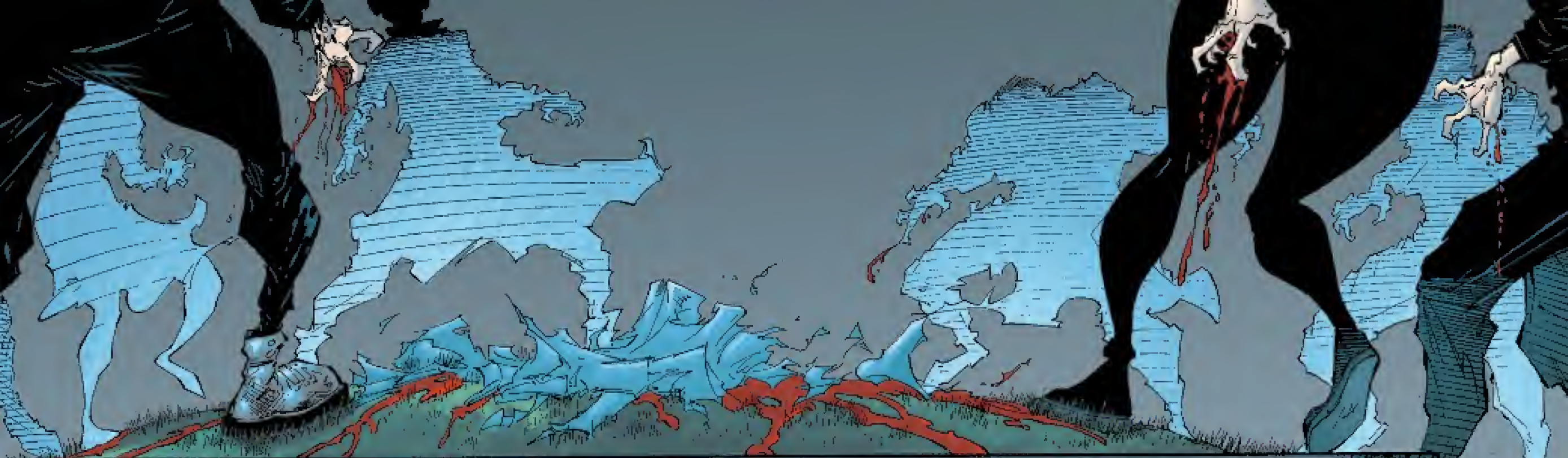


**AB!**  
HEADS  
UP!

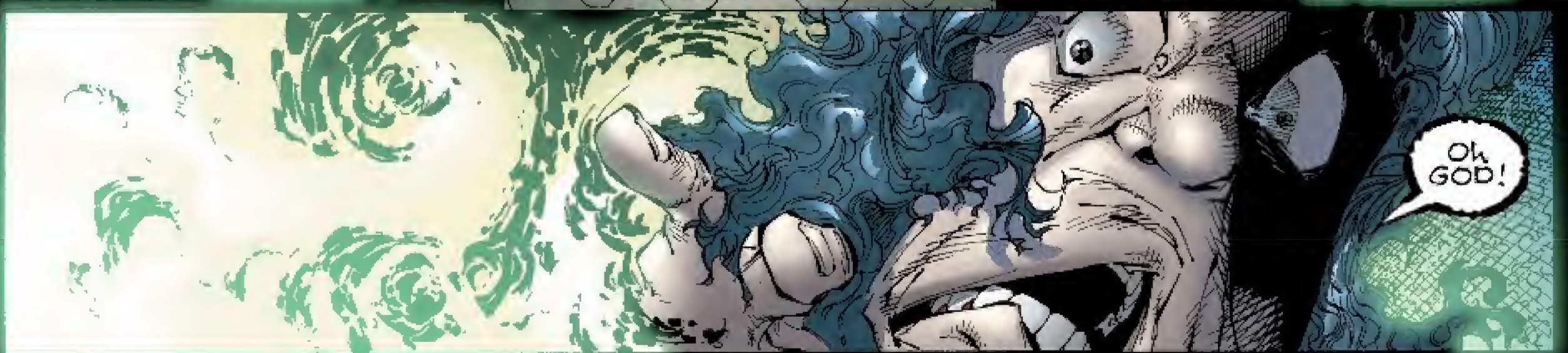
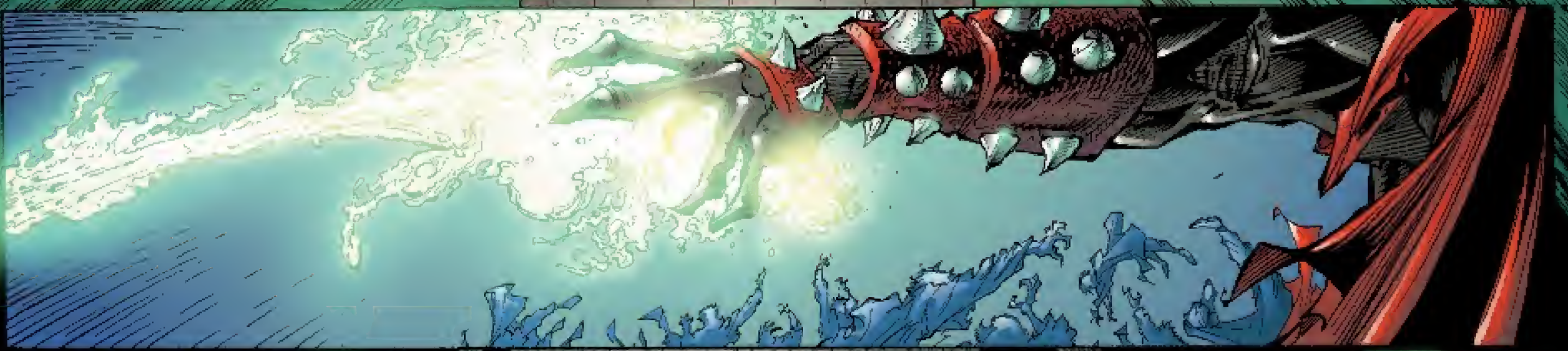
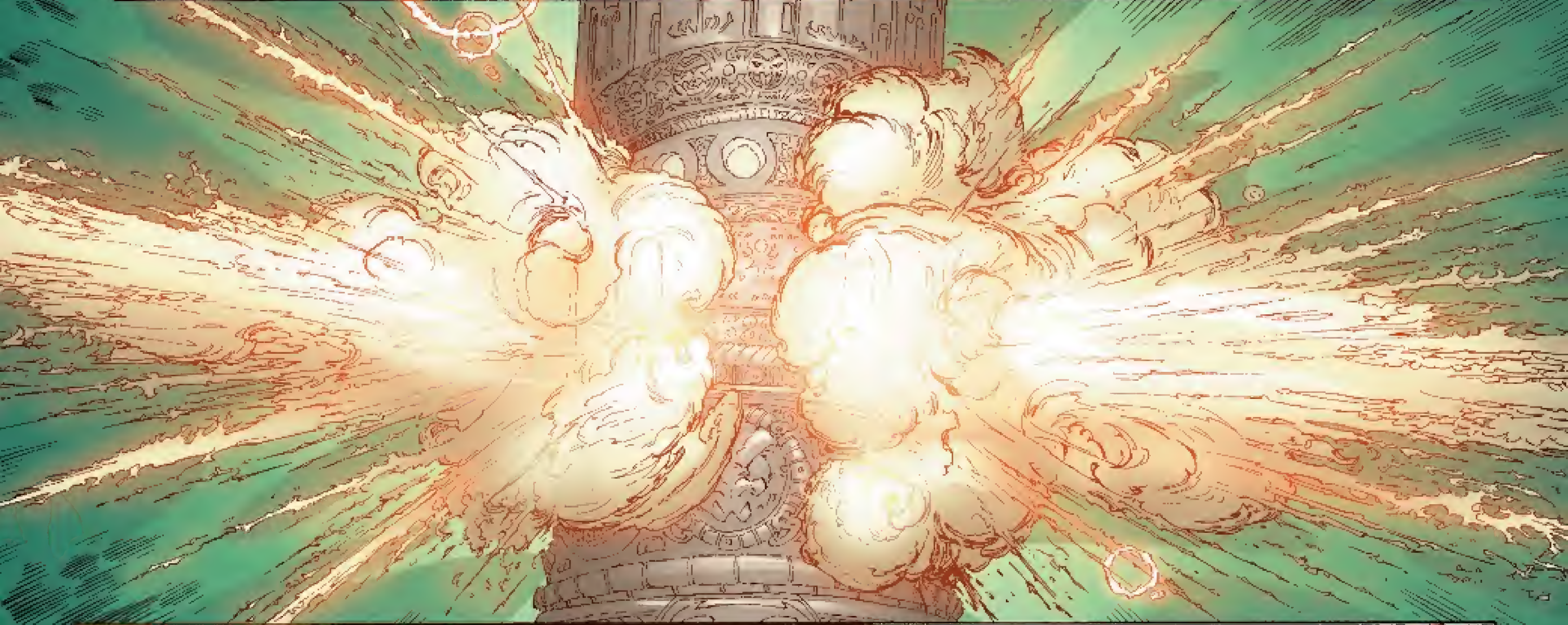
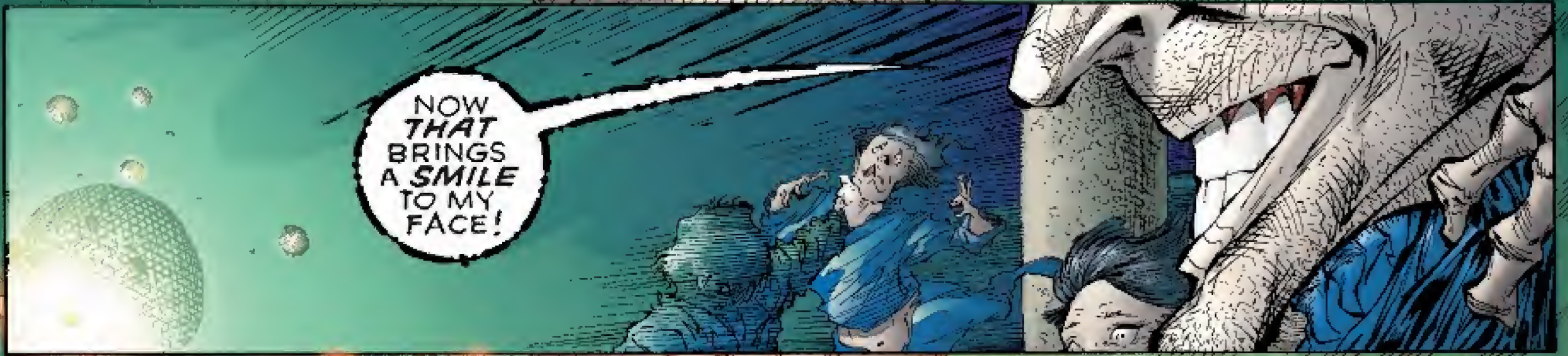


**BEAUTY!**













THE SKY  
LIT UP  
LIKE A  
CANDLE.  
LIKE THE  
FOURTH  
OF JULY.

THE WORLD  
COULD SLEEP  
SAFE AND SOUND  
IN THEIR BEDS.

YOU KNOW, I USED  
TO BELIEVE THINGS  
REALLY WORKED  
LIKE THAT.

AND THEN  
IT WAS ALL  
OVER. GOOD  
GUYS WON,  
BAD GUYS  
PUNISHED.





...IT WAS A WEEK BEFORE I HEARD FROM HIM. HE CAME TO ME IN A DREAM, JUST LIKE LAST TIME.

DAD?  
HEY DAD.

I KNOW YOU TRIED TO SAVE ME. I KNOW YOU DID YOUR BEST. THANKS.

I CAN'T COME BACK. I'M SORRY. I DON'T BELONG IN YOUR WORLD ANYMORE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I *AM*. I'M NOT ONE OF *THEM*. I KNOW THAT, BUT I'M NOT WHAT I WAS, EITHER. I'M SOMETHING ELSE.

I HAVE TO GO AWAY NOW. FAR AWAY.

MAYBE FOREVER.

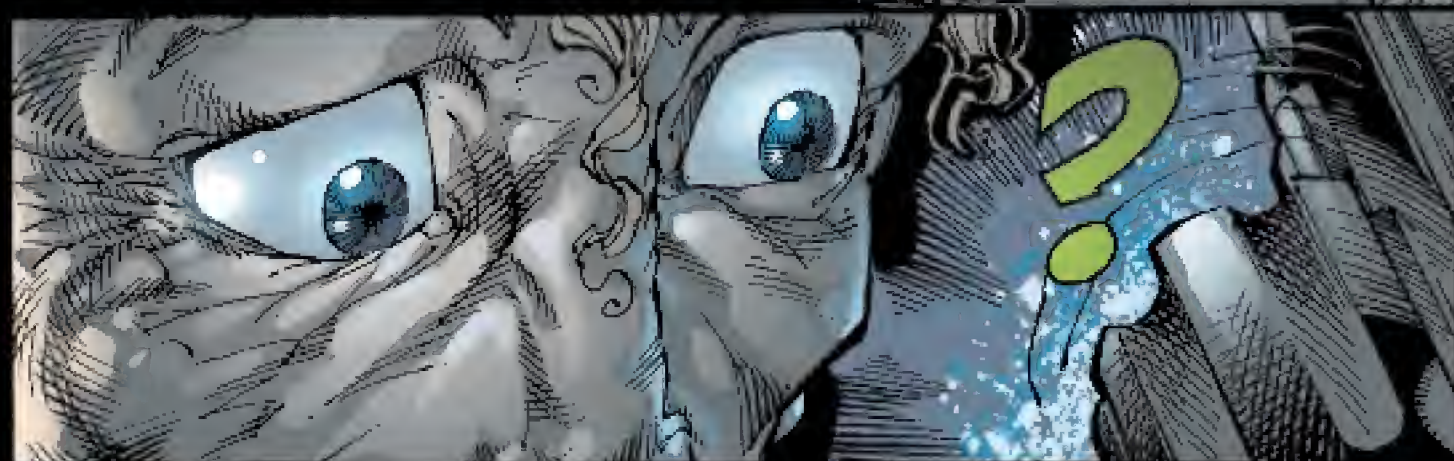
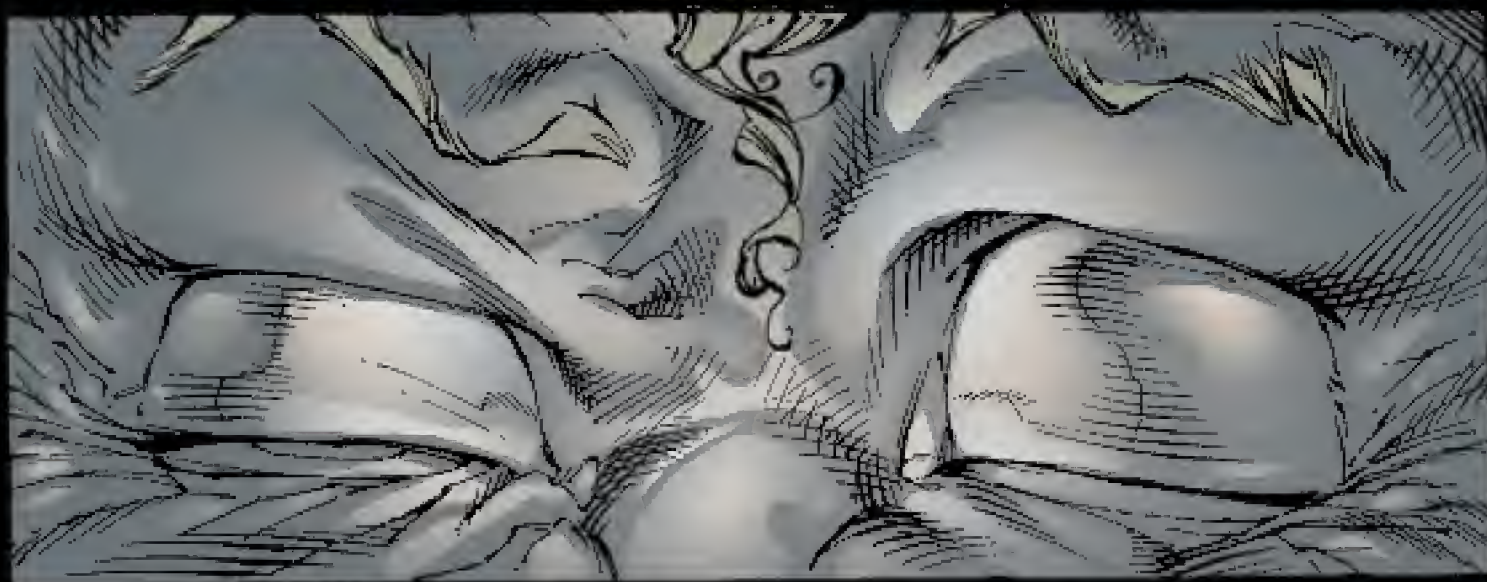
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, DAD. IT WAS ALL MY FAULT. I'M SORRY.

I LOVE YOU, DAD.

I HAVEN'T SLEPT A MINUTE SINCE.

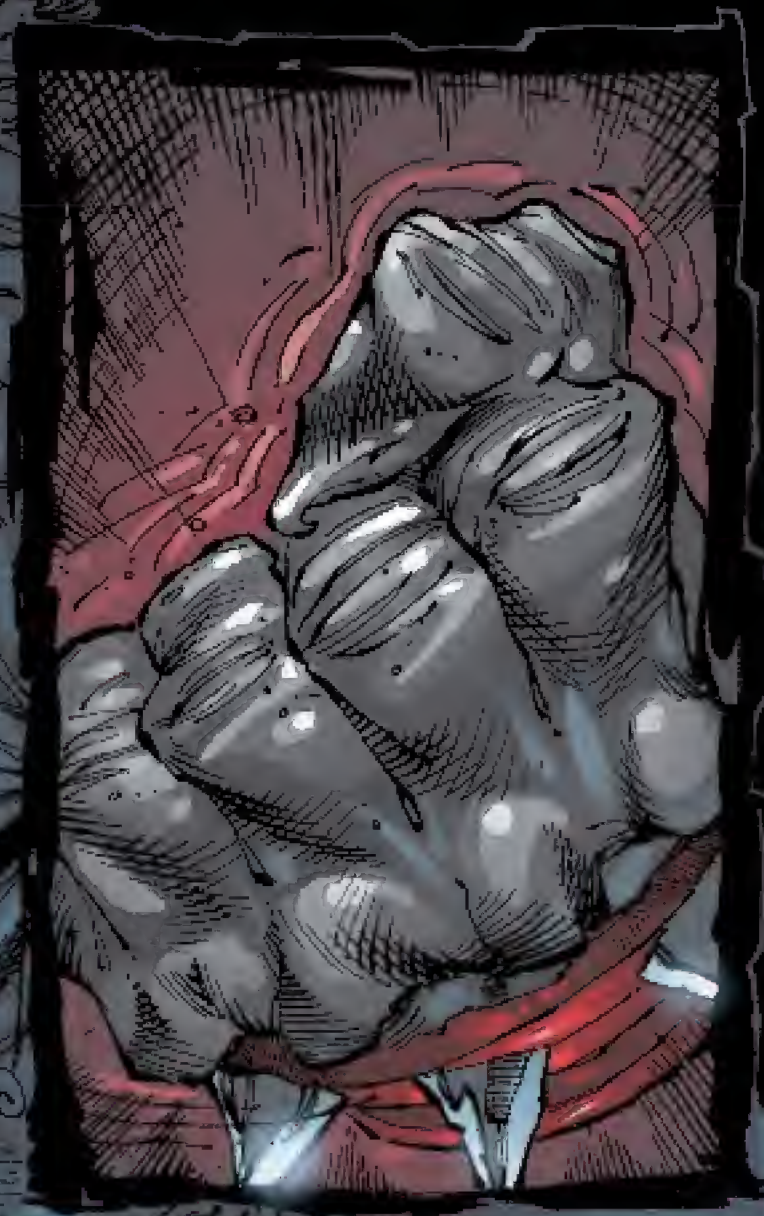
FORGIVE ME...





SPAWN?

GO AWAY!  
THIS IS NONE  
OF YOUR  
BUSINESS!







I CANNOT ALLOW THIS.

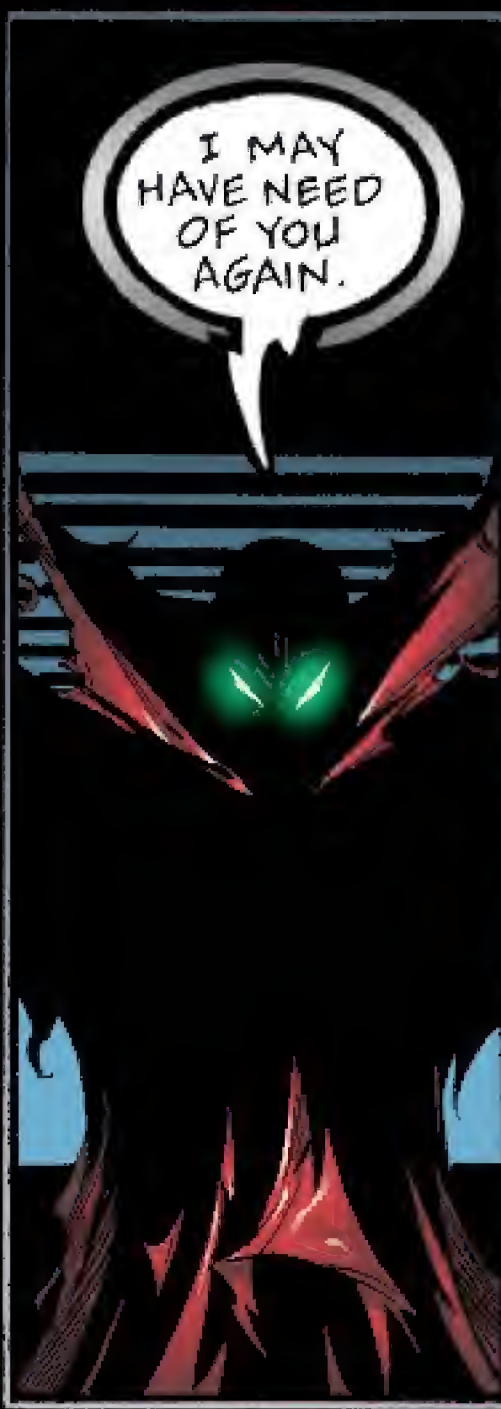
WHAT? ALLOW THIS?



WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? THIS IS *MY LIFE*. DO YOU THINK YOU'RE *SAVING ME*?! THE HELL WITH YOU!

I LOST MY WIFE. I LOST MY GIRLFRIEND. NOW I'VE LOST MY SON.

YOU HONESTLY THINK I HAVE SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR? DO YOU?! **ANSWER ME!**

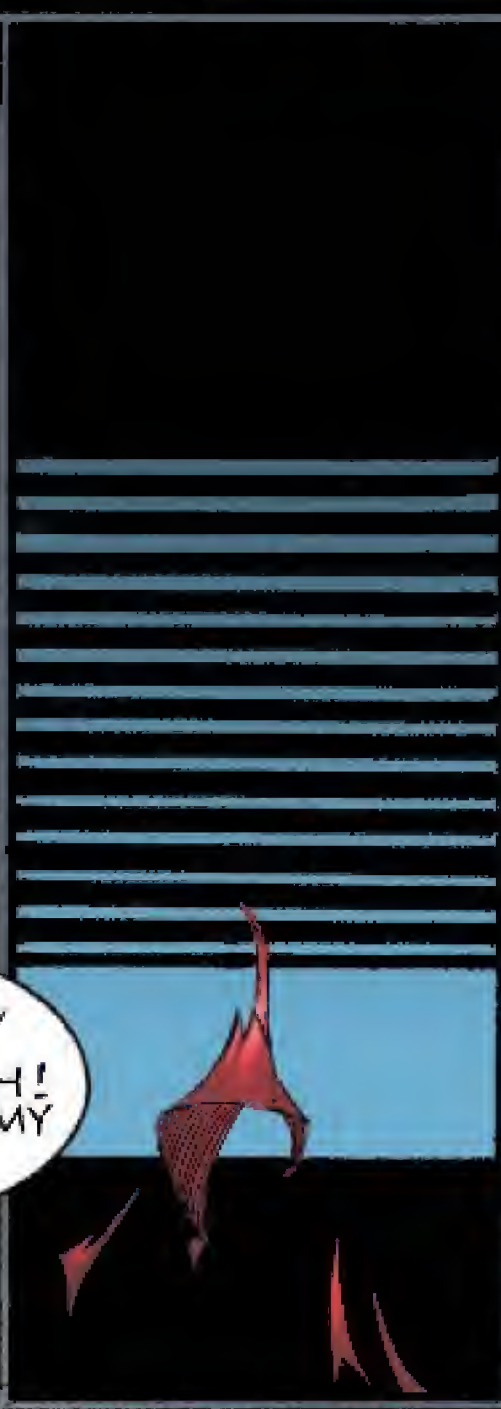


I MAY HAVE NEED OF YOU AGAIN.



YOU...

YOU COLD, INHUMAN SONUVABITCH! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!



OH CHRIST!

OH JESUS CHRIST...





EPILOGUE:  
RYE, ENGLAND.

LAST  
ORDERS,  
PLEASE!

ONE  
MORE  
OF THE  
SAME?

KAFF  
KAFF  
YES  
PLEASE.

ALLOW  
ME.

HELLO,  
OLD MAN.  
WHAT A  
DREADFUL,  
DREARY PLACE  
YOU'VE PICKED  
TO SPEND  
YOUR FINAL  
DAYS.

I HAVE  
THE MOST  
EXCITING  
NEWS.  
PERHAPS  
IT WILL  
CHEER  
YOU UP.

IT SEEMS  
THE SILLY  
BASTARD FINALLY  
DID IT. OPENED  
UP THE *PANDORA'S  
BOX*. DIDN'T  
TAKE HIM LONG,  
DID IT?

PISS  
OFF.

NOW...  
I WONDER  
HOW HE'LL  
FEEL WHEN  
HE REALIZES  
WHAT  
THINGS HE'S  
JUST LET  
OUT.





# SPAWN



Capulla

M'FARLANE

DAN.





THE  
CORAL  
PACIFIC  
HOTEL.  
AWAJI,  
JAPAN.

Uk, HI...  
KONNICHWA.

KONBANWA.  
IRASSHAI  
MASE?

Uk...  
WATASHI  
WA-JOUZU-NI  
NIHONGO... GA  
HANASE MASEN.  
EIGO WO... uk...  
HANASHI-  
MASU-KA?

YES.  
I SPEAK  
ENGLISH.  
HOW MAY I  
HELP YOU,  
SIR?

I HAVE A  
RESERVATION.

YOUR  
NAME,  
PLEASE?

NAKADAI.  
BEN  
NAKADAI.

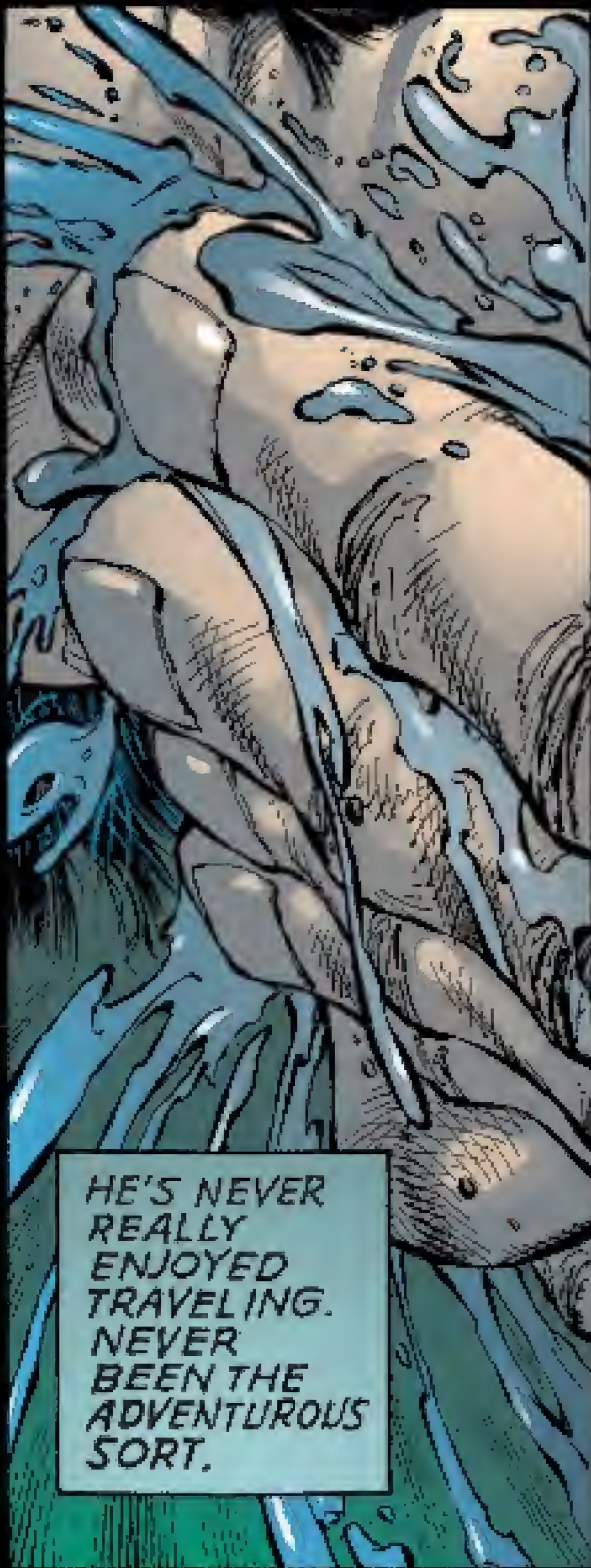
ENJOY  
YOUR  
VISIT.

THANK  
YOU.

BEN  
NAKADAI  
IS A  
STRANGER  
IN THE  
LAND  
OF HIS  
ANCESTORS.

TAMAGO  
卵





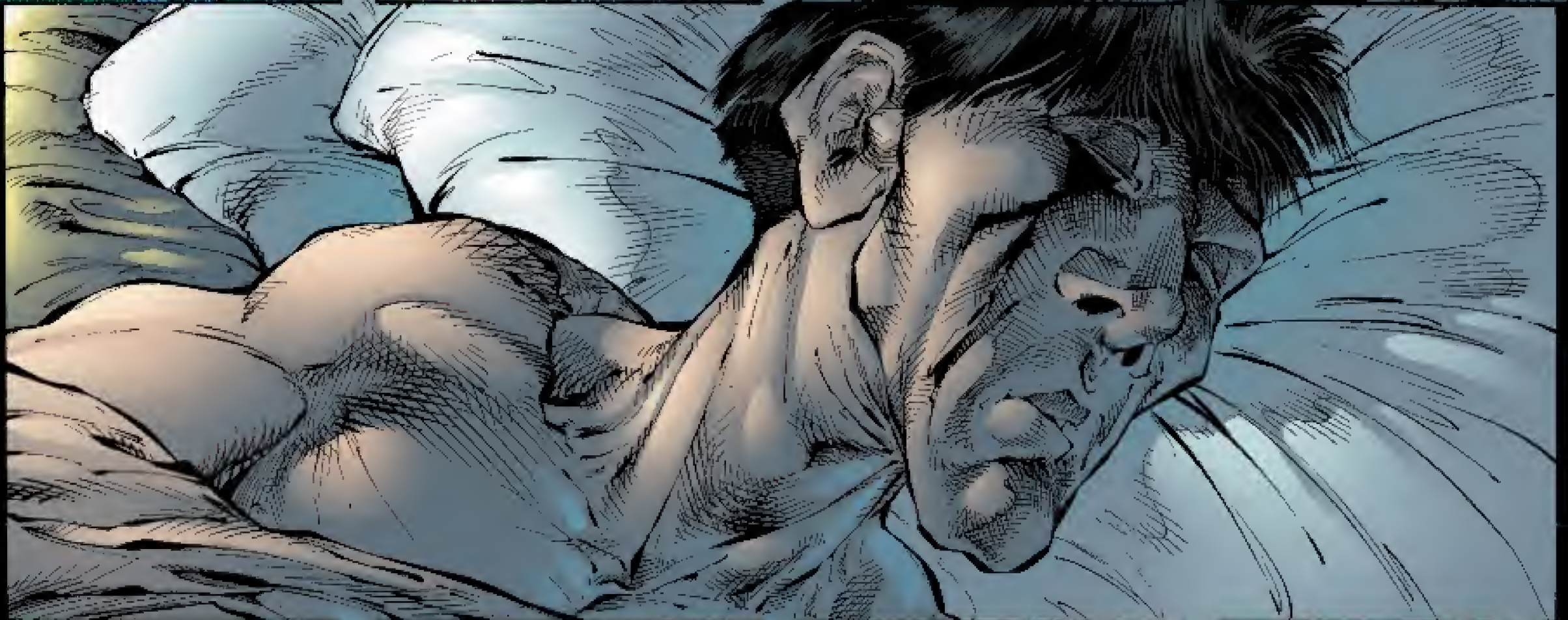
HE'S NEVER REALLY ENJOYED TRAVELING. NEVER BEEN THE ADVENTUROUS SORT.



SO FAR AWAY FROM HIS WIFE, FROM HIS HOME...




STILL, IT'S ONLY FOR A FEW DAYS. MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE BEST OF IT. HE'LL BE HOME SOON ENOUGH.




THE NIGHT AIR FILLS WITH THE SCENT OF JASMINE AND THE SOUND OF CRICKETS.



A man in a white robe is walking through a forest at night. The scene is illuminated by a soft, ethereal light, possibly moonlight, filtering through the trees. The man is looking down, and his expression is contemplative. The forest is dense with various plants and trees, creating a sense of mystery and solitude.

BEN REMEMBERS  
HAVING DREAMS  
LIKE THIS WHEN  
HE WAS A CHILD.

DREAMS SO  
FULL OF COLOR  
AND DEPTH, SO  
VIBRANT, THEY  
FELT MORE  
REAL THAN HIS  
WAKING LIFE.

A man in a white robe is standing in a forest at night. He is looking up at a large, gnarled tree trunk. The forest is dense with various plants and trees, creating a sense of mystery and solitude. The man's expression is one of wonder and awe.

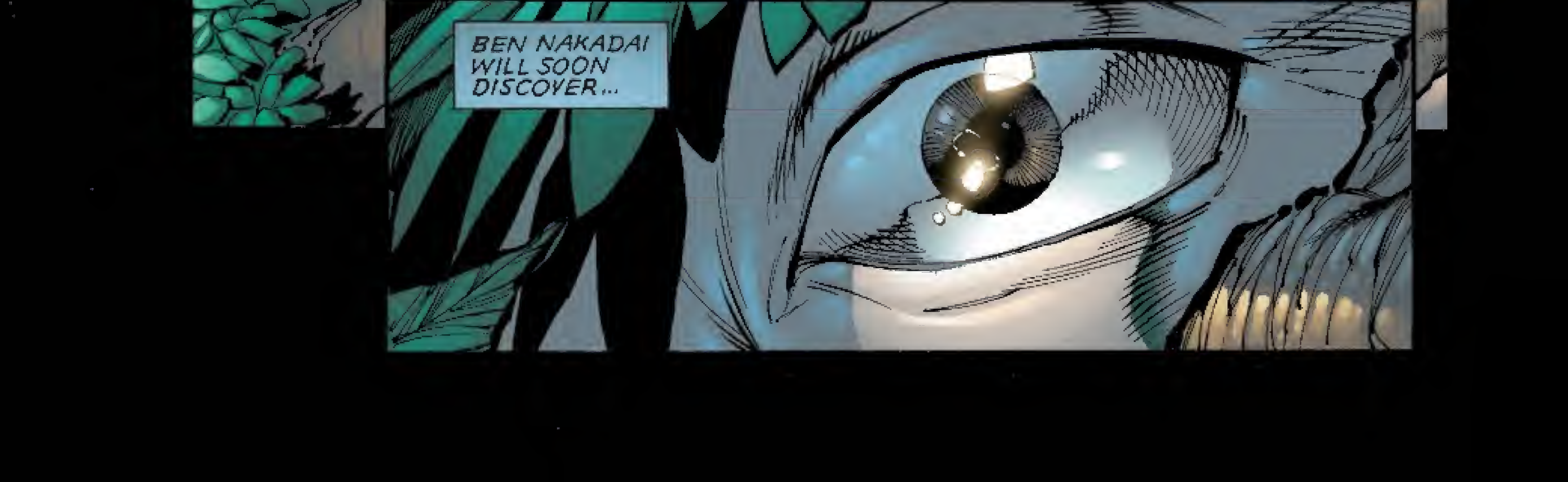
HE USED TO IMAGINE THAT HE  
WAS A TRAVELER IN ANOTHER  
WORLD. A SECRET, SEPARATE  
LIFE HE SHARED WITH NO ONE.

NOW HE KNOWS,  
PLEASANT AS THEY  
MAY BE, THEY ARE  
ONLY DREAMS.  
BROUGHT ON, NO  
DOUBT, BY JET-LAG  
AND UNFAMILIAR  
SURROUNDINGS.

STILL, AS HE  
WALKS THE  
MOONLIT  
PATH  
BENEATH THE  
RUSTLING  
TREES, IT  
ALL SEEMS  
SO FAMILIAR.

A man in a white robe is walking through a forest at night. The scene is illuminated by a soft, ethereal light, possibly moonlight, filtering through the trees. The man is looking down, and his expression is contemplative. The forest is dense with various plants and trees, creating a sense of mystery and solitude.

LIKE COMING HOME.

A close-up of a man's eye. The eye is large and detailed, with a dark iris and a bright, reflective highlight. The surrounding skin and hair are rendered with fine lines and shading, giving a sense of depth and texture. The overall tone is dramatic and intense.

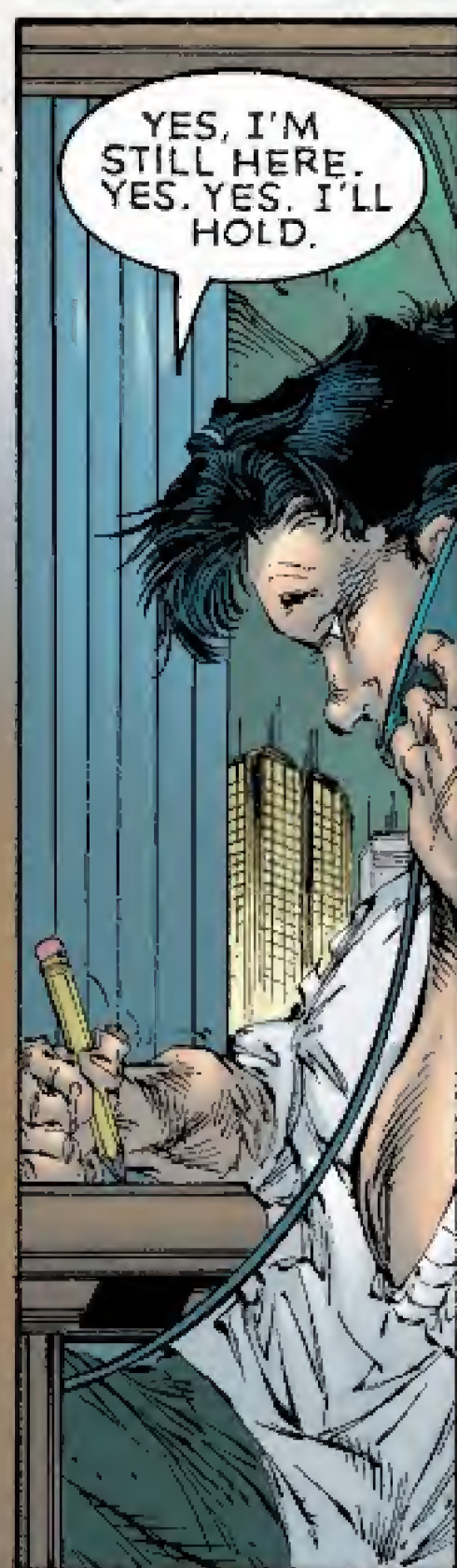
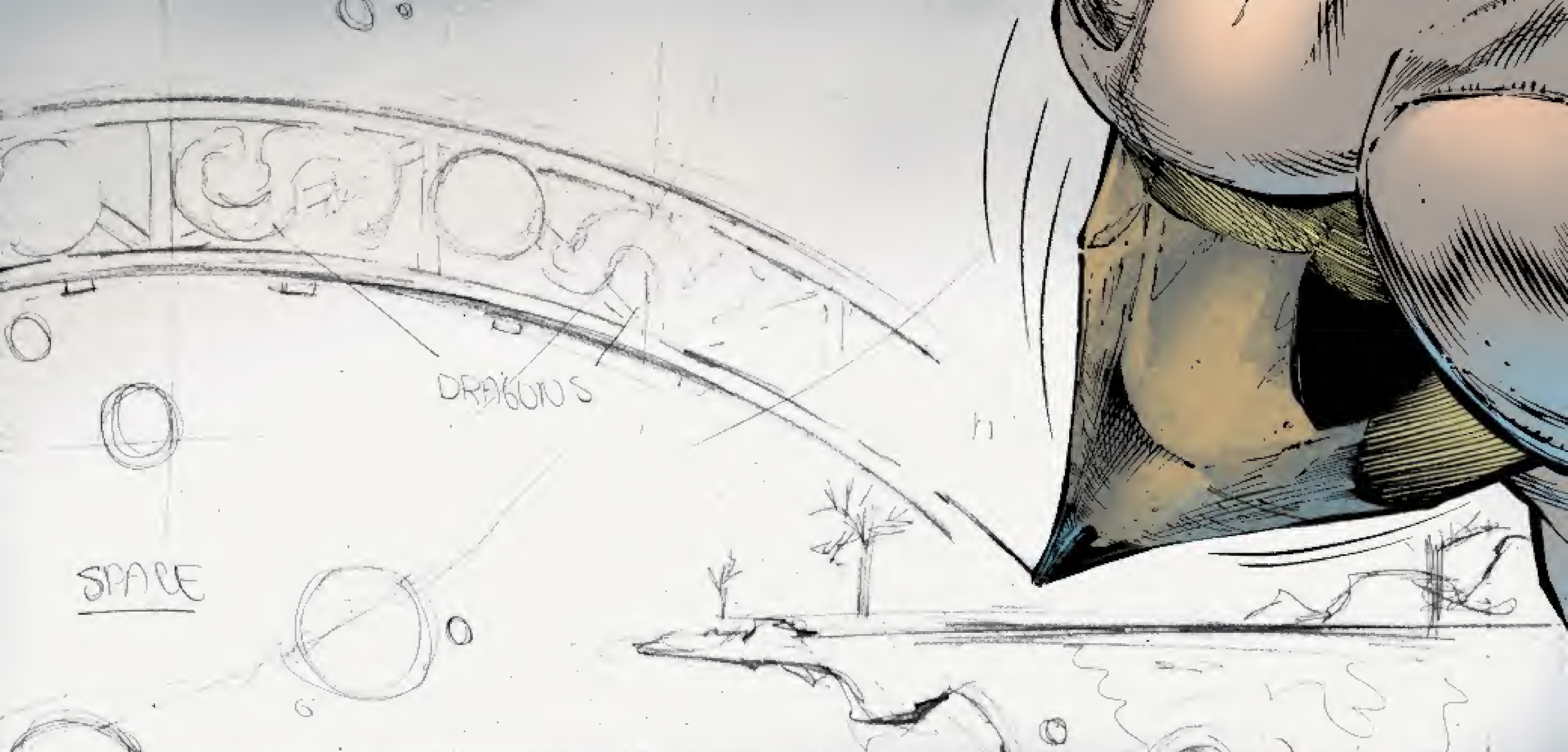
BEN NAKADAI  
WILL SOON  
DISCOVER...



... THERE IS A VAST  
CHASM BETWEEN  
WHAT IS TRUE AND  
WHAT IS BELIEVED  
TO BE TRUE.







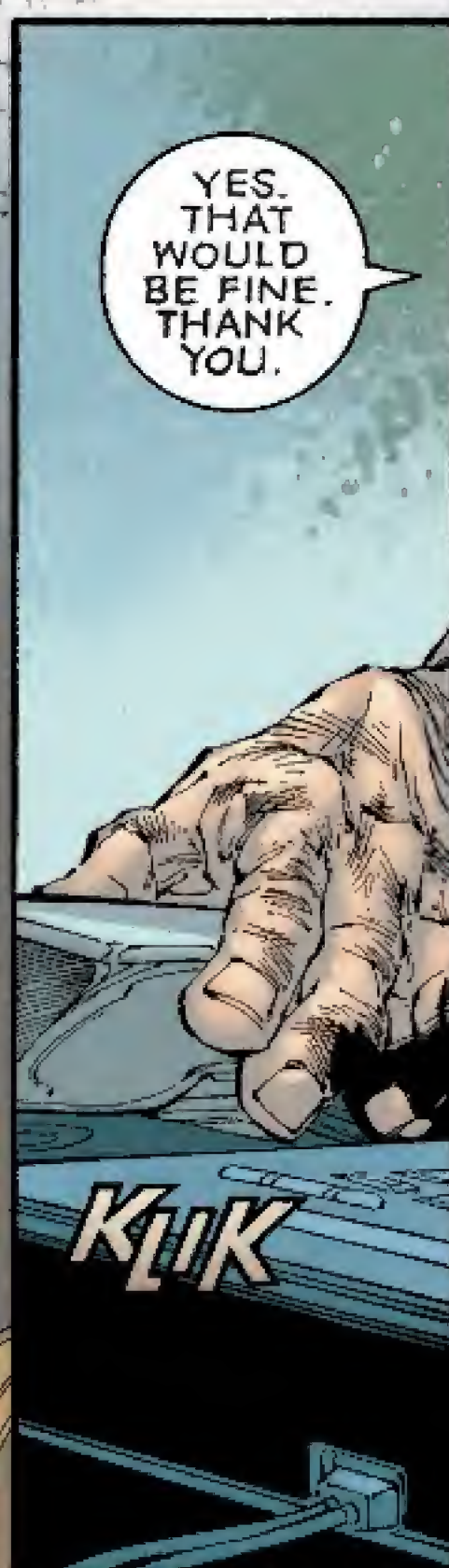
YES, I'M  
STILL HERE.  
YES. YES. I'LL  
HOLD.



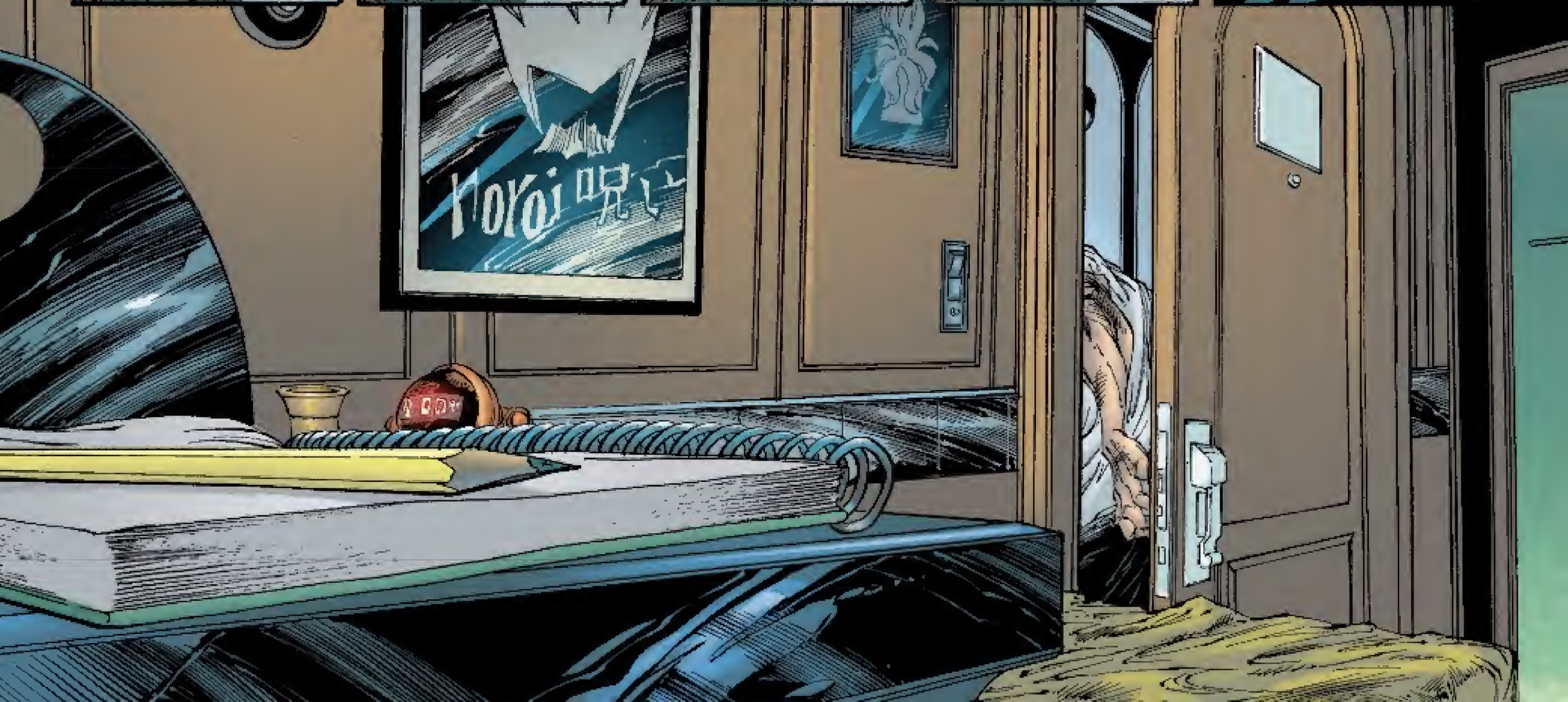
I'M SORRY.  
WE ARE UNABLE  
TO CONNECT  
WITH THAT  
NUMBER...



WE CAN KEEP  
TRYING IF YOU  
LIKE. SHALL WE  
PAGE YOU WHEN  
WE HAVE  
REACHED  
YOUR PARTY?



YES.  
THAT  
WOULD  
BE FINE.  
THANK  
YOU.





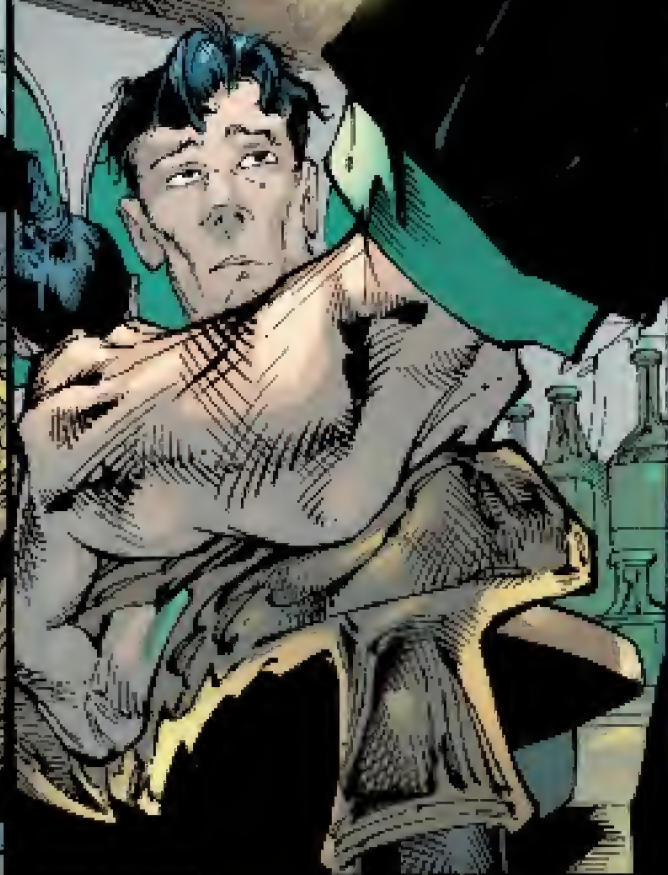


ANYTHING ELSE?

NO. THANK YOU.

IT SEEMS WE HAVE THE BAR ALL TO OURSELVES, YOUNG MAN. MIND IF I JOIN YOU?

WHAT? NO, PLEASE, GO AHEAD.



THANK YOU. YOU'RE AN AMERICAN.

THAT OBVIOUS, huh? YEAH. SAN FRANCISCO. BORN AND BRED. MY NAME'S BEN, BY THE WAY.

PLEASUED TO MEET YOU, BEN.

SO, WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

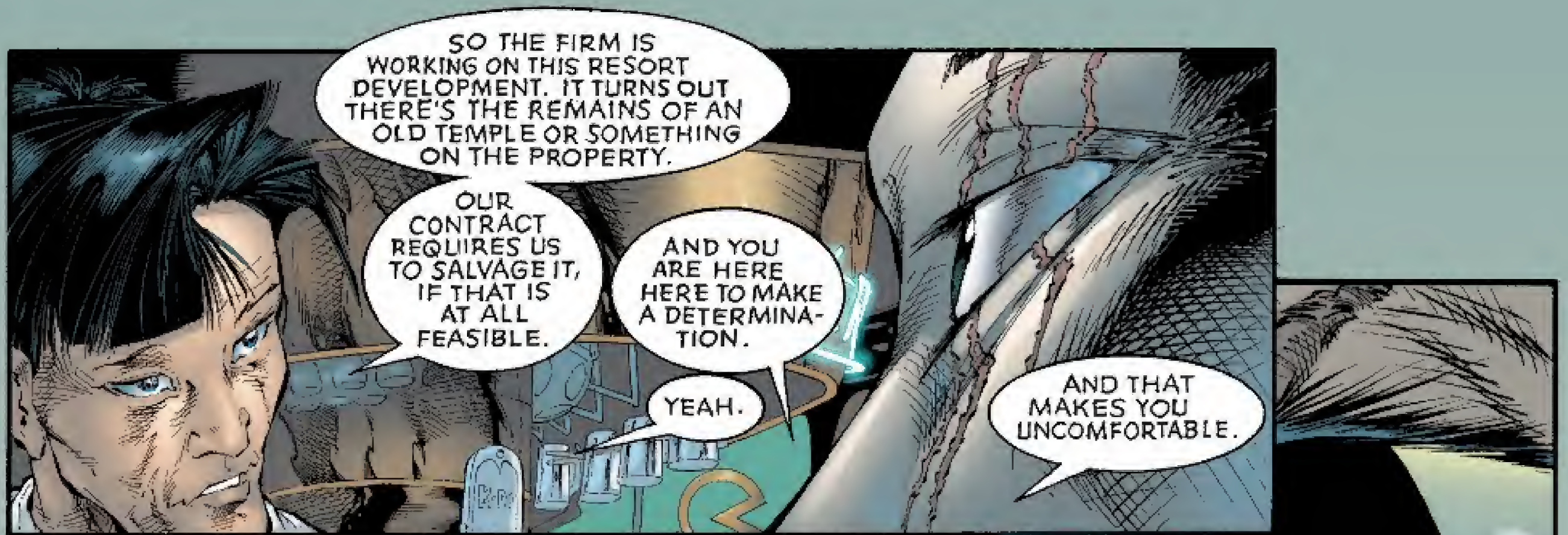
ME? FROM EVERYWHERE, REALLY. A HOME IN EVERY PORT.

MUST BE NICE.

IT HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.







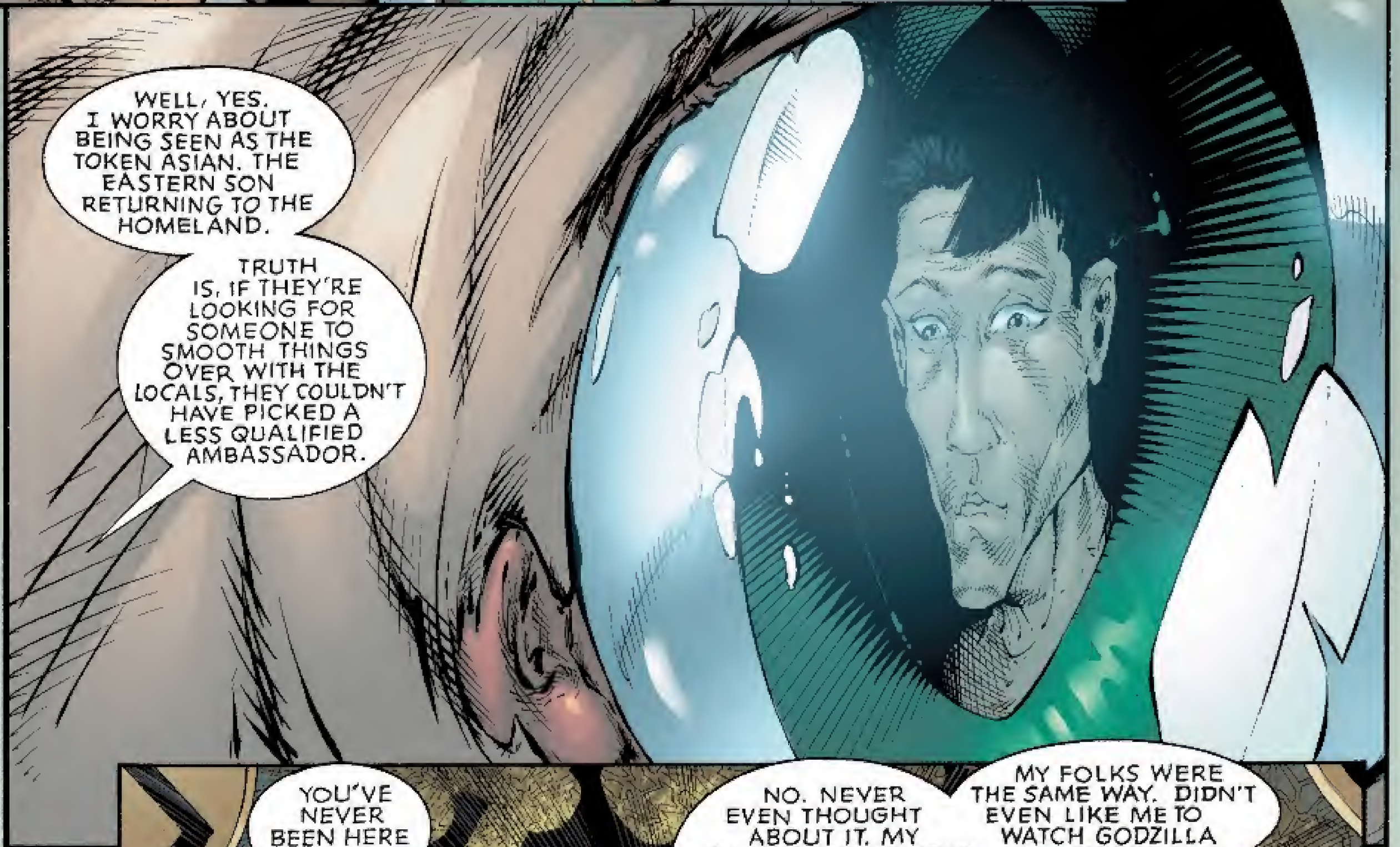
SO THE FIRM IS WORKING ON THIS RESORT DEVELOPMENT. IT TURNS OUT THERE'S THE REMAINS OF AN OLD TEMPLE OR SOMETHING ON THE PROPERTY.

OUR CONTRACT REQUIRES US TO SALVAGE IT, IF THAT IS AT ALL FEASIBLE.

AND YOU ARE HERE TO MAKE A DETERMINATION.

YEAH.

AND THAT MAKES YOU UNCOMFORTABLE.



WELL, YES. I WORRY ABOUT BEING SEEN AS THE TOKEN ASIAN. THE EASTERN SON RETURNING TO THE HOMELAND.

TRUTH IS, IF THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO SMOOTH THINGS OVER WITH THE LOCALS, THEY COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A LESS QUALIFIED AMBASSADOR.



YOU'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE.

NO. NEVER EVEN THOUGHT ABOUT IT. MY GRANDPARENTS WERE BIG ON ASSIMILATION. NEVER SPOKE JAPANESE, EVEN AT HOME.

MY FOLKS WERE THE SAME WAY. DIDN'T EVEN LIKE ME TO WATCH GODZILLA MOVIES.



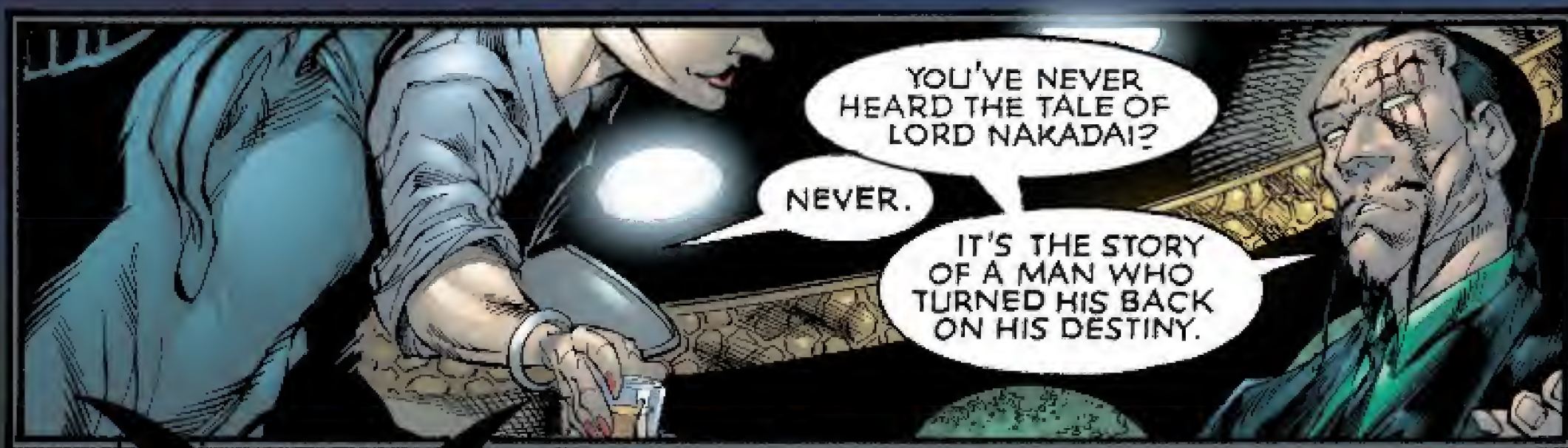
MAY I ASK YOUR LAST NAME, BEN?

NAKADAI.

NAKADAI. THAT'S QUITE A STORIED NAME, ESPECIALLY IN THIS PART OF JAPAN. MAKES YOU A BIT OF A CELEBRITY. YOU HAVE SOME RATHER FAMOUS ANCESTORS.

REALLY?





YOU'VE NEVER  
HEARD THE TALE OF  
LORD NAKADAI?

NEVER.

IT'S THE STORY  
OF A MAN WHO  
TURNED HIS BACK  
ON HIS DESTINY.

MANY, MANY YEARS AGO, BACK IN  
THE DAYS OF THE SAMURAI, THERE  
WAS A GREAT SOLDIER NAMED  
ISANAGI  
NAKADAI.

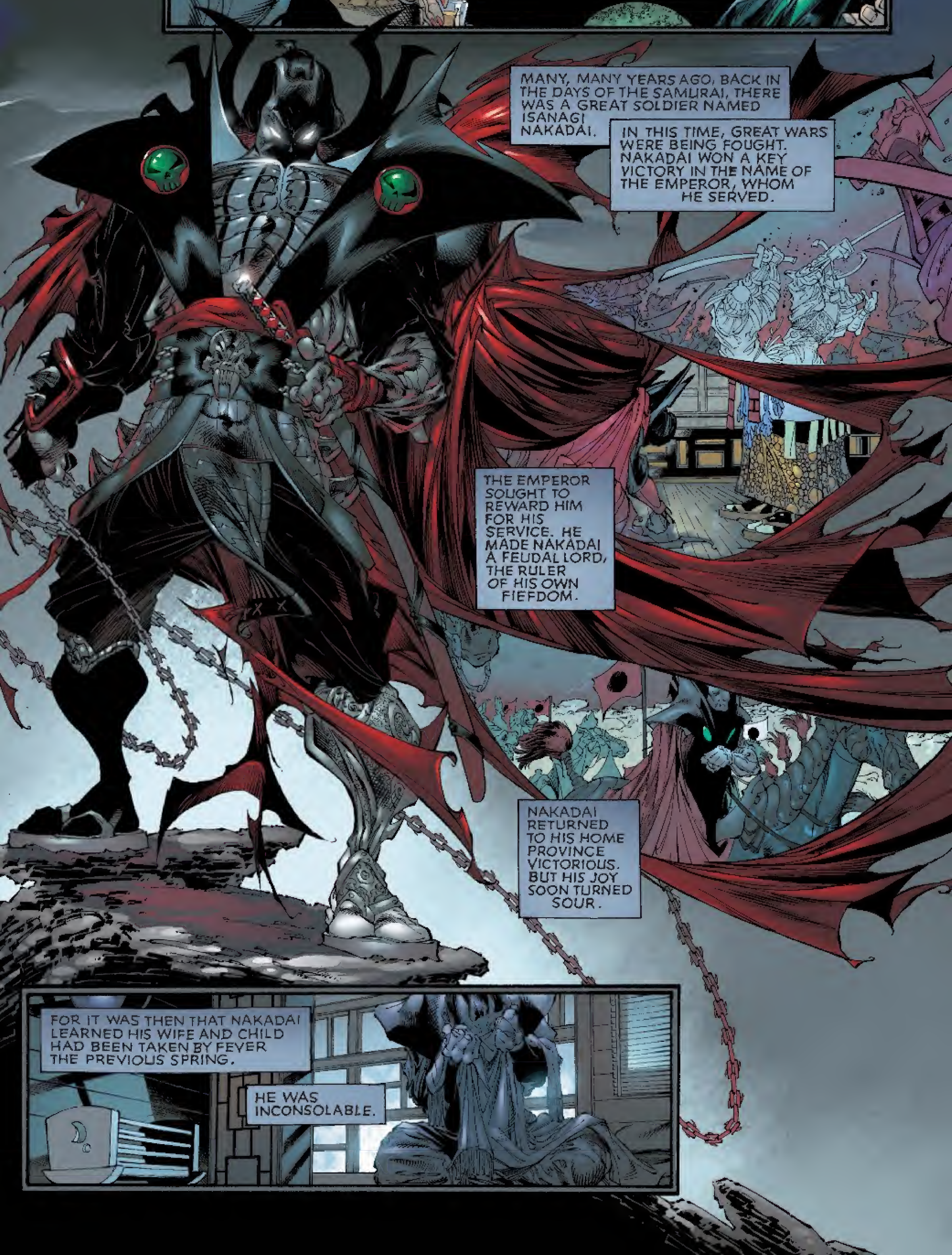
IN THIS TIME, GREAT WARS  
WERE BEING FOUGHT.  
NAKADAI WON A KEY  
VICTORY IN THE NAME OF  
THE EMPEROR, WHOM  
HE SERVED.

THE EMPEROR  
SOUGHT TO  
REWARD HIM  
FOR HIS  
SERVICE. HE  
MADE NAKADAI  
A FEUDAL LORD,  
THE RULER  
OF HIS OWN  
FIEFDOM.

NAKADAI  
RETURNED  
TO HIS HOME  
PROVINCE  
VICTORIOUS.  
BUT HIS JOY  
SOON TURNED  
SOUR.

FOR IT WAS THEN THAT NAKADAI  
LEARNED HIS WIFE AND CHILD  
HAD BEEN TAKEN BY FEVER  
THE PREVIOUS SPRING.

HE WAS  
INCONSOLABLE.







FOR A YEAR, HE INDULGED HIMSELF IN HIS GRIEF, EATING LITTLE, SPEAKING LESS. HE NEGLECTED HIS DUTIES.



ONE EVENING, AS HE WAS WALKING THE PALACE GROUNDS, LOST IN THOUGHT, HE CAME ACROSS AN OLD MAN.

GOOD EVENING, LORD NAKADAI. IT IS A WONDERFUL NIGHT TO BE ALIVE, IS IT NOT...?

... SAID THE OLD MAN. BUT LORD NAKADAI SAID NOTHING.

YOU NEGLECT YOUR GARDEN, MY LORD. BE CAREFUL HOW IT GROWS.

LORD NAKADAI WAS UNUSED TO BEING SPOKEN TO LIKE THIS. BUT THE OLD MAN HAD HIMSELF BEEN A GREAT WARRIOR, MANY YEARS AGO.

IN HIS OLD AGE, HE WAS CONTENT MERELY TO CARE FOR THE PALACE GROUNDS. NAKADAI RESPECTED HIM.

I'M SORRY. AM I BORING YOU, BEN?

NO. THIS IS FASCINATING. GO ON

WELL, THE OLD MAN INVITED THE LORD INTO HIS HUT FOR TEA.







NAKADAI  
ACCEPTED THE  
INVITATION.



LIFE HAD LOST ITS  
FLAVOR, NAKADAI  
CONFERSED TO HIS  
HOST. THE WORLD  
WAS EMPTY WITH-  
OUT HIS FAMILY.

THE OLD MAN  
OFFERED HIM  
SOME ADVICE.



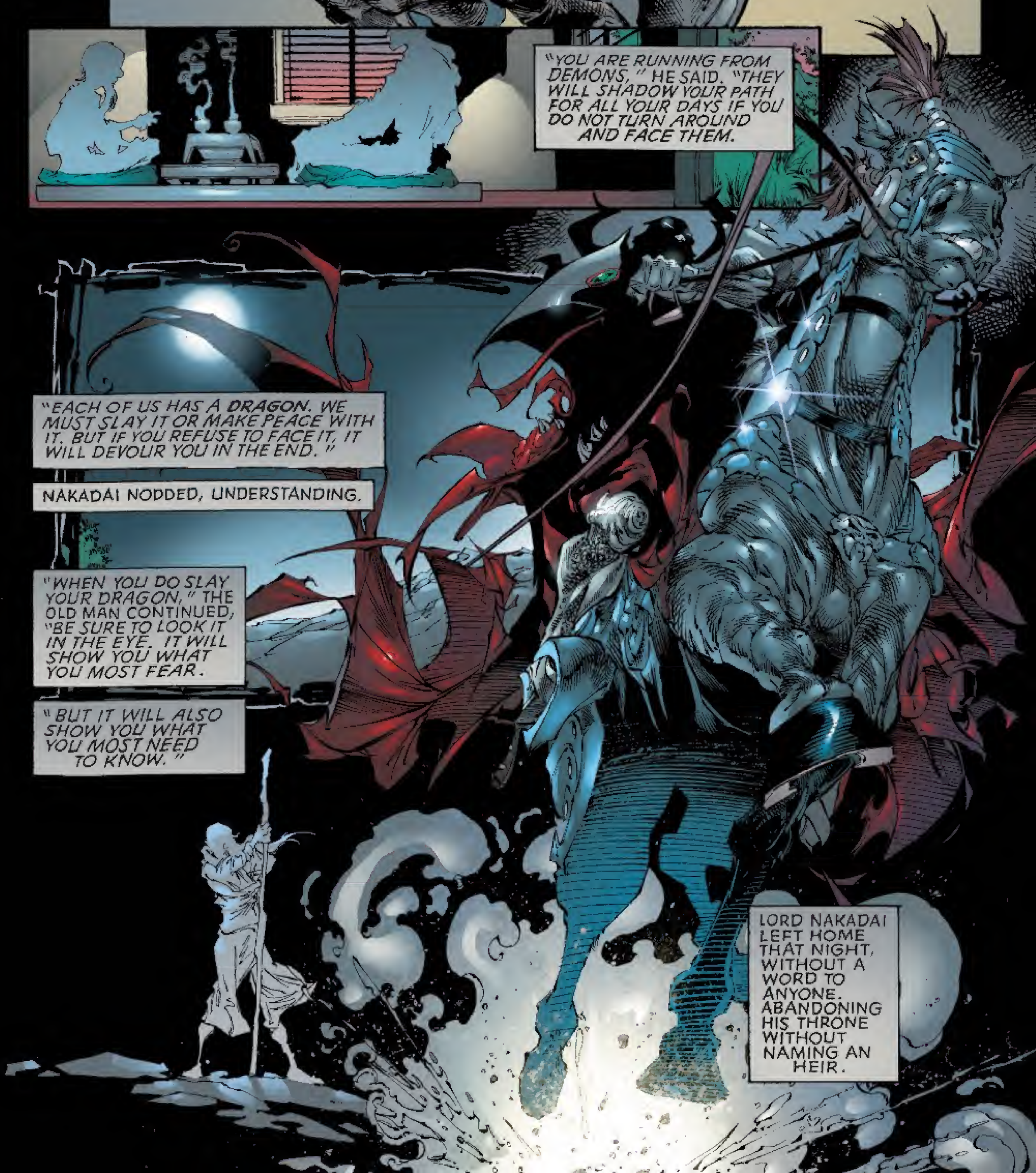
"YOU ARE RUNNING FROM  
DEMONS," HE SAID. "THEY  
WILL SHADOW YOUR PATH  
FOR ALL YOUR DAYS IF YOU  
DO NOT TURN AROUND  
AND FACE THEM."

"EACH OF US HAS A DRAGON. WE  
MUST SLAY IT OR MAKE PEACE WITH  
IT. BUT IF YOU REFUSE TO FACE IT, IT  
WILL DEVOUR YOU IN THE END."

NAKADAI NODDED, UNDERSTANDING.


"WHEN YOU DO SLAY  
YOUR DRAGON," THE  
OLD MAN CONTINUED,  
"BE SURE TO LOOK IT  
IN THE EYE. IT WILL  
SHOW YOU WHAT  
YOU MOST FEAR."

"BUT IT WILL ALSO  
SHOW YOU WHAT  
YOU MOST NEED  
TO KNOW."



LORD NAKADAI  
LEFT HOME  
THAT NIGHT,  
WITHOUT A  
WORD TO  
ANYONE.  
ABANDONING  
HIS THRONE  
WITHOUT  
NAMING AN  
HEIR.






HE BECAME A *RONIN*, A  
WANDERING, LORDLESS  
SAMURAI. HE FOUGHT  
MANY BATTLES AND DID  
MANY GREAT DEEDS.

IT IS SAID  
HE FREED THE  
COUNTRYSIDE  
FROM THE  
GRIP OF A  
PARTICULARLY  
WICKED  
BANDIT CLAN.

HE FOUGHT  
TRICKSTERS  
AND WIZARDS.

HE CAST  
*FIVE DEMON  
BROTHERS*  
FROM THE  
HOLY TEMPLE.

TALES OF  
HIS BRAVERY  
SPREAD FAR  
AND WIDE,  
AND HE  
BECAME  
SOMETHING  
OF A LEGEND.



BUT FOR ALL HIS  
TRAVELS, HE STILL HAD  
NOT SEEN HIS *DRAGON*.





ONE DAY, AS HE WANDERED  
THROUGH THE WILDERNESS,  
LORD NAKADAI BEHELD A  
STRANGE SIGHT.



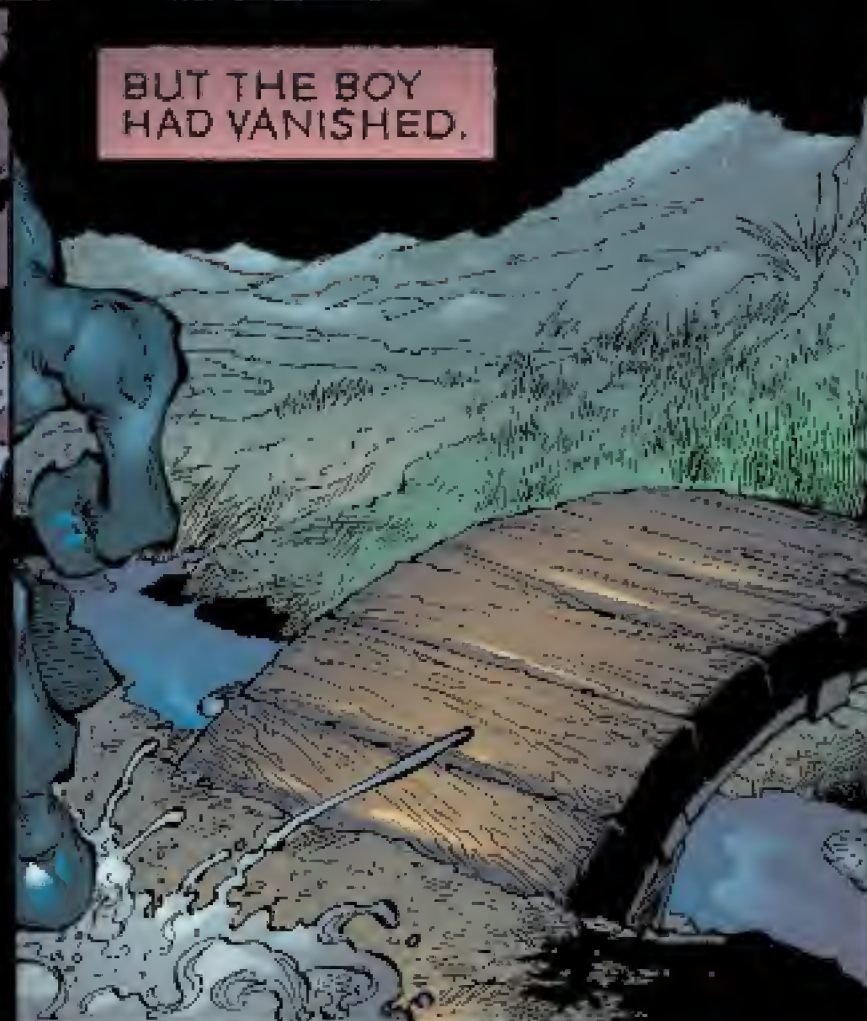
A SMALL CHILD  
STOOD AT THE  
EDGE OF A BRIDGE.



PERHAPS IT WAS  
LOST, OR ABANDONED  
BY ITS MOTHER.  
NAKADAI WENT TO  
INVESTIGATE.



BUT THE BOY  
HAD VANISHED.



FROM ACROSS THE STREAM, NAKADAI  
COULD HEAR THE GENTLE LAUGHTER  
OF A CHILD, FLOATING LIKE SOAP  
BUBBLES IN THE AIR.



HE CROSSED THE  
BRIDGE AND RODE  
INTO THE WOOD.



HE FOLLOWED  
THE SOUND,  
IT LED HIM TO  
AN ANCIENT  
TEMPLE,  
PERCHED ON  
THE EDGE OF  
A CLIFF.




NAKADAI  
DISMOUNTED  
HIS HORSE AND  
WENT INSIDE.



AND THERE  
HE SAW IT.







HE HAD COME  
FACE TO FACE  
WITH HIS DRAGON.


HA HA HA HA!!

THE TEMPLE SHOOK  
WITH THE DEEP,  
RESONANT LAUGHTER  
OF THE BEAST.


NAKADAI FROZE  
FOR A MOMENT,  
UNABLE TO MOVE.

BUT HIS COURAGE  
SOON FOUND HIM.







THEY  
WERE  
JOINED  
TOGETHER  
IN FIERCE  
BATTLE.




THE DRAGON  
MOVED LIKE  
LIGHTNING.



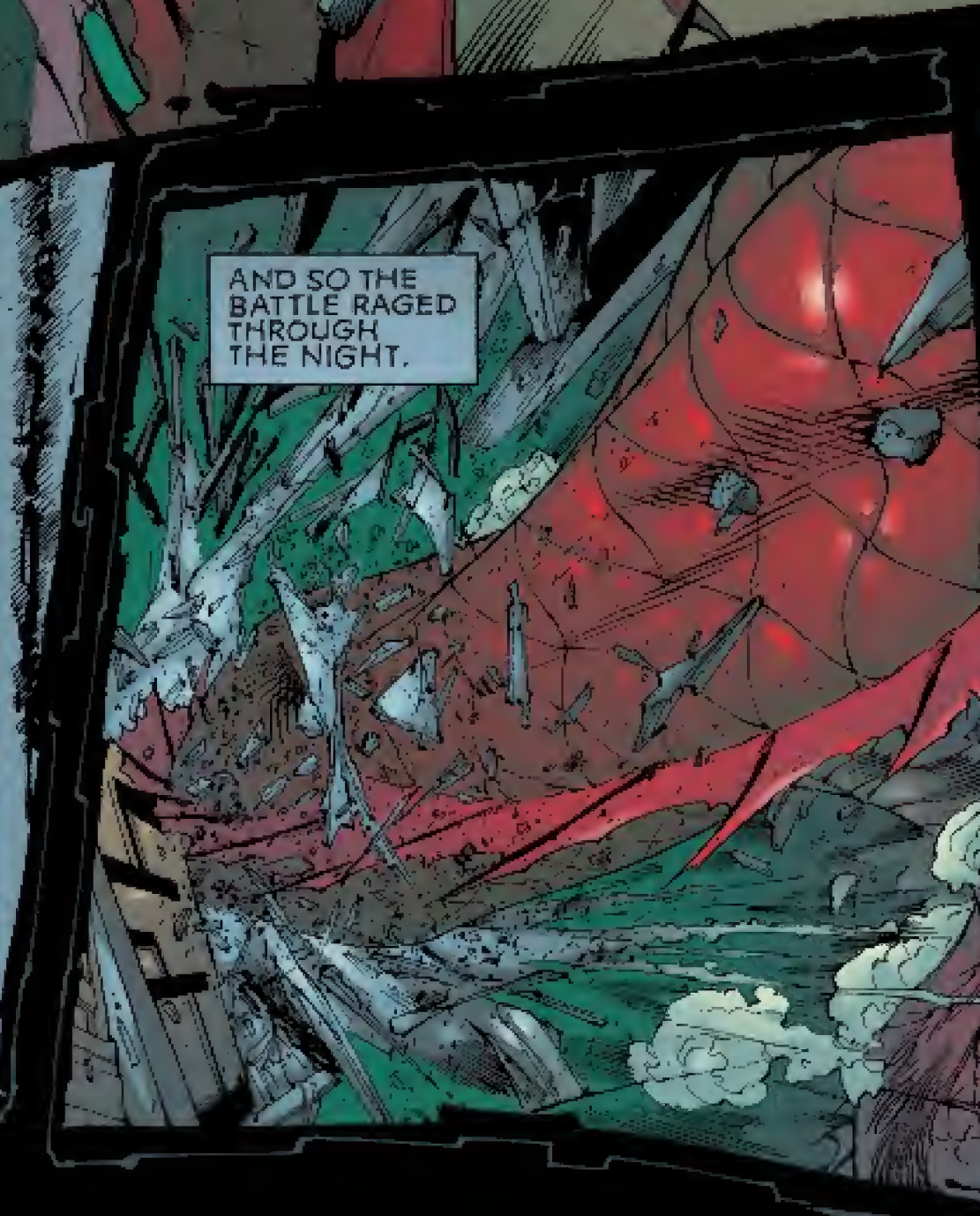
NAKADAI'S SWORD  
FLASHED LIKE THE  
DEVIL IN THE  
MOONLIGHT.




EACH, IT  
SEEMED,  
WAS A  
MATCH  
FOR THE  
OTHER.




NEITHER  
WILLING  
TO BACK  
DOWN  
AN INCH.



AND SO THE  
BATTLE RAGED  
THROUGH  
THE NIGHT.



UNTIL AT LAST,  
THEIR WARRING  
BEGAN TO  
SHAKE THE  
VERY TEMPLE  
APART.



FINALLY,  
WITH A  
FIERCE BLOW,  
NAKADAI  
STABBED THE  
GREAT BEAST  
THROUGH  
ITS BLACK  
HEART...



JUST AS THE BUILDING WENT TUMBLING OFF THE EDGE OF A CLIFF.

AS THEY FELL INTO THE NIGHT, NAKADAI COULD HEAR HIS DRAGON, STILL LAUGHING AT HIM.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

LORD NAKADAI HAD FAILED TO DO AS THE OLD MAN BADE HIM.

HE FORGOT TO LOOK THE DRAGON IN THE EYE.

JUST AS THE BUILDING WENT TUMBLING OFF THE EDGE OF A CLIFF.

AS THEY FELL INTO THE NIGHT, NAKADAI COULD HEAR HIS DRAGON, STILL LAUGHING AT HIM.

HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA  
HA

LORD NAKADAI HAD FAILED TO DO AS THE OLD MAN BADE HIM.

HE FORGOT TO LOOK THE DRAGON IN THE EYE.

[illegible]

JUST AS THE BUILDING WENT TUMBLING OFF THE EDGE OF A CLIFF.

AS THEY FELL INTO THE NIGHT, NAKADAI COULD HEAR HIS DRAGON, STILL LAUGHING AT HIM.

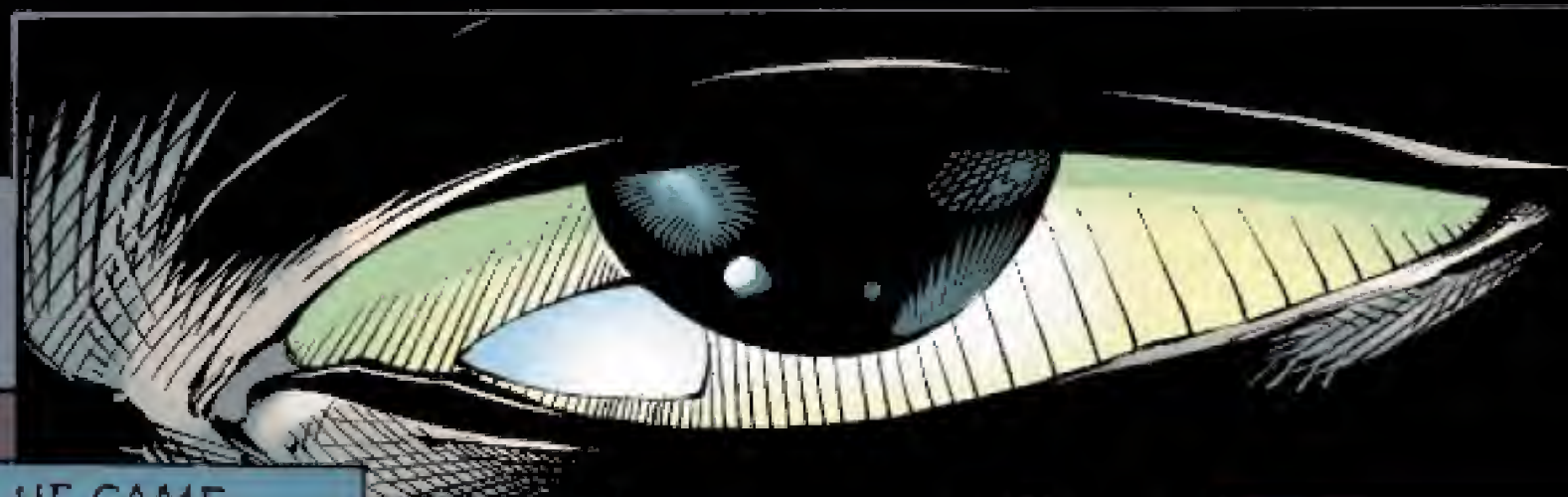
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

LORD NAKADAI HAD FAILED TO DO AS THE OLD MAN BADE HIM.

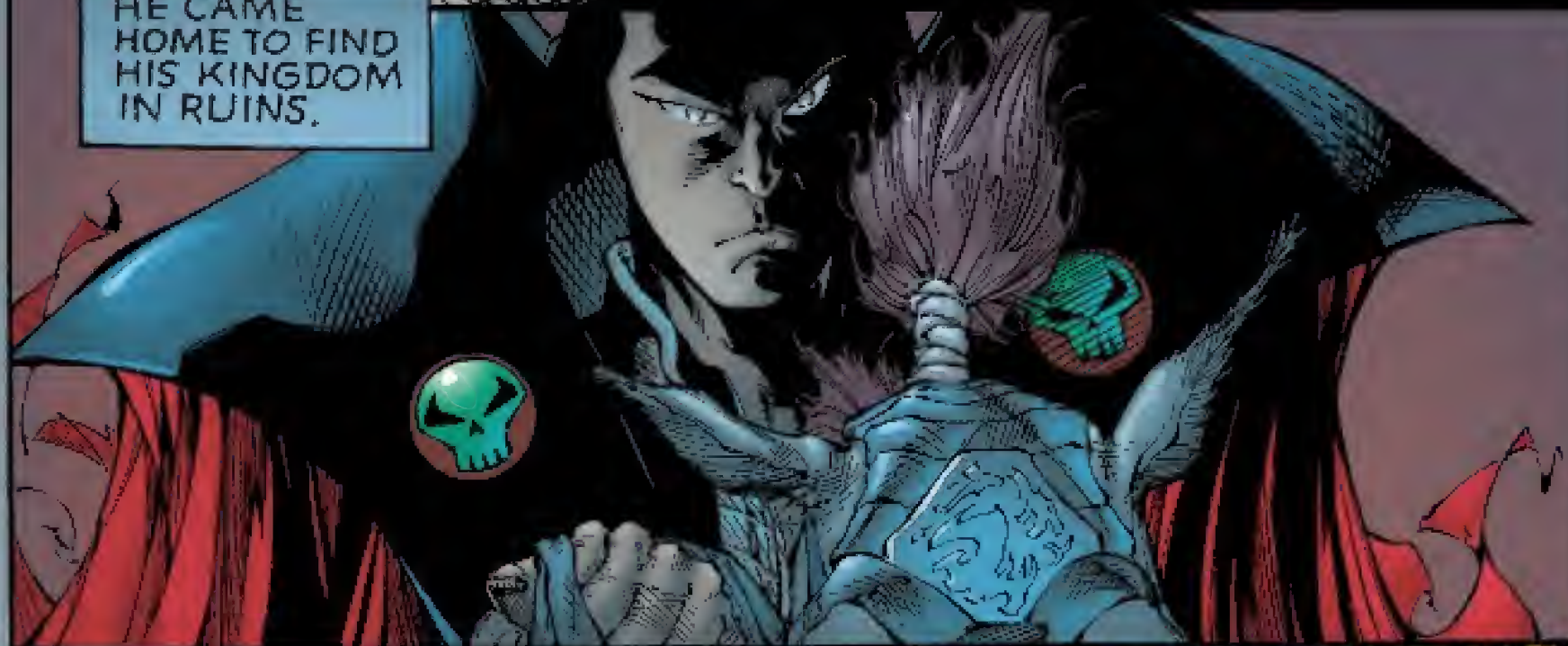
HE FORGOT TO LOOK THE DRAGON IN THE EYE.



IT WAS MANY  
YEARS LATER THAT  
LORD NAKADAI  
RETURNED FROM  
THE WILDERNESS.



HE CAME  
HOME TO FIND  
HIS KINGDOM  
IN RUINS.



NAKADAI  
STRODE  
INTO THE  
PALACE, HIS  
FOOTSTEPS  
ECHOING  
ON THE  
COLD SLATE  
FLOOR.



THE TOWNS WERE  
BURNED, THE FIELDS  
LAID TO WASTE.



EVEN THE  
OLD MAN'S  
HUT HAD  
BEEN RAZED  
TO THE  
GROUND.

WHO COULD  
DO SUCH A  
THING? WHO  
WOULD DARE?



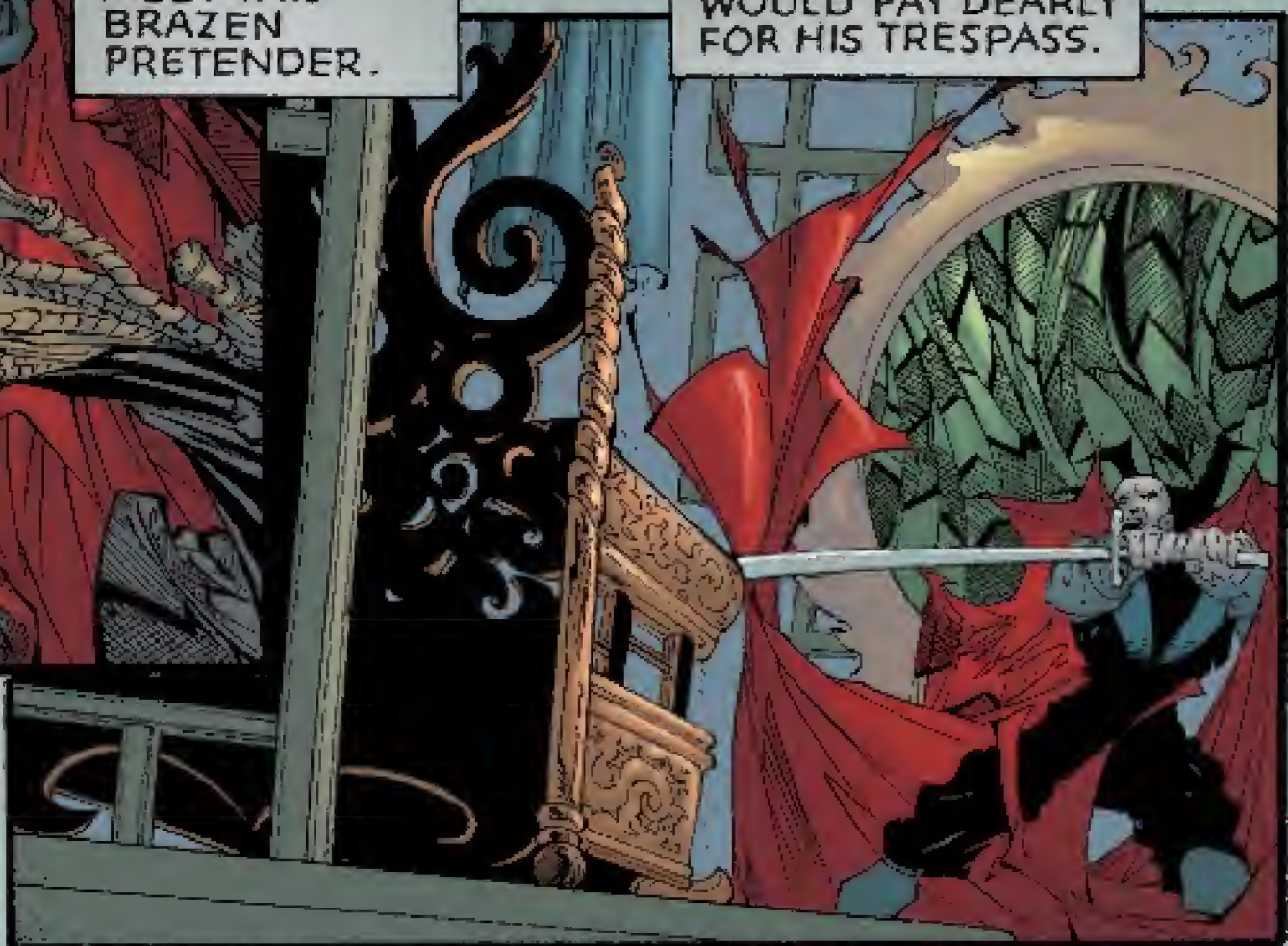




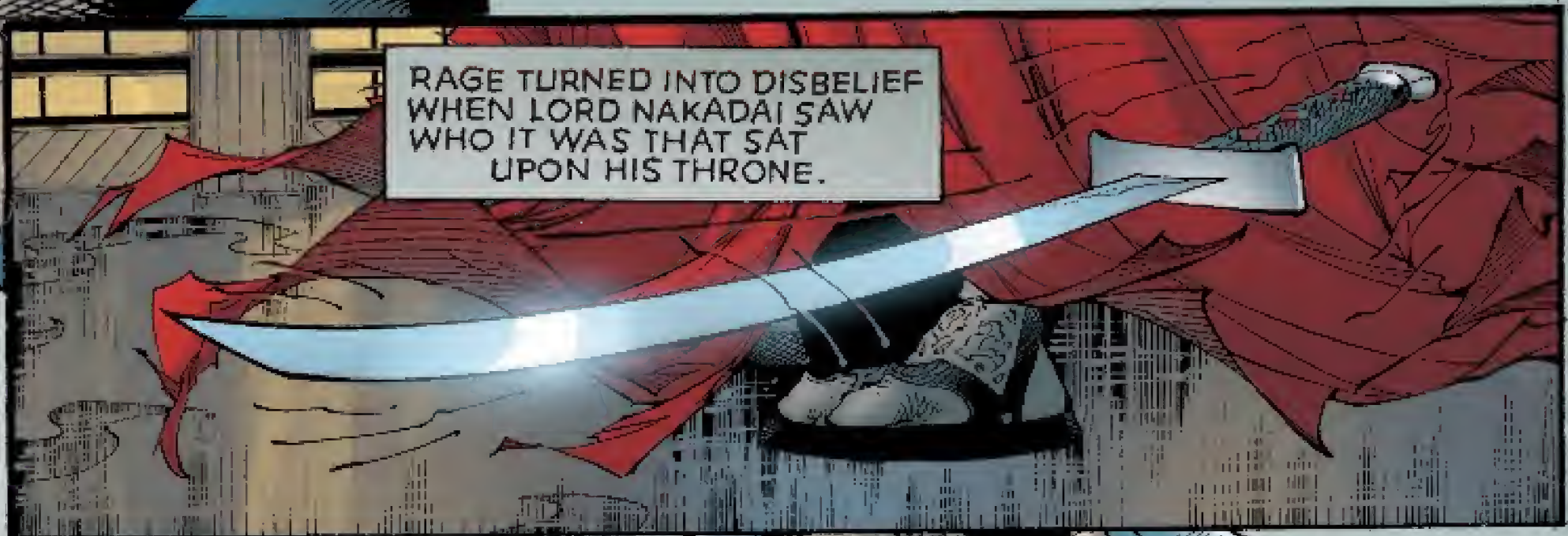
AS HE ENTERED THE GREAT HALL, HIS BLOOD QUICKENED IN HIS VEINS. SOMEONE WAS SEATED UPON NAKADAI'S *THRONE*, WAITING.

NAKADAI DREW HIS *KATANA* AND WENT TO MEET THIS BRAZEN PRETENDER.

WHOEVER IT WAS WOULD PAY DEARLY FOR HIS TRESPASS.



THEN NAKADAI FROZE. HE DROPPED HIS SWORD, HANDS TREMBLING.



RAGE TURNED INTO DISBELIEF WHEN LORD NAKADAI SAW WHO IT WAS THAT SAT UPON HIS THRONE.



EXCUSE ME, SIR. THE CONCIERGE WANTED ME TO TELL YOU SHE HAS REACHED YOUR PARTY ON THE TELEPHONE.

YOU MAY TAKE THE CALL IN YOUR ROOM, IF YOU LIKE.

Oh, THAT'S GREAT. THANK YOU.



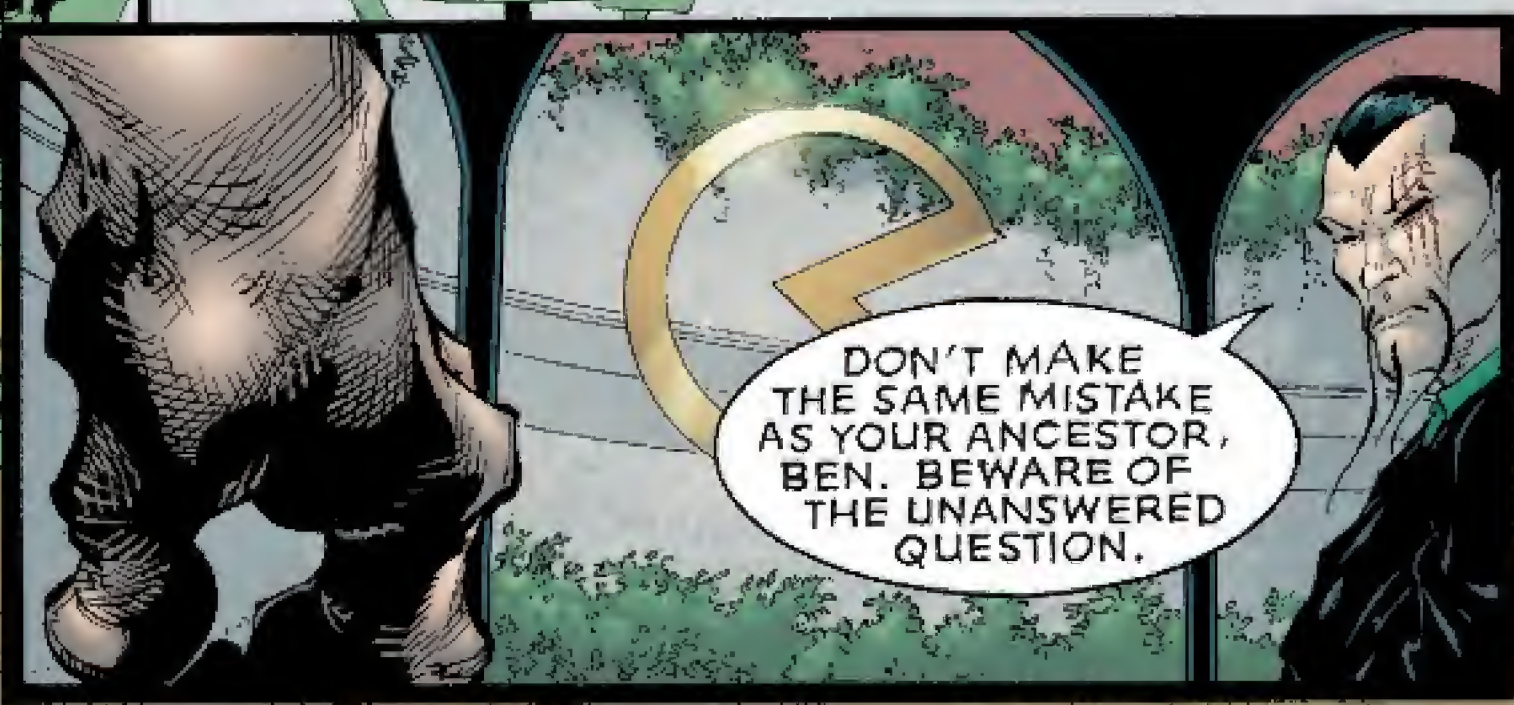
PLEASE EXCUSE ME, MISTER... uh...

YOU CAN CALL ME *MYKOTO*.

DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR HOW THE STORY ENDS? AREN'T YOU CURIOUS TO KNOW WHO HAD USURPED THE THRONE?



ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS. I REALLY MUST GO. THANK YOU FOR THE DRINK.



DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AS YOUR ANCESTOR, BEN. BEWARE OF THE UNANSWERED QUESTION.



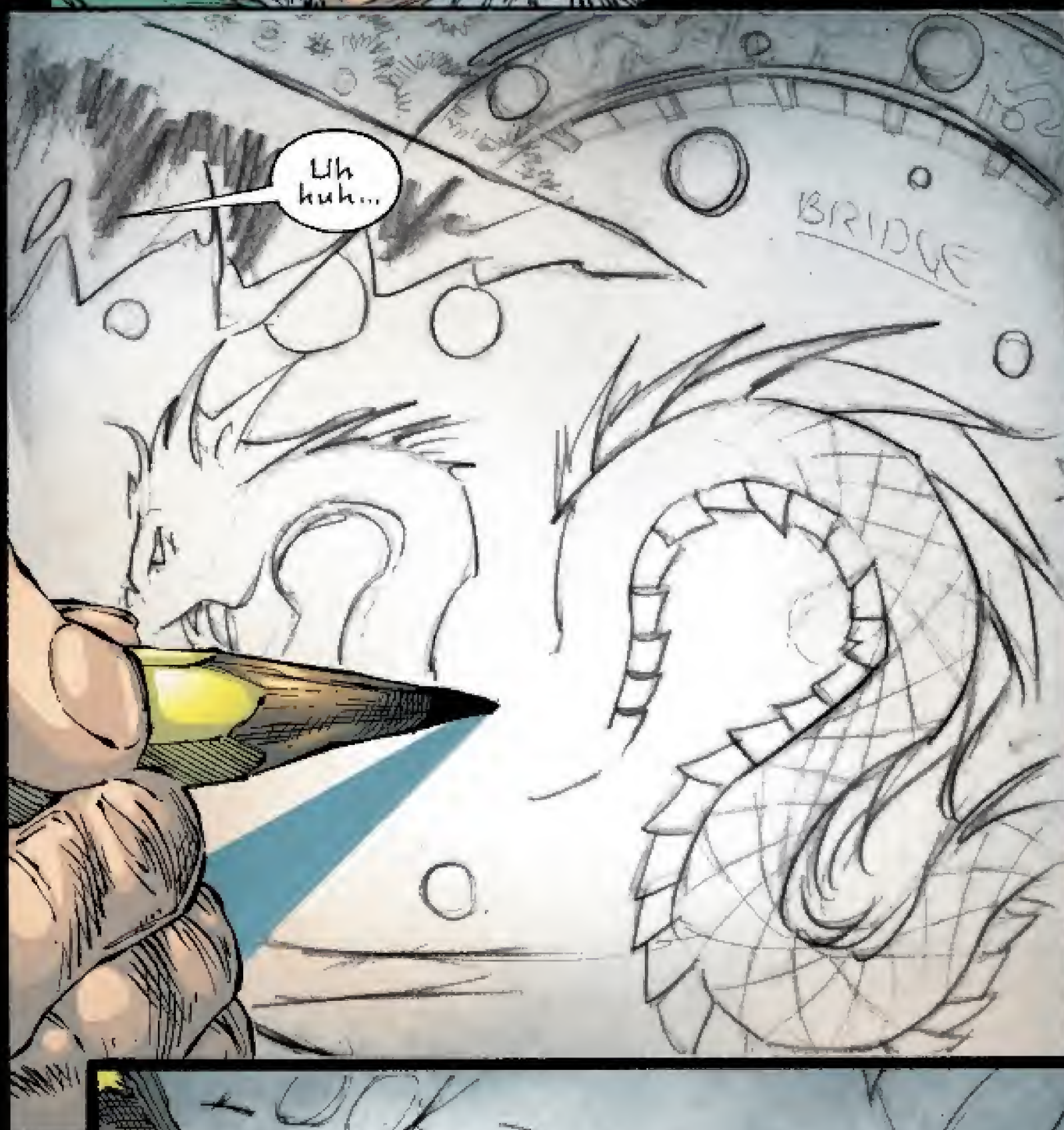


DON'T FORGET TO LOOK YOUR DRAGONS IN THE EYE.



NO, NO... NOTHING LIKE THAT. JUST SOME WEIRDO IN THE HOTEL BAR. HE SEEMS HARMLESS ENOUGH... YEAH. NO, THE ROOM IS FINE. I JUST MISS YOU.

YOU TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF? WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY?

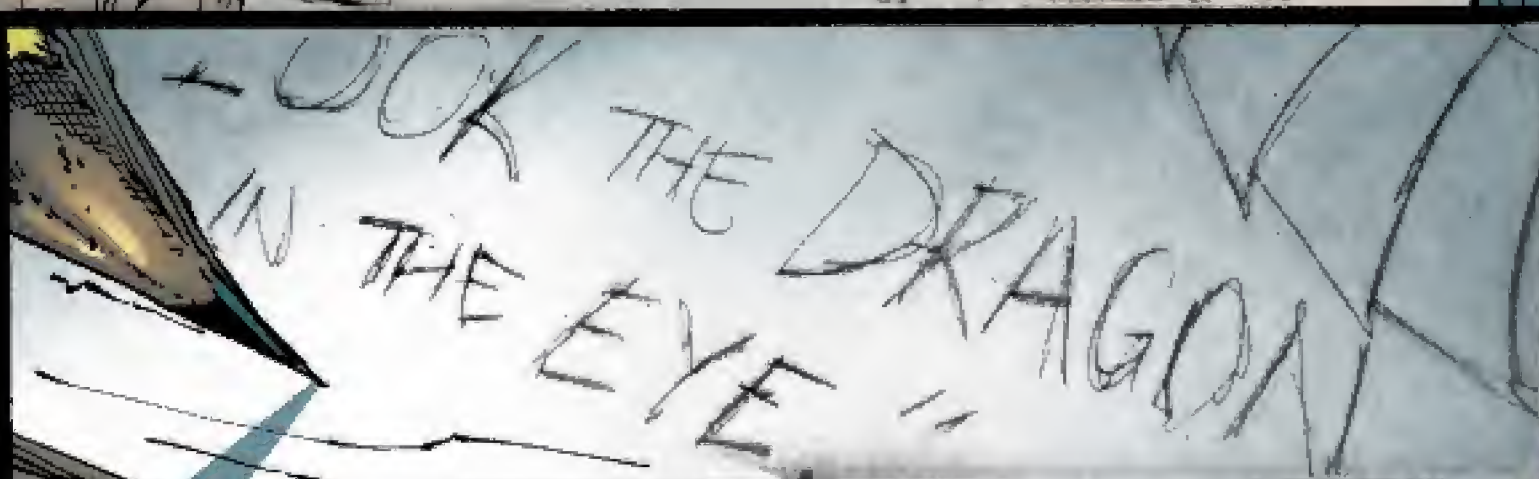


Uh huh...



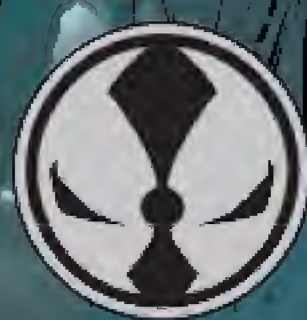
WOW!

NO... NOTHING. IT'S JUST REALLY STARTING TO COME DOWN OUTSIDE.





"LOOKS LIKE  
I'M IN FOR  
A HELL OF  
A STORM."





# SPAWN



Capullo  
02

McFARLANE

115



DIGITAL  
EDITION

SPAWN.COM



A TALE IS TOLD OF A  
GHOST WHO HAUNTS  
THESE SHADOWED HALLS,  
LOST FOREVER, UNABLE  
TO FIND HIS WAY OUT.

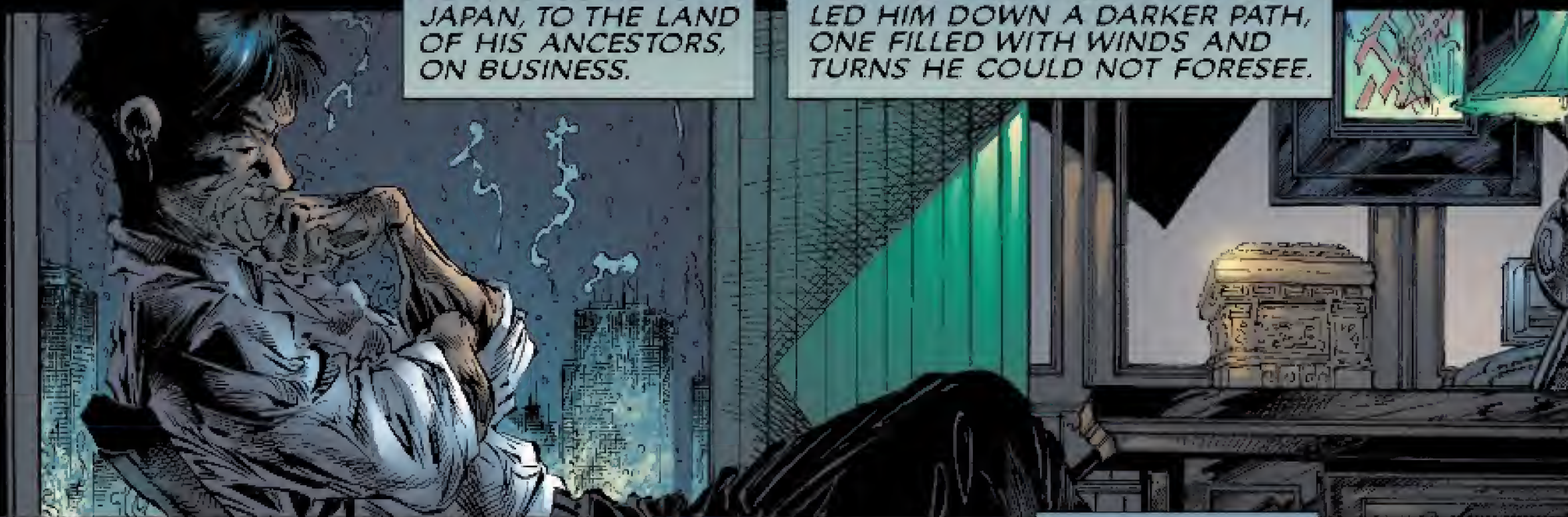
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT  
HE TRIES EACH  
DOOR IN THE  
ENDLESS CORRIDOR,  
BUT NONE WILL  
OPEN FOR HIM.

BEN NAKADAI STARES  
AT THE ANCIENT BOX  
AND CONSIDERS WHAT  
STRANGE TURNS IN HIS  
UNEVENTFUL LIFE  
COULD HAVE BROUGHT  
HIM TO THIS POINT.



HE HAD COME TO  
JAPAN, TO THE LAND  
OF HIS ANCESTORS,  
ON BUSINESS.

BUT THE FATES SEEM TO HAVE  
LED HIM DOWN A DARKER PATH,  
ONE FILLED WITH WINDS AND  
TURNS HE COULD NOT FORESEE.



NOW, LIKE THE  
GHOST IN THE  
TALE, WONDERS  
IF HE WILL EVER  
MAKE HIS WAY  
HOME AGAIN.





FOR BEN, HOME WAS ALWAYS CALIFORNIA, WHERE A BLUE-EYED WIFE AND AN UNBORN CHILD WAIT FOR HIM.

"JAPAN" WAS JUST A WORD, A VAGUE AND DISTANT PLACE FROM WHICH HIS ANCESTORS HAD EMIGRATED. IT HELD NO DRAW FOR HIM.

THE FIRM HAD SENT HIM TO AWAJI TO EXAMINE THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT TEMPLE FOUND, WHEN THE PRIMORDIAL FOREST WAS CLEARED, ON THE SITE WHERE A RESORT HAD BEEN PLANNED.

THEIR CONTRACT REQUIRED THEM TO SALVAGE ANYTHING OF HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE IF AT ALL FEASIBLE.

BEN'S SUPERIORS HAD MADE THE SUBTLE BUT CLEAR IMPLICATION THAT THEY WOULD RATHER NOT INCUR THE TIME AND COST OF SALVAGING THE TEMPLE.

FRIGGIN' DEATH-TRAP IF YOU ASK ME.

BASTARD COULD COME DOWN ANY MINUTE. NOT WORTH RISKING MY MEN.

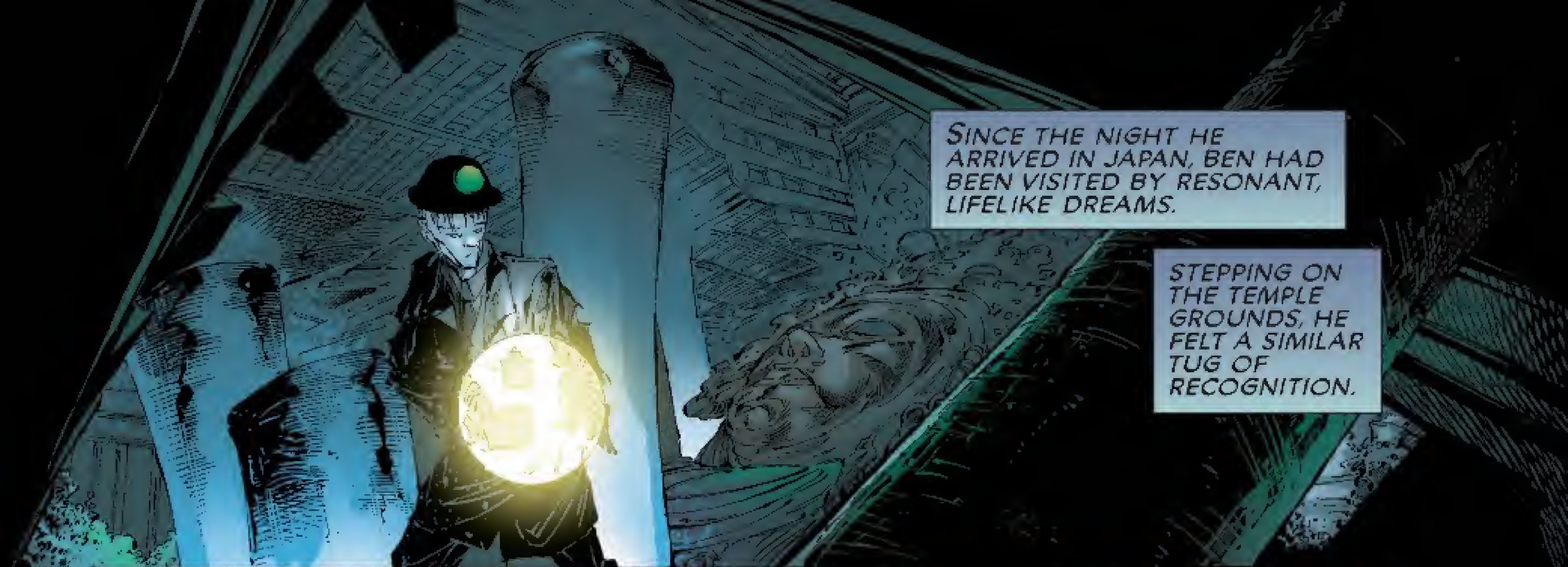
LOOK AT THAT. THAT BRACING AIN'T GOING TO HOLD. LIKE I SAID, A DEATH-TRAP.

I THINK I UNDERSTAND YOUR POINT.

ALL THE SAME, I'D LIKE TO MAKE MY OWN DETERMINATION.


OF COURSE, BEN. I'M SURE YOU'LL DO THE RIGHT THING.






SINCE THE NIGHT HE ARRIVED IN JAPAN, BEN HAD BEEN VISITED BY RESONANT, LIFELIKE DREAMS.

STEPPING ON THE TEMPLE GROUNDS, HE FELT A SIMILAR TUG OF RECOGNITION.



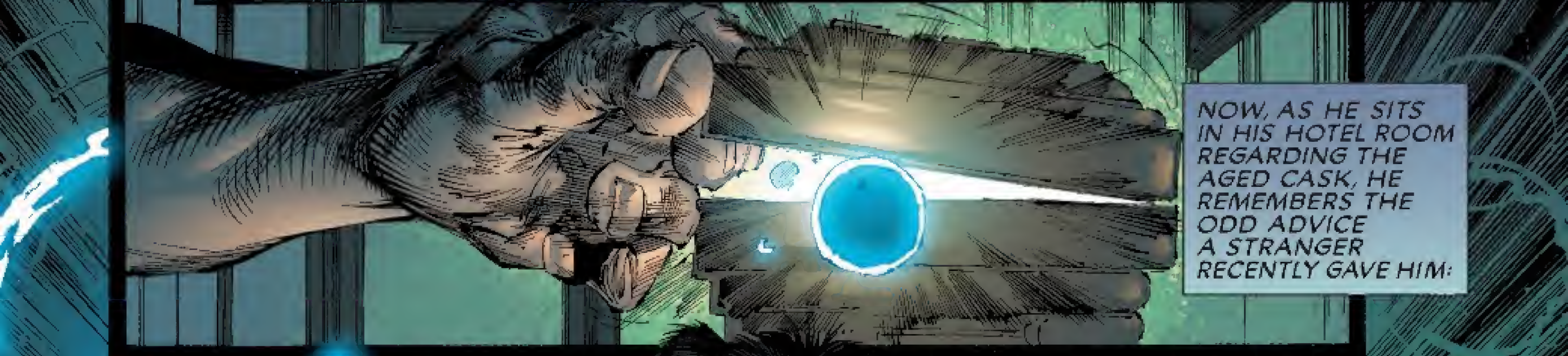
HIS SOUL FLOODED WITH ANCESTRAL MEMORIES, AS IF HE WERE SLIPPING INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S SKIN.

HE COULD SMELL THE HEADY MUSK OF INCENSE, HEAR THE LOW CHANTING OF MONKS REVERBERATE OVER THE CENTURIES.




AND HE KNEW, THOUGH HE COULD NOT HAVE TOLD YOU HOW, THAT SOMETHING WAS SECRETED HERE. SOMETHING GREAT AND TERRIBLE.

HIDDEN FOR HIM ALONE TO FIND.




NOW, AS HE SITS IN HIS HOTEL ROOM REGARDING THE AGED CASK, HE REMEMBERS THE ODD ADVICE A STRANGER RECENTLY GAVE HIM:



"BEWARE THE UNANSWERED RIDDLE, BEN. DON'T FORGET TO LOOK YOUR DRAGONS IN THE EYE..."



A full-page comic book illustration of Spawn crouching in the rain. He is wearing his signature red and black costume, which is heavily drenched. His long, flowing black cape is spread out around him. He has a green, glowing eye visible on his mask. He is crouching on a ledge or rooftop, with a city street and buildings visible in the background under a dark, rainy sky. The rain is depicted as numerous white lines falling diagonally across the scene.

**T**HE HELLSPAWN WAS ONCE A MAN.  
HE WAS A HUSBAND AND A FRIEND.  
BUT ABOVE ALL, HE WAS A SOLDIER.

NOW HE'S NOT SURE WHAT  
HE IS, BALANCED ON A GREAT  
FULCRUM SOMEWHERE  
BETWEEN DEATH AND DEITY.

BUT HE HAS CLAIMED THIS  
WORLD AS HIS OWN, AND HE  
WILL NOT SEE IT CORRUPTED.

A SERVANT IN HIS  
CHARGE ONCE TOLD  
HIM THAT THIS WORLD  
IS FULL OF DOORS,  
DOORS OF EVERY SIZE  
AND CONSTRUCTION.

AND BEHIND  
EACH ONE YOU  
WILL FIND THE  
SAME THING:  
CONSEQUENCES.

AS HE SITS  
CROUCHED  
OUTSIDE IN  
THE DRIVING  
RAIN, SPAWN  
LISTENS TO  
THE SHADOWS.  
THEY ARE  
FILLED WITH  
THE SOUND  
OF DOORS  
OPENING IN  
THE NIGHT...



ON THE HIGH STREET, THE CONSEQUENCES HAVE BEGUN.

IN THE PEARL AND DOVE RESTAURANT, DINERS ARE ROUSED FROM THEIR MEALS AND POLITE CONVERSATIONS...

AS A BLIND PEDDLAR APPEARS, WALKING THROUGH TABLES, ONE HAND OUTSTRETCHED, WANDERING THROUGH A CITY WHERE HE ONCE ONLY KNEW GRASSLAND.

OUTSIDE, A YOUNG STUDENT ON HIS WAY TO THE MOVIES SPIES A WOMAN STANDING ALONE IN THE RAIN.

THE WOMAN WATCHES WITH IDLE CURIOSITY AS SHE QUIETLY BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

ON THE HIGHWAY THAT RUNS ALONG THE FOREST, A THIEF NAMED ORI SEARCHES FOR HIS HOME.

IN HIS RIGHT HAND HE CARRIES HIS HEAD, EYES CAST DOWN IN SHAME.





IN THE WOODS, YOUNG  
GEDDE HAS BEEN PLAYING  
HIDE AND SEEK FOR  
NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS.

NO ONE  
HAS FOUND  
HIM YET.

IN THE  
RESTAURANT,  
PATRONS SCREAM  
AND RUN WHILE  
THE PEDDLER  
SEARCHES FOR A  
FRIENDLY FACE.

ON THE HIGHWAY,  
TWO CARS COLLIDE,  
AS BOTH DRIVERS  
ARE DISTRACTED BY  
SOMETHING COULD  
NOT POSSIBLY BE  
SEEING.

THE BURNING WOMAN  
RUNS MADLY DOWN  
THE STREET NOW, HER  
FLAMES UNQUENCHED  
BY THE POURING RAIN.

MEANWHILE,  
THE NIGHT  
WIND WHISTLES  
THROUGH  
GEDDE'S RIB  
CAGE, LAID OPEN  
BY A BEAR  
CLAW MANY  
YEARS AGO.

GEDDE DOES  
NOT SEEM TO  
NOTICE.



THE PEDDLER WAS EXPECTING HIS SON TO MEET HIM.

>HELLO?<

AAAAH!

>SON,  
IS THAT  
YOU?<

HE WONDERS  
WHAT'S  
KEEPING HIM.

>PLEASE...<

>PLEASE  
MAKE IT  
STOP!<

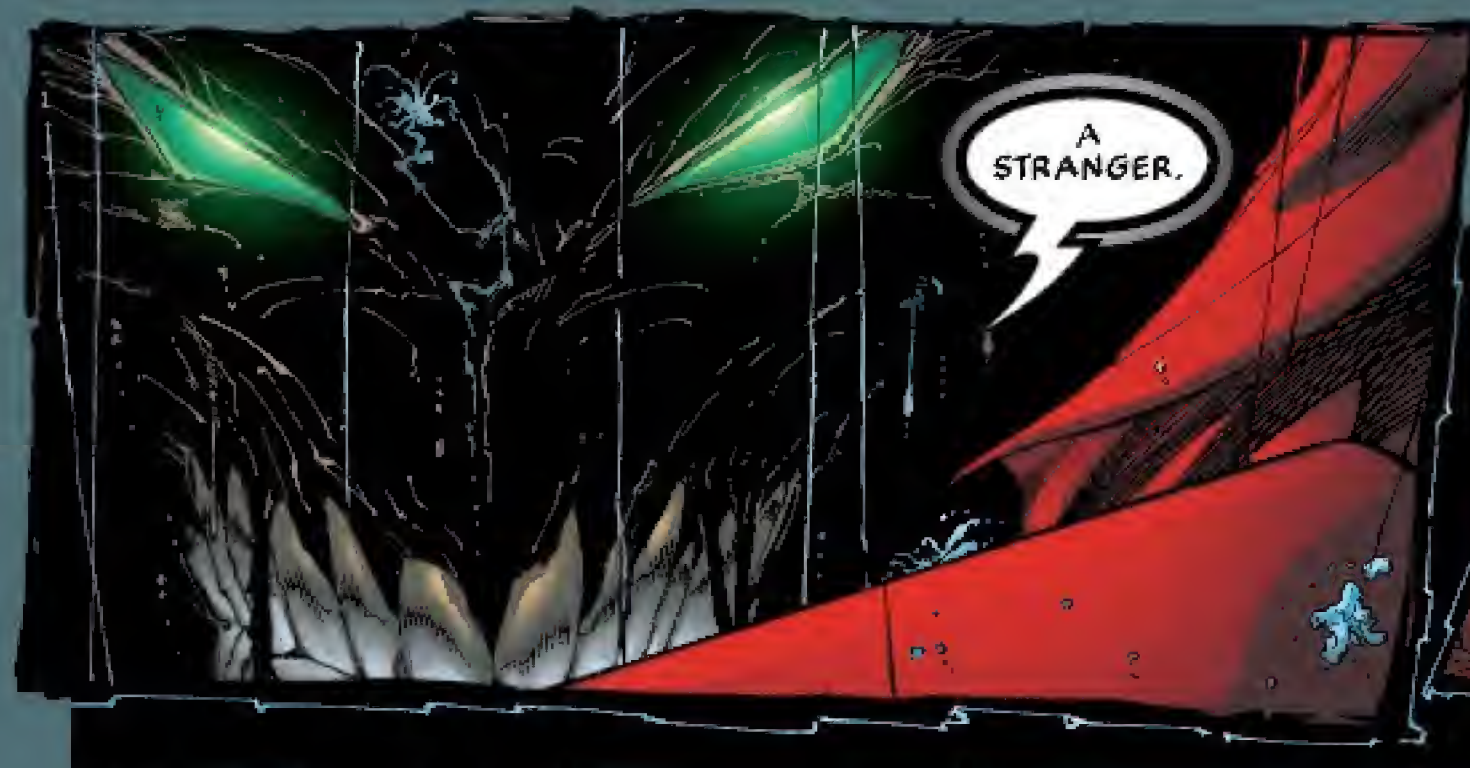
>HELLO...?<

>SON?<

>HELLO...?<

>WHO?  
WHO IS  
THAT  
THERE?<





A  
STRANGER.



> I AM  
LOOKING FOR  
MY SON. I THINK  
I'M LOST. <

BE STILL.

SPAWN DRAPES  
THE BLIND MAN  
IN SCARLET  
BOLTS OF  
DARKNESS...

I WILL  
TAKE YOU  
TO HIM.

AND IN A  
MOMENT  
HE IS GONE.



> PLEASE... <

ONE BY ONE, HE COLLECTS  
THE WANDERING SPIRITS.



> HELP  
ME... <



LOST SOULS  
LET SLIPPED  
THROUGH  
CRACKS IN  
THE NIGHT.



THEIR LIVES  
MARKED BY  
VIOLENCE...

OR  
TRAGEDY...



...OR  
UNFINISHED  
BUSINESS.



EACH IN HIS TURN  
IS LAID TO REST.



IN THE  
WOODS,  
YOUNG  
GEDDE  
LAUGHS.

AFTER ALL  
THIS TIME,  
SOMEONE  
HAS FOUND  
HIM.



> I HID  
REAL GOOD,  
DIDN'T I? <

YES.



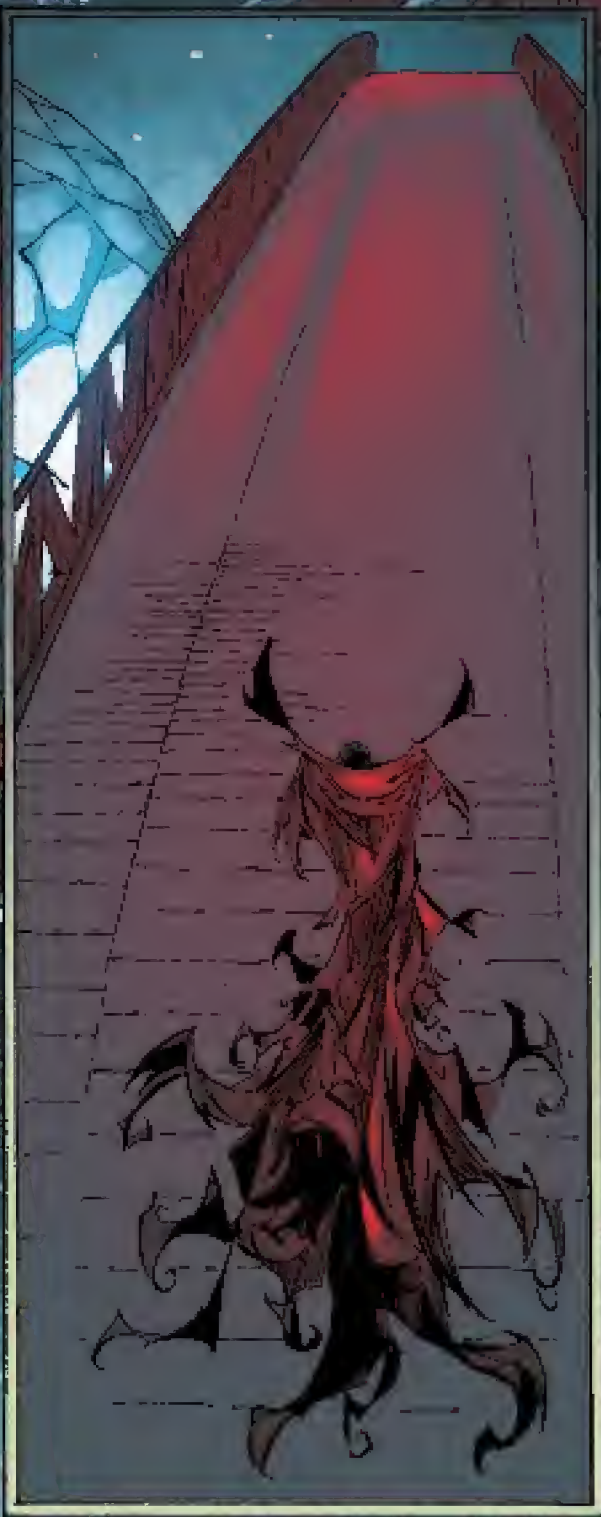
THE  
GAME  
IS OVER  
NOW.

IT IS  
TIME TO  
GO  
HOME.




YET ONE  
GHOST  
REMAINS





ONE GHOST  
WHO WILL  
NOT YIELD.





LORD NAKADAI'S  
RESOLVE IS HONED  
AND TEMPERED AS  
HIS KATANA.


SPAWN REGARDS THE  
SAMURAI'S FACE AND  
UNDERSTANDS.

THERE IS BUT ONE  
WAY TO SETTLE  
THIS MATTER.

THEY BOW  
TO ONE  
ANOTHER...

AND IT BEGINS.



A comic book panel featuring the character Hellspawn. He is depicted in a dynamic, mid-air pose, wearing his signature black and red suit with a large, flowing red cape. He holds a sword in his right hand. The background is a dark, starry sky with a large, bright, circular light source, possibly a moon or a planet, partially obscured by his cape. The panel is tilted at an angle, creating a sense of movement and drama.

THE HELLSPAWN  
WAS ONCE A  
MAN. HE WAS  
A HUSBAND  
AND A FRIEND.

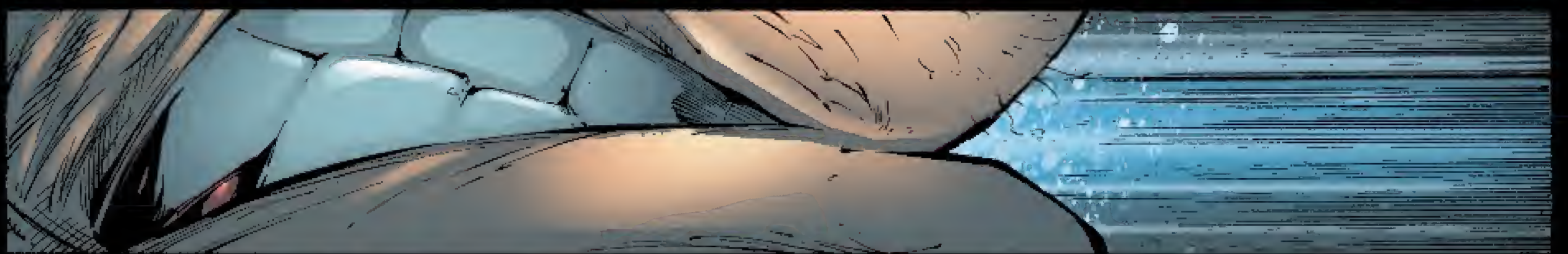
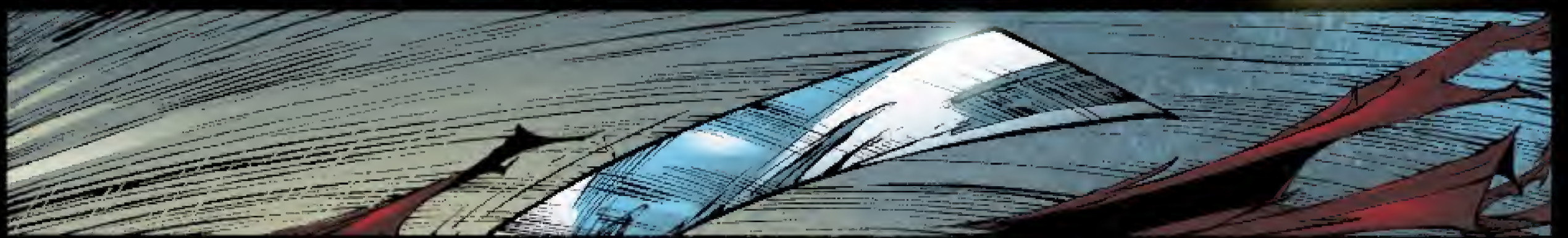
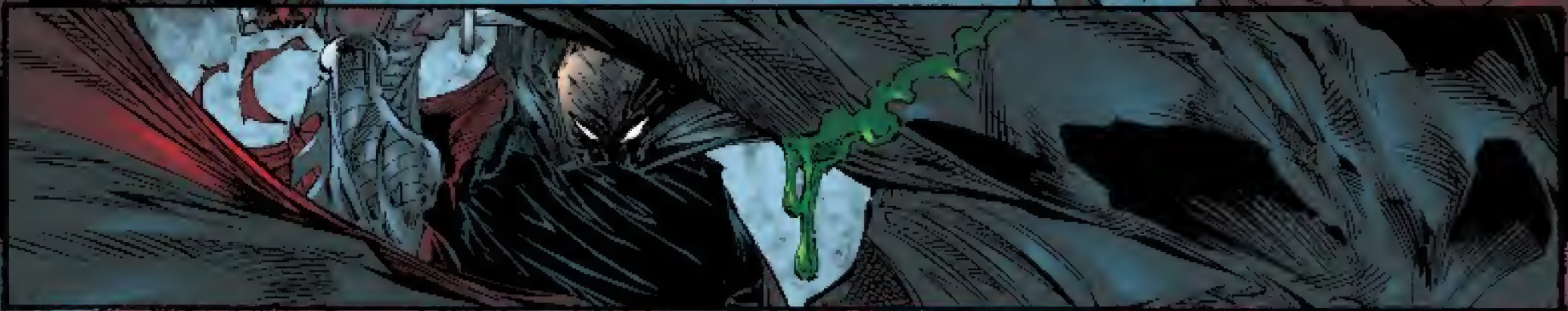
BUT  
ABOVE  
ALL, HE  
WAS A  
SOLDIER.

HE KNOWS  
WHAT IT  
MEANS TO  
DIE A BAD  
DEATH.


WHAT IT  
MEANS  
TO DIE  
WITHOUT  
HONOR.



A WARRIOR  
DESERVES BETTER.








THEY DANCE LIKE LIGHTNING  
AGAINST A SUMMER SKY,  
LEAN AND SWIFT AS SWORD  
BLADES.

IT IS A CONTEST  
NOT OF POWER,  
BUT RATHER  
ONE OF SKILL.

IT IS A THING  
OF BEAUTY. A  
WORK OF ART.

SPAWN  
BRINGS  
HIS BEST  
FIGHT.





TO DO LESS  
WOULD DISHONOR  
HIS OPPONENT.

NEITHER  
SAYS A  
WORD.

THE RULES ARE  
UNQUESTIONED.

THE STAKES  
ARE CLEAR.

THE OUTCOME  
INESCAPABLE.





NAKADAI  
RECEIVES  
THE DEATH  
BLOW WITH  
GRACE AND  
GRATITUDE,  
HIS HEART  
SWELLING  
WITH  
RELEASE.



THANK  
YOU.

AS HIS SPIRIT  
PASSES ONCE AGAIN  
FROM THIS WORLD,  
HE REMEMBERS THE  
WORDS AN OLD MAN  
ONCE TOLD HIM.

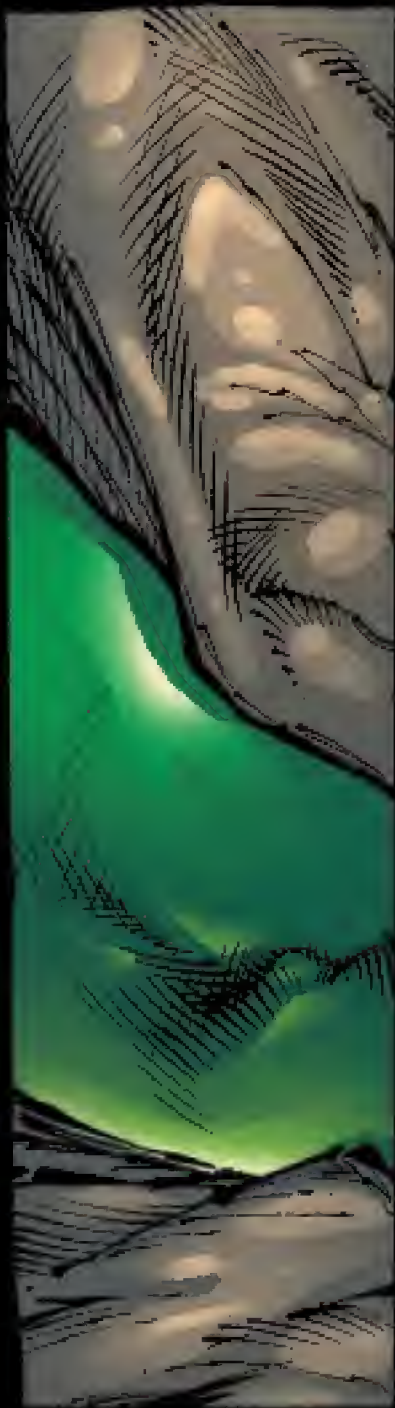


LORD NAKADAI  
AT LAST LOOKS  
HIS DRAGON IN  
THE EYE...




AND HE  
KNOWS  
PITY.






THUS,  
ONE DOOR  
IS CLOSED...






THOUGH  
CONSEQUENCES  
REMAIN.




Ah,  
BEN. I  
KNEW YOU  
COULDN'T  
RESIST.




YOU...  
YOU WERE  
BEHIND ALL OF  
THIS SOMEHOW,  
WEREN'T YOU?  
THE TRIP...  
THE TEMPLE...  
EVERYTHING.




I SUPPOSE  
I WAS, AFTER  
A FASHION.




WHY  
ME? WHY  
DID YOU HAVE  
TO LET ME SEE  
THIS?




IT IS  
BEAUTIFUL,  
IS IT NOT?




YES. IT  
IS BEYOND  
WORDS.  
BUT TELL  
ME, PLEASE.  
WHY ME?



BECAUSE,  
BEN, THAT IS  
HOW THE  
STORY WAS  
WRITTEN.



WHAT  
DOES  
THAT  
MEAN? WHAT  
HAPPENS  
NOW? I  
HAVE TO  
KNOW.



YOU DON'T  
GET THOSE  
ANSWERS, I'M  
AFRAID. YOU SEE,  
IT WASN'T YOUR  
STORY.



YOU'RE JUST  
A THREAD IN A  
GREAT TAPESTRY,  
THE TINIEST COG  
IN A GREAT  
MACHINE.





AND NOW...

YOUR PART IS FINISHED. BUT YOU HAVE DONE ME A GREAT SERVICE, RETRIEVING THE CASK. FOR THAT, I THANK YOU.



AS TO WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, WELL, THINGS WILL INEVITABLY PLAY OUT AS THEY ALWAYS DO.

WHICH IS TO SAY, PRECISELY AS I HAVE INTENDED.



THE GENTLEMAN STRIDES THROUGH THE HOTEL LOBBY, HUMMING AN ANCIENT, WORDLESS TUNE, THE SWEET SCENT OF ORCHIDS TRAILING BEHIND HIM.



HE STEPS OUT INTO THE MORNING GLOOM.



THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON HIS FACE.

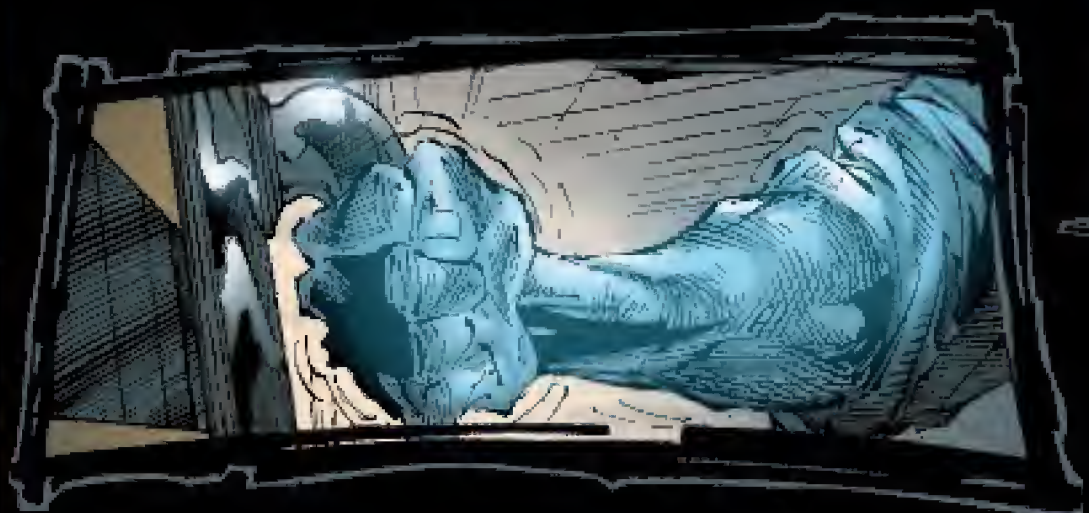




THE  
AIRPORT,  
PLEASE.

SO,  
WHERE  
ARE YOU  
OFF  
TO?

NEW YORK.  
I MUST  
ATTENDED TO  
MATTERS  
NEGLECTED  
FOR FAR  
TOO LONG.



HELLO?

I...I CAN'T  
SEEM TO FIND  
MY ROOM. I LOST  
MY KEY. I CAN'T  
FIND MY WAY  
BACK TO--

ANYONE?



IS THERE  
SOMEBODY  
WHO CAN  
HELP ME?





A TALE IS TOLD OF A  
GHOST WHO HAUNTS  
THESE SHADOWED  
HALLS, LOST FOREVER,  
UNABLE TO FIND HIS  
WAY OUT.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT  
HE TRIES EACH DOOR  
IN THE ENDLESS  
CORRIDOR,  
BUT NONE  
WILL OPEN  
FOR  
HIM...





# SPAWN

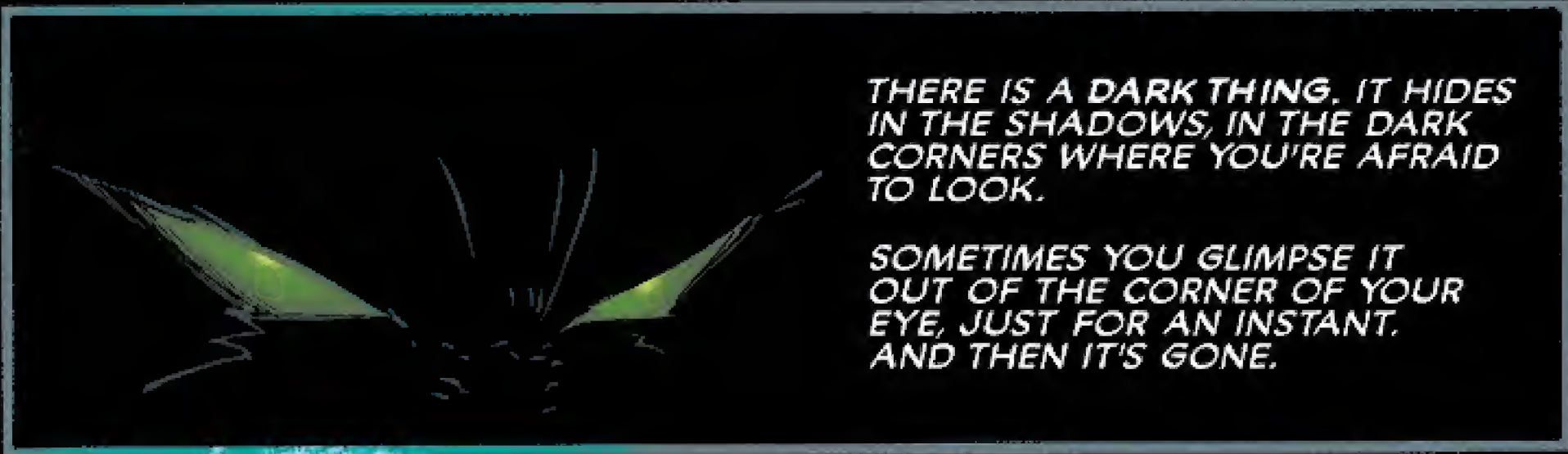


APU 10

McFARLANE

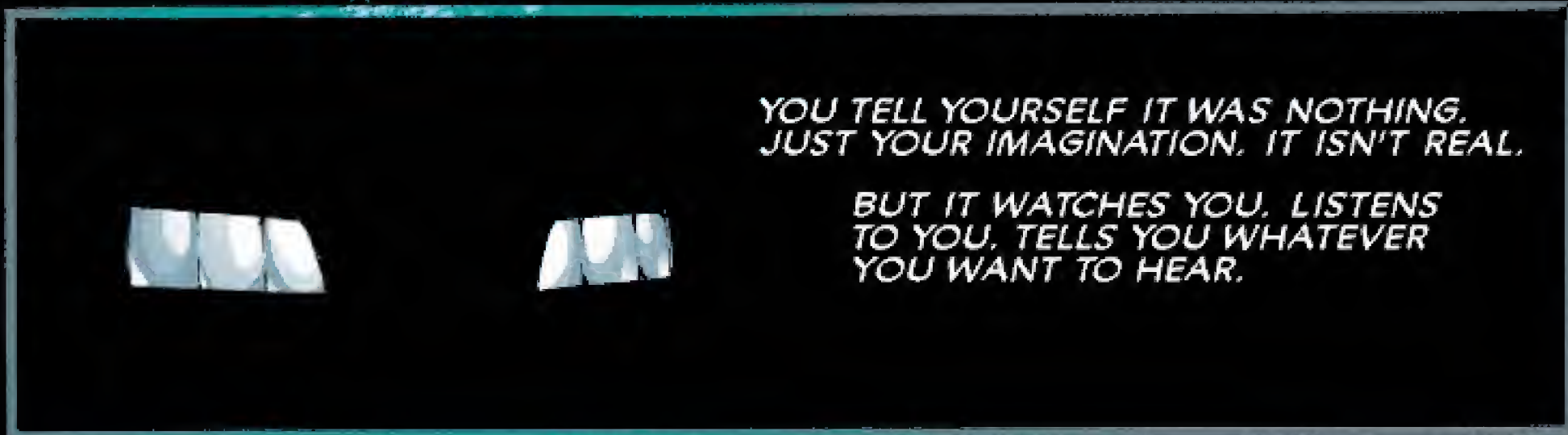


**P**ROLOGUE.



THERE IS A DARK THING. IT HIDES  
IN THE SHADOWS, IN THE DARK  
CORNERS WHERE YOU'RE AFRAID  
TO LOOK.

SOMETIMES YOU GLIMPSE IT  
OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR  
EYE, JUST FOR AN INSTANT.  
AND THEN IT'S GONE.



YOU TELL YOURSELF IT WAS NOTHING.  
JUST YOUR IMAGINATION. IT ISN'T REAL.

BUT IT WATCHES YOU. LISTENS  
TO YOU, TELLS YOU WHATEVER  
YOU WANT TO HEAR.

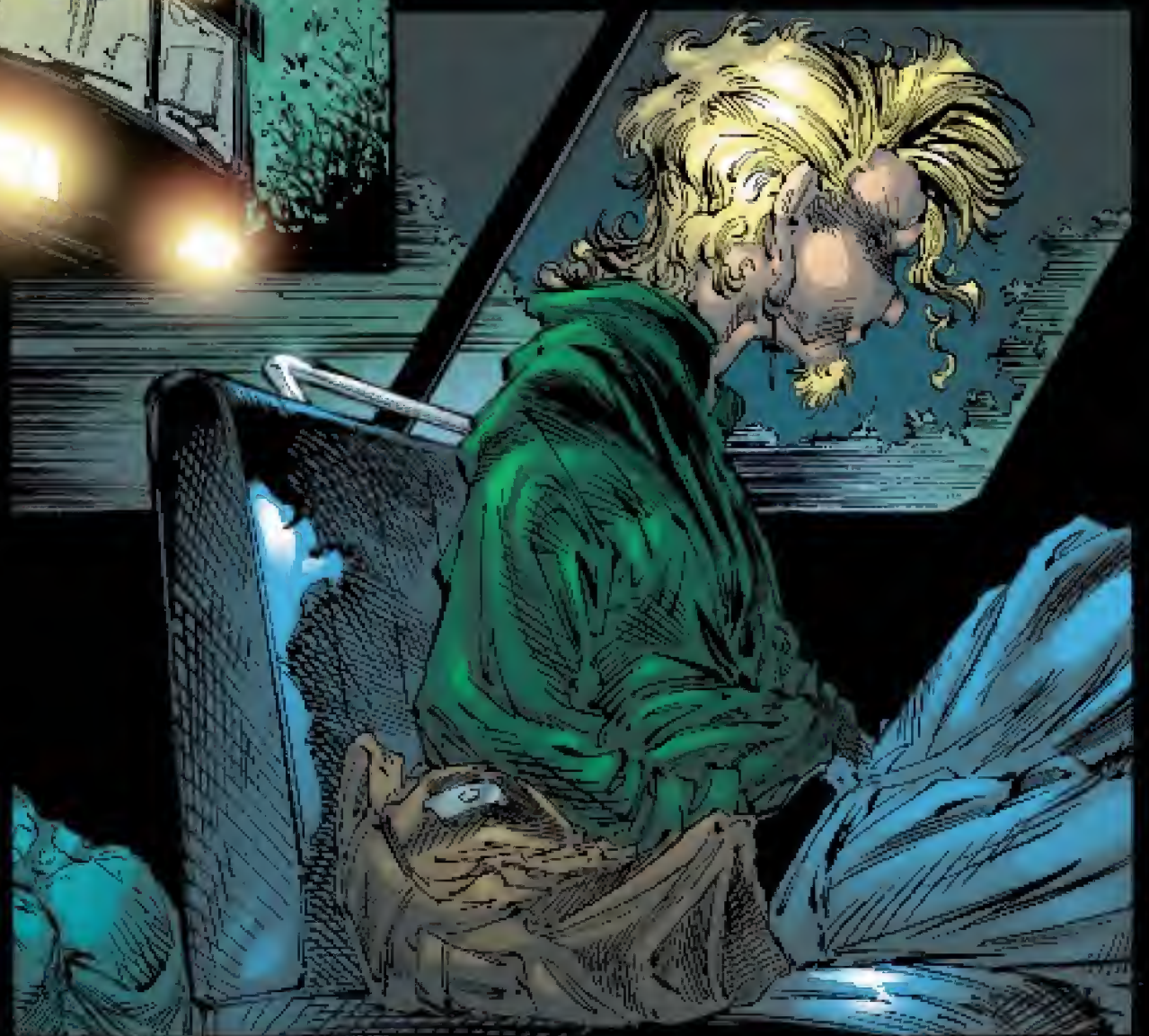
IT WILL COME TO YOU IN YOUR WEAKEST MOMENT  
WITH FALSE PROMISES AND PRETTY LIES.



IT LEADS YOU TO THE  
EDGE OF MURDER AND  
PLACES A GUN IN YOUR  
HAND AND WHISPERS  
GENTLY IN YOUR EAR...  
"DO IT... DO IT!"

THERE IS A DARK THING.

IT'S OUT  
THERE.  
HIDING.



IT IS REAL.

AND I AM GOING  
TO KILL IT.



NEW YORK.

SOMEONE SAID THERE ARE  
EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN  
THIS BLOODY CITY.

AS FAR AS I KNOW,  
NOT ONE OF THEM  
HAS A HAPPY ENDING.

IT'S LIKE THERE'S A  
SHADOW HERE, A  
DARK CLOUD HANGING  
OVER EVERYONE.

SOMETIMES THE LIGHT  
SHINES THROUGH, JUST  
FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.  
BUT THE SHADOW  
ALWAYS RETURNS.

LIKE A BAD PENNY.

OR A COUGH  
YOU CAN'T  
SHAKE.

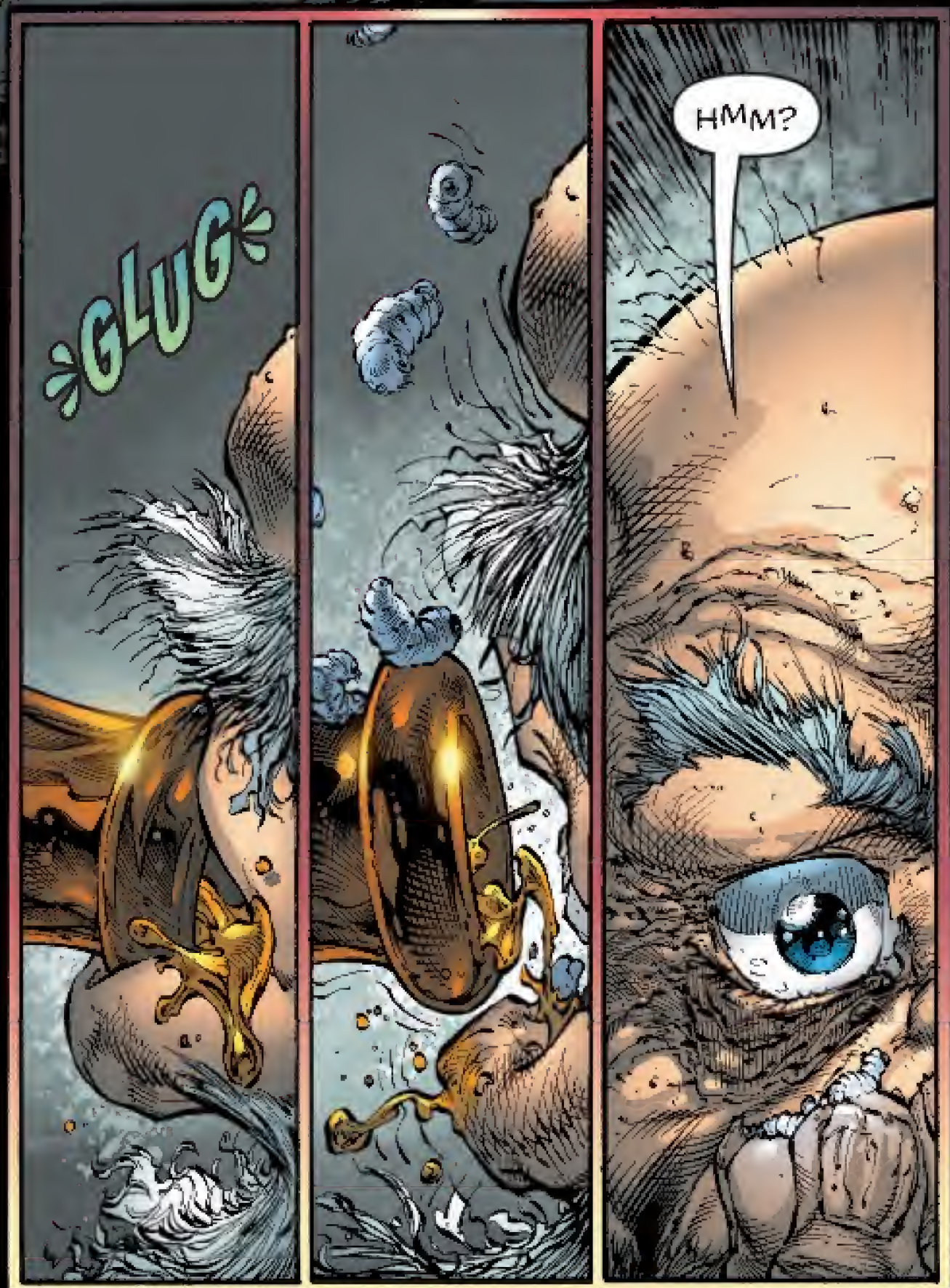
**HAUCK!!**

THEN AGAIN,  
MAYBE IT'S  
JUST ME.



COME ON,  
YOU BASTARD. I'M  
NOT GETTING ANY  
YOUNGER! I KNOW  
YOU'RE OUT THERE.  
I KNOW YOU'RE  
WATCHING!

ISN'T IT  
TIME YOU  
SHOWED  
YOUR  
FACE?







OLD  
MAN...  
IT'S BEEN  
A LONG  
TIME.

ENTER





WELL THEN.  
LET'S  
HAVE A  
LOOK  
AT  
YOU.

WORD  
HAS IT,  
YOU'VE  
BEEN A  
BUSY  
BOY.

GYPSY  
CURSES...  
VAMPIRE  
CULTS...  
JAPANESE  
GHOSTS...

SAME  
OLD STORY.  
JUST FIDDLING  
AROUND THE  
EDGES, NEVER  
LOOKING AT  
THE BIG  
PICTURE.

GOOD  
TO SEE  
YOU  
TOO.



YOU'RE  
WALKING A  
DARK ROAD,  
HELLSPAWN.  
YOU'RE BECOMING  
SOMETHING YOU  
DON'T WANT  
TO BE. TRUST  
ME.

YOU  
DIDN'T  
COME ALL  
THIS WAY JUST  
TO LECTURE  
ME.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT.

THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
REASON.

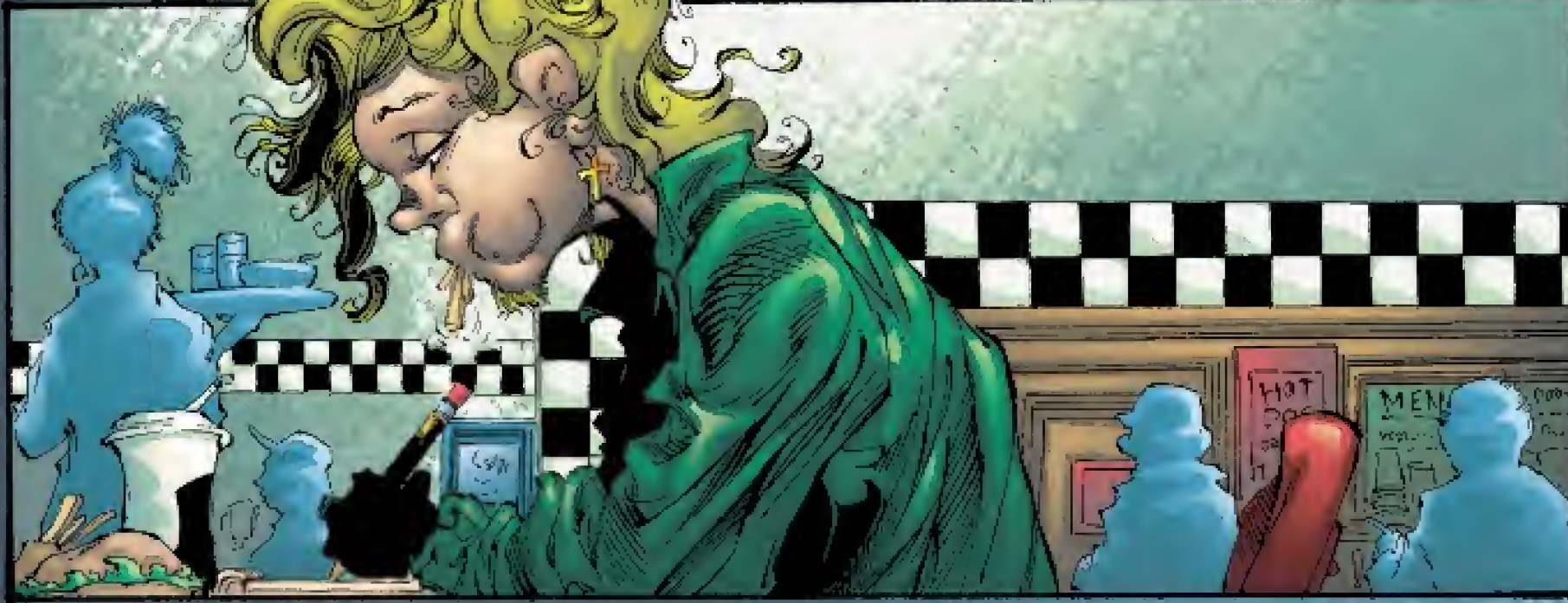








THE I-40 INTERSTATE.  
TENNESSEE.

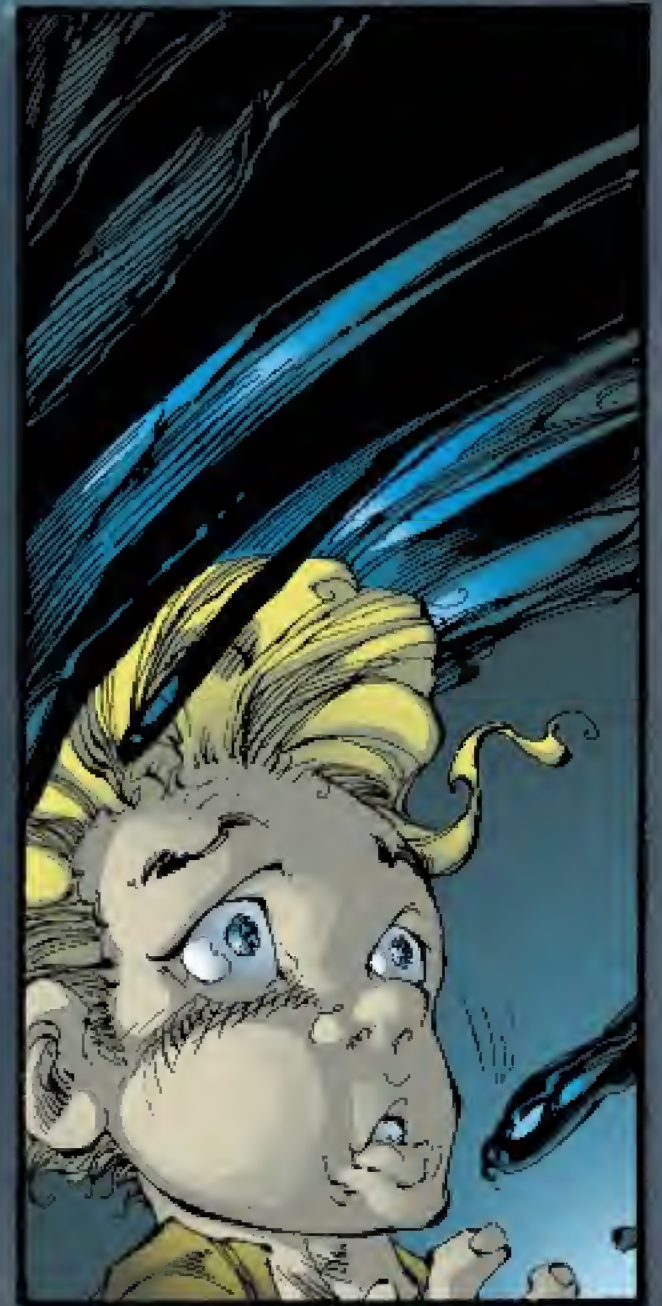


BUT I'D COME AND GET YOU IN A MINUTE  
IF I KNEW WHERE TO FIND YOU. I ~~HOPE YOU~~  
NEED YOU TO BELIEVE THAT.

JUVIE WAS REALLY TOUGH. YOU  
DON'T WANT TO GO THERE. EVER.  
I KNOW FOSTER CARE MUST SUCK,  
BUT J.D. (JUVENILE DETENTION)  
IS 10X WORSE.

BE GOOD AND STAY OUT  
OF TROUBLE. PROMISE?

I WANTED TO TALK TO  
YOU ABOUT WHAT  
HAPPENED WAY BACK  
THEN, EXPLAIN IT SO  
YOU WOULD  
UNDERSTAND  
ONCE AND FOR  
ALL.

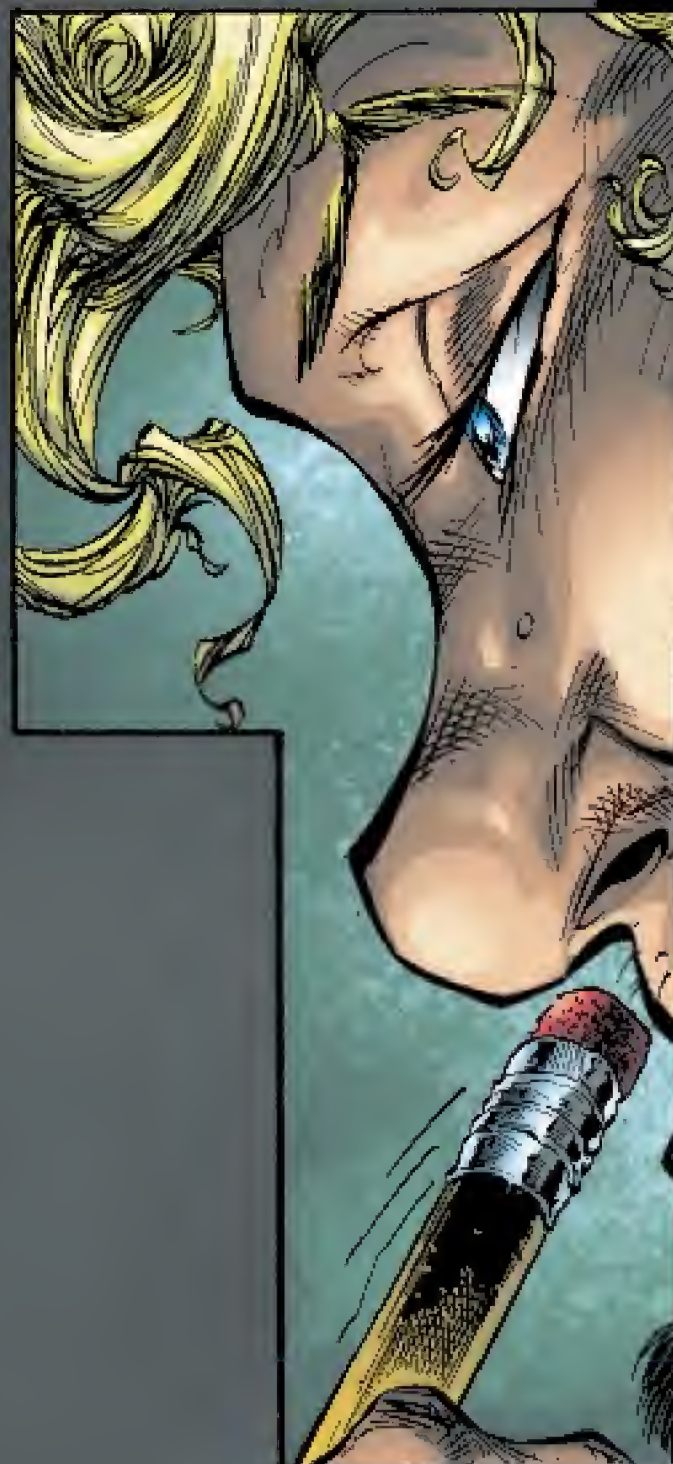
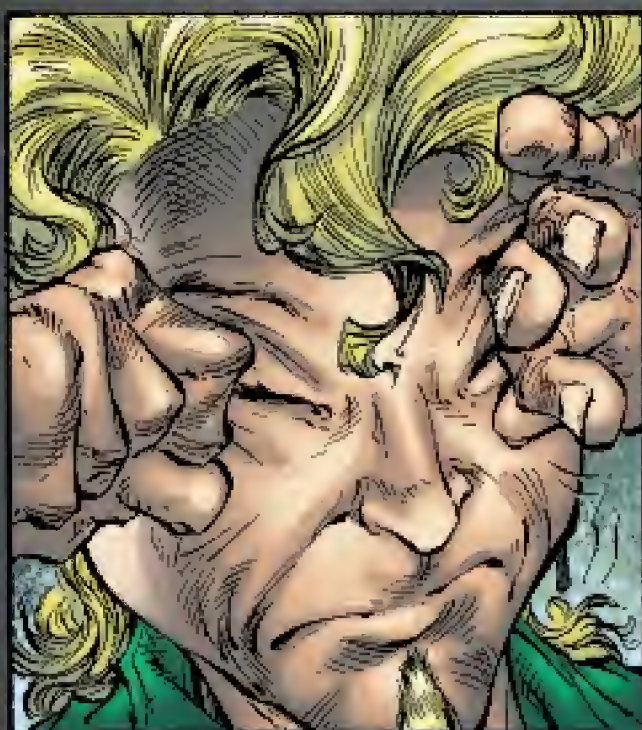








HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA





NEW  
YORK.

WHAT THE  
HELL DO YOU THINK  
YOU'RE DOING?

HEALING  
YOU. I'M CERTAIN  
I CAN.

GET  
THAT  
THING  
AWAY  
FROM  
ME!

YOU  
WANT TO  
WAVE YOUR  
HAND AND MAKE  
EVERYTHING  
BETTER? YOU'RE  
A CHILD.  
GROW UP!

I'M DYING,  
AND IT'S NO  
BIG SECRET  
WHERE I'M  
GOING. I WAS  
SCARED OF  
HELL BEFORE.  
NOW I'M  
TERRIFIED.

WHAT  
DO YOU  
IMAGINE HELL  
LOOKS LIKE THESE  
DAYS? YOU KILLED  
ITS *KING*... LEFT HIS  
*THRONE* VACANT...  
OPENED A *DOOR*  
BETWEEN THAT  
WORLD AND  
THIS ...

YOU REFUSE  
*MALBOLGIA'S*  
CROWN YET YOU  
WIELD HIS *POWER*?!  
WHY CAN'T YOU  
SEE THERE ARE  
*CONSEQUENCES*  
TO YOUR  
ACTIONS?

LOOK AT YOURSELF. I  
BARELY RECOGNIZE YOU. HARDLY  
A DROP OF HUMANITY LEFT IN  
THAT MONSTROUS SHELL.

FOR ALL YOUR  
*GOOD INTENTIONS*,  
YOU BRANDISH THE  
DEVIL'S POWER. WHAT  
DO YOU THINK THAT  
*MAKES* YOU?

IT'S  
CORRUPTING  
YOU, SPAWN.  
REMAKING YOU INCH  
BY INCH. SOON,  
THERE'LL BE NOTHING  
LEFT OF YOU AT  
ALL. AND THEN  
THEY WIN.

YOU'RE  
WRONG.





I HAD A VISION  
RECENTLY... AN IMAGE OF  
THE WORLD AS IT IS AND  
AS IT MIGHT BE.

AND I HAD  
A REVELATION.  
EVERYTHING'S  
DIFFERENT  
NOW.

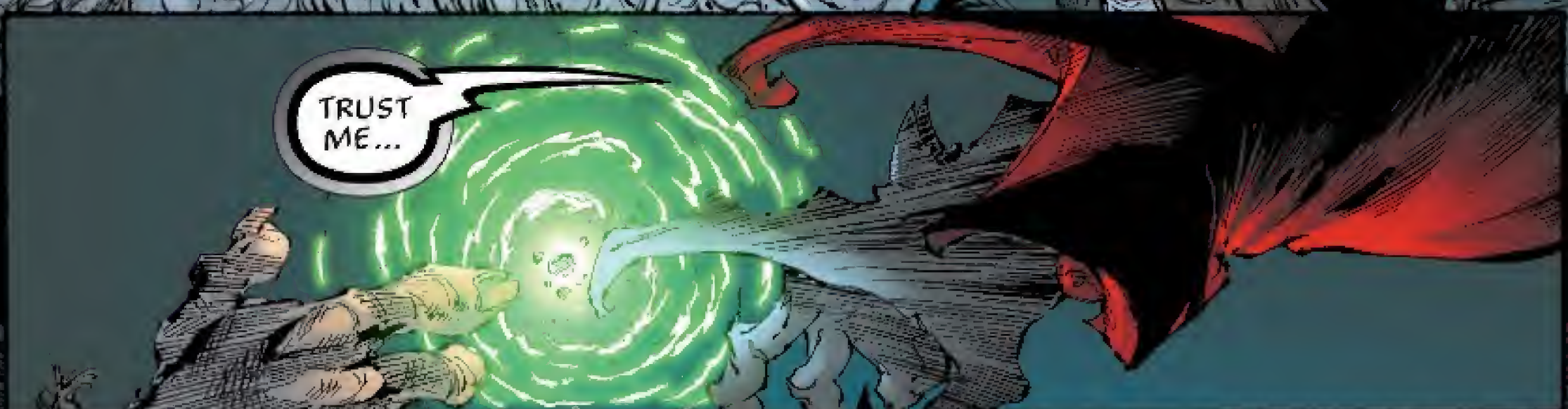
THE  
POWER ISN'T  
CHANGING ME,  
OLD MAN. I'M  
CHANGING  
IT.



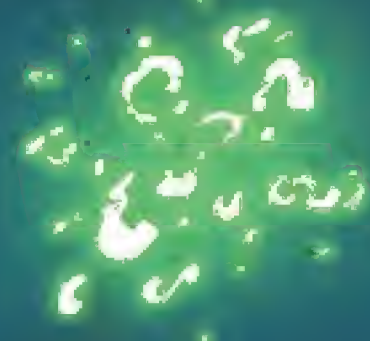
NO, SPAWN.  
YOU ONLY *THINK*  
YOU ARE.

TAKE  
MY HAND,  
COG.

WHY?



TRUST  
ME...







I WANT  
TO SHOW  
YOU SOME-  
THING.





YOU  
TALK OF  
THE BIG  
PICTURE?  
TAKE A  
LOOK...

I THINK  
I'M GOING  
TO BE  
SICK.

TAKE A LOOK  
AT THE WIDE AND  
GLORIOUS WORLD.  
THIS HUGE PLANET  
PLAGUED BY TINY  
PEOPLE...

THEY  
ARE CRUEL AND  
JEALOUS AND PETTY.  
THEIR SAD LITTLE  
LIVES LIVED IN QUIET  
DESPERATION.

CONDEMNED  
FOR THEIR SHORTCOMINGS  
BY THE VERY CREATOR WHO  
MADE THEM SO WEAK AND  
FLAWED IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.

AND WHEN  
I CLOSE MY  
EYES, ALL I FEEL  
IS THEIR PAIN. IT  
EATS AT ME LIKE  
A CANCER.





YOU  
DON'T KNOW  
WHAT IT'S LIKE. ALL  
OF THEM... ALL AT  
ONCE... INSIDE  
MY HEAD.

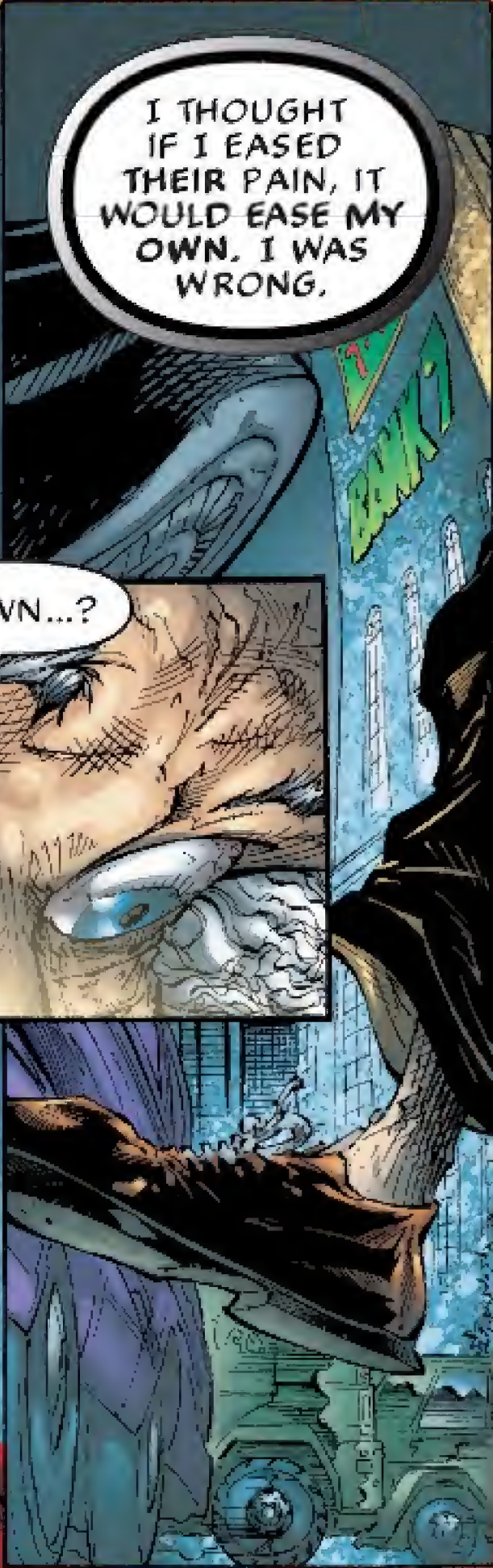


WHAT  
I WOULD  
GIVE FOR  
ONE MINUTE  
OF PEACE...  
ONE QUIET  
MOMENT TO  
THINK.



I TRY TO  
HELP THEM...  
ONE BY ONE. I'VE  
TRIED TO PUNISH  
THE GUILTY...  
COMFORT THE  
INNOCENT...

SPAWN...?



I THOUGHT  
IF I EASED  
THEIR PAIN, IT  
WOULD EASE MY  
OWN. I WAS  
WRONG.



THERE'S  
JUST TOO  
MANY OF  
THEM.

IT'S LIKE  
TRYING TO  
CAPTURE  
THE OCEAN  
WITH A  
NET.



SPAWN...?

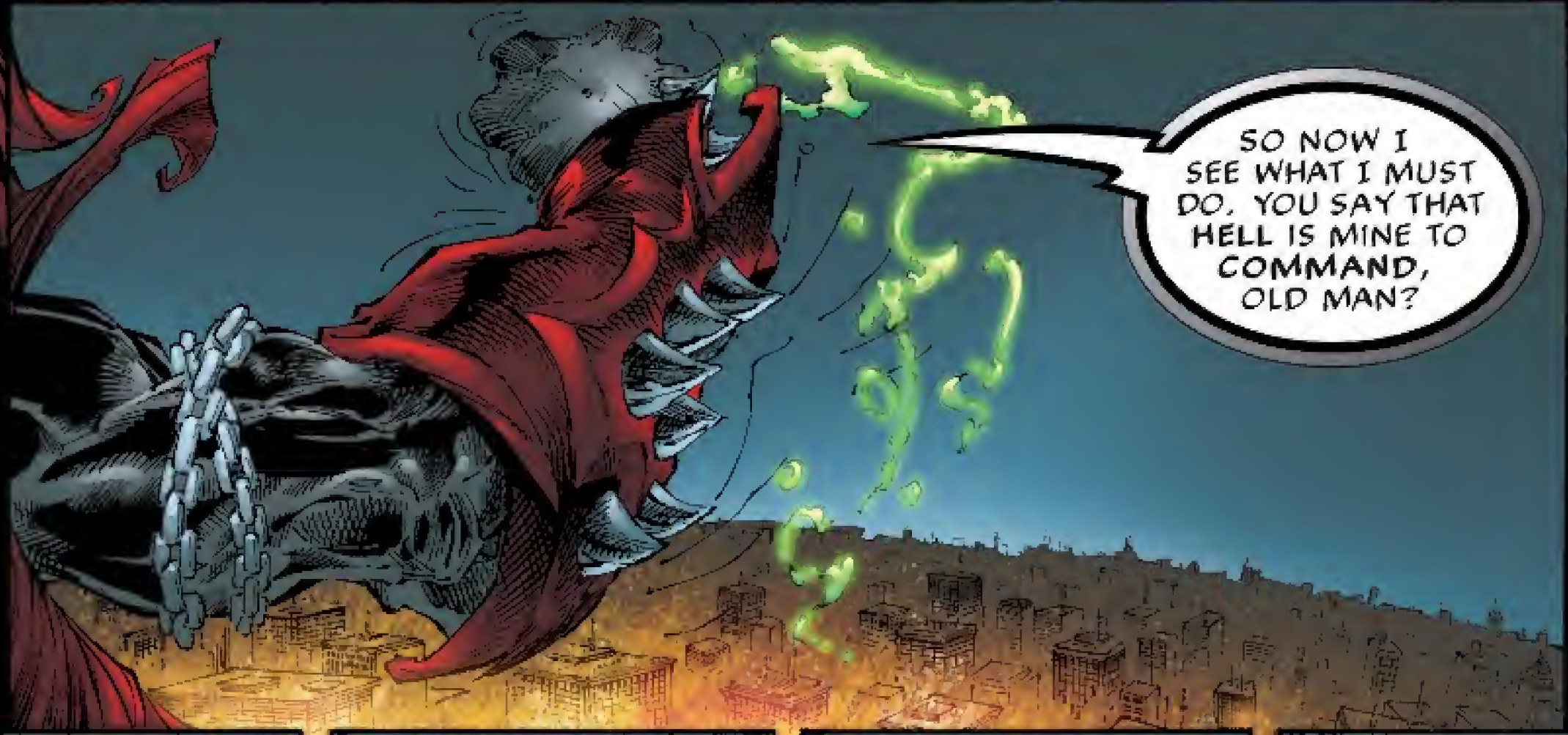
DID...  
DID YOU  
JUST STOP  
TIME?






NOW  
HELL'S  
CREEPING  
ACROSS THE  
BORDERS  
INTO THIS  
WORLD.


I TRIED  
PLUGGING UP THE  
HOLES, BUT FOR  
EVERY DOOR I CLOSE,  
TWO NEW ONES  
OPEN.



SO NOW I  
SEE WHAT I MUST  
DO. YOU SAY THAT  
HELL IS MINE TO  
COMMAND,  
OLD MAN?




THEN  
I SAY,  
VERY WELL.  
LET HELL  
COME.



I WILL  
WELCOME IT TO  
THIS WORLD.



LET IT  
WASH OVER  
EVERYTHING  
AND REMAKE  
THIS EARTH.

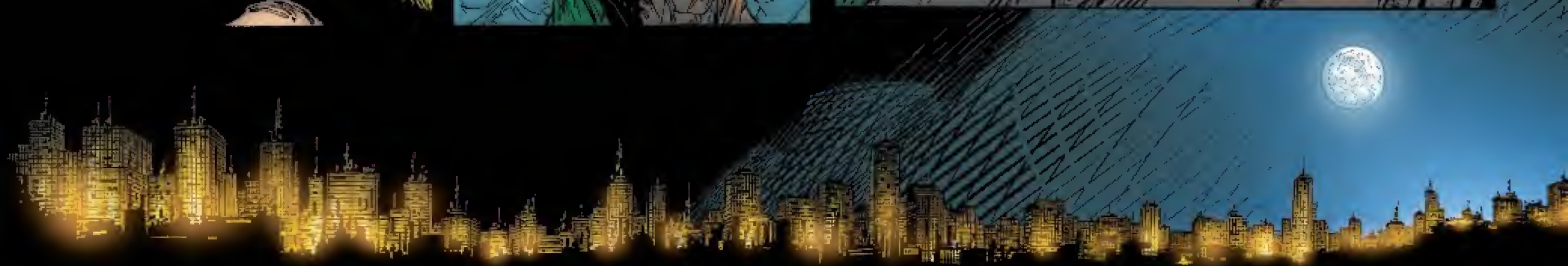
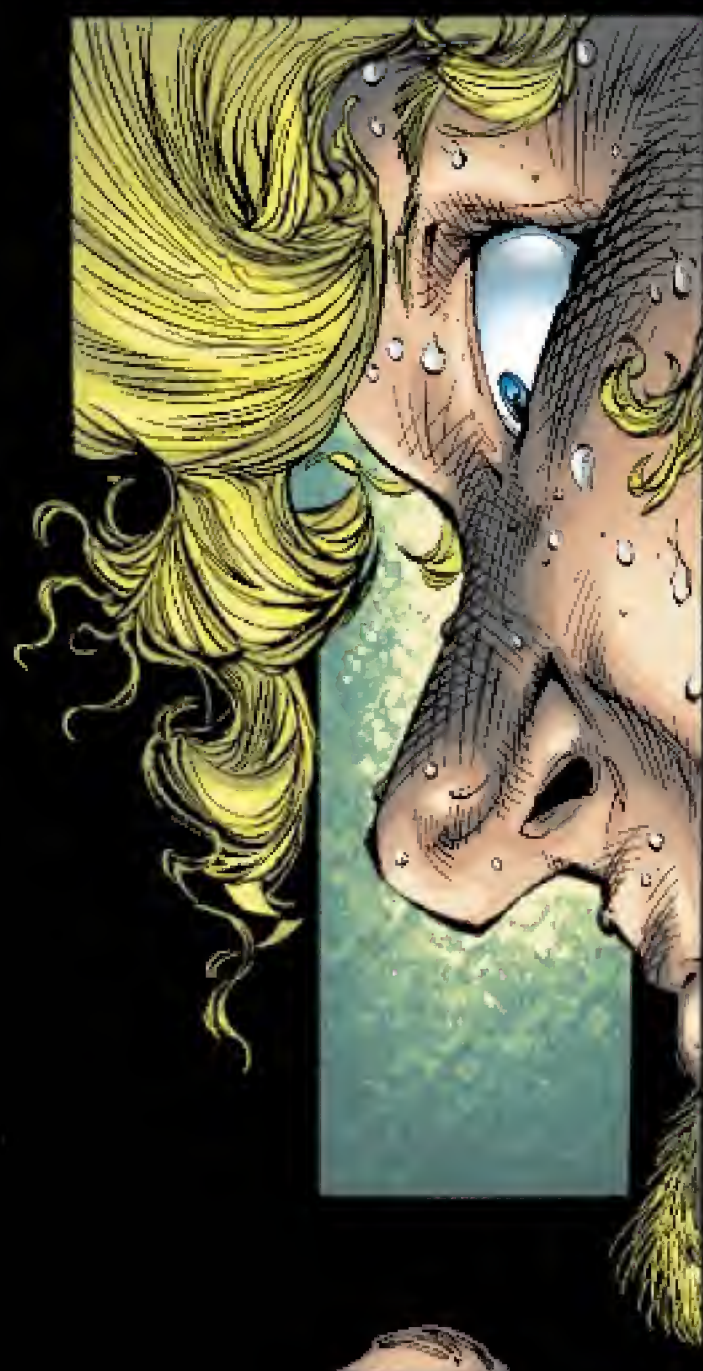
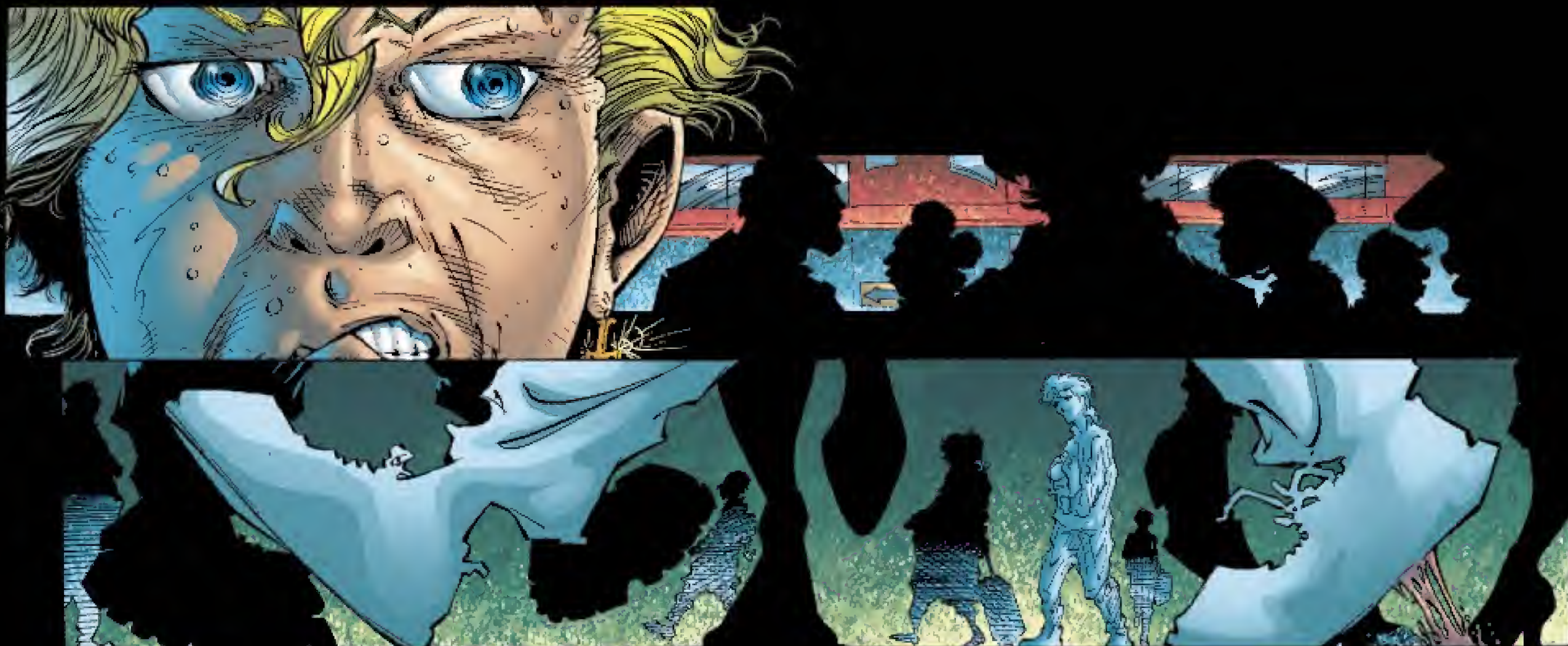


AND I WILL  
COMMAND  
MY HELL TO  
BECOME A  
PARADISE.

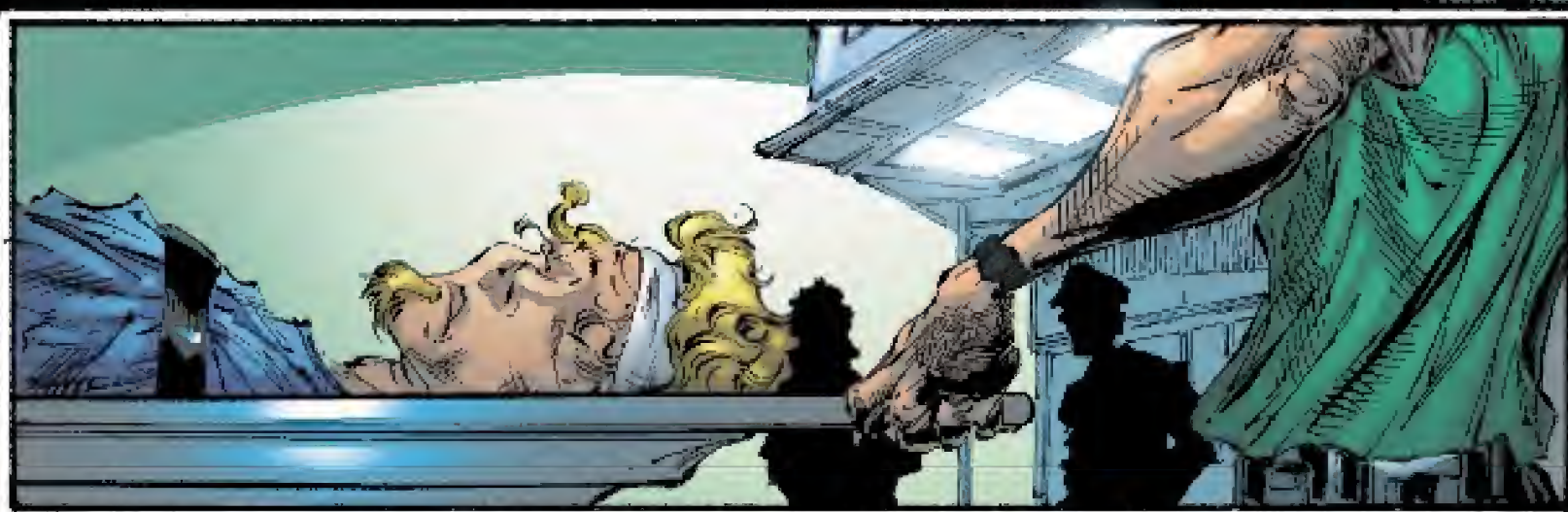












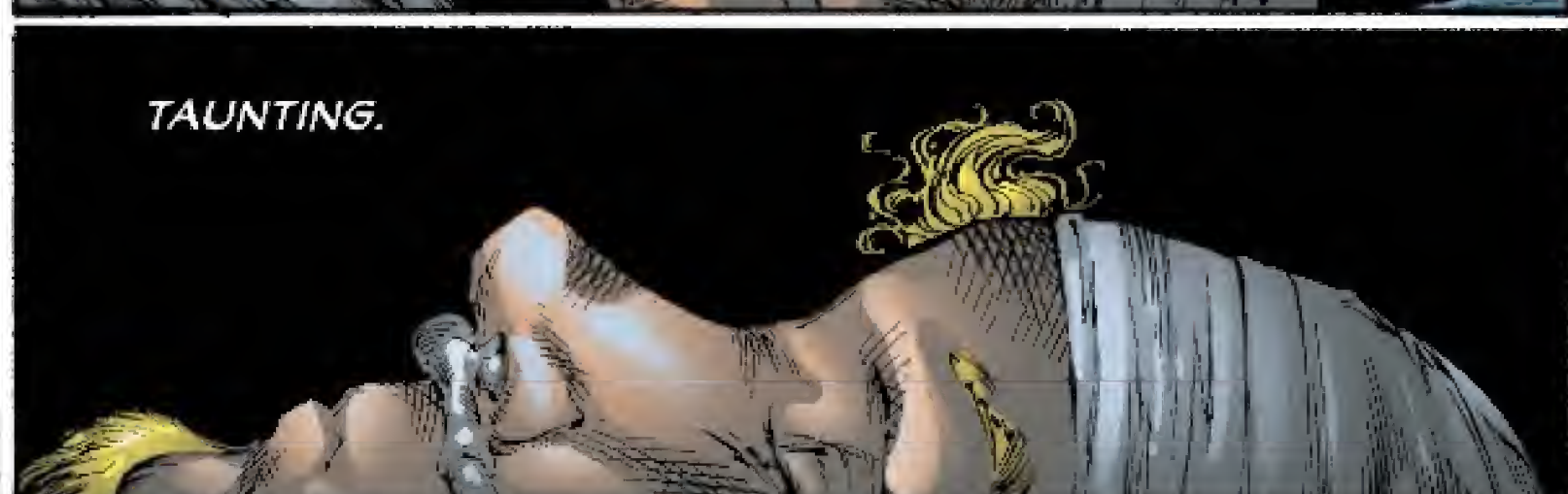
THERE IS A DARK THING.



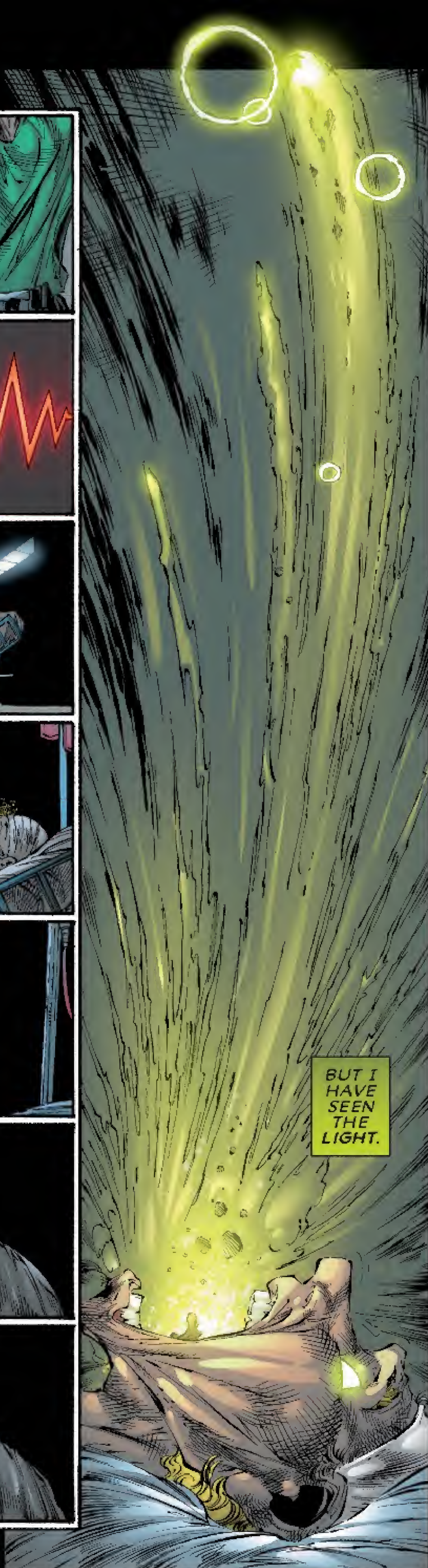
IT HIDES BEHIND MY EYES, MOCKING ME.



TAUNTING.




LAUGHING.



BUT I  
HAVE  
SEEN  
THE  
LIGHT.





AND I KNOW WHAT  
MUST BE DONE.

THERE IS A  
DARK THING.  
IT IS REAL.

I AM  
GOING TO  
KILL IT.

AND BY  
KILLING  
IT...



...I WILL  
REDEEM  
MYSELF.





# SPAWN



Capullo  
02  
D. FARRANE



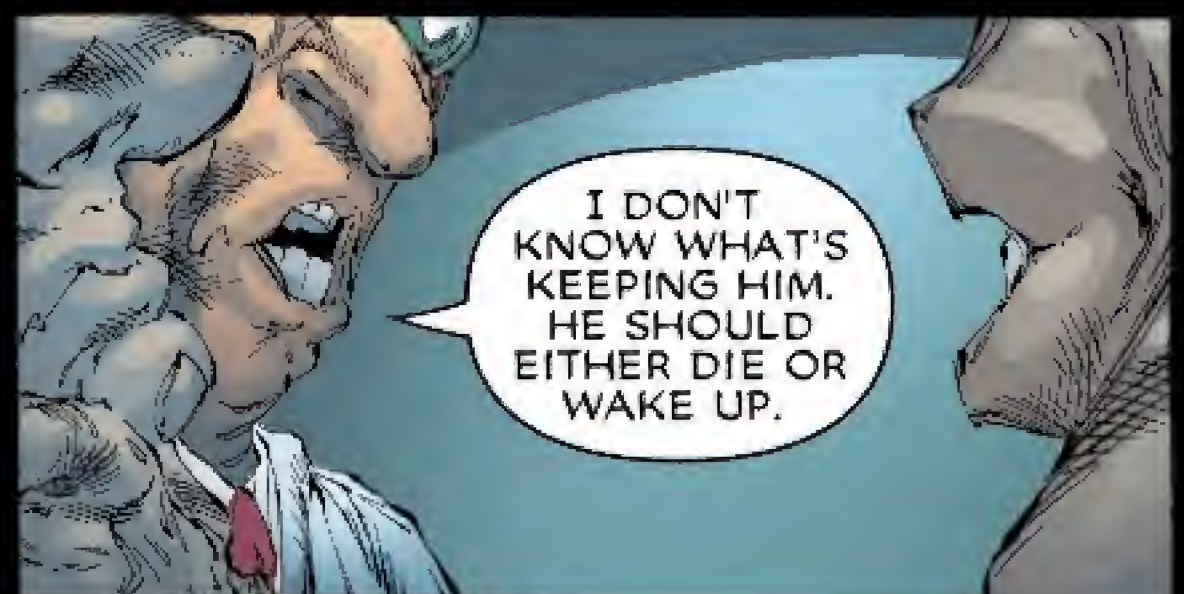
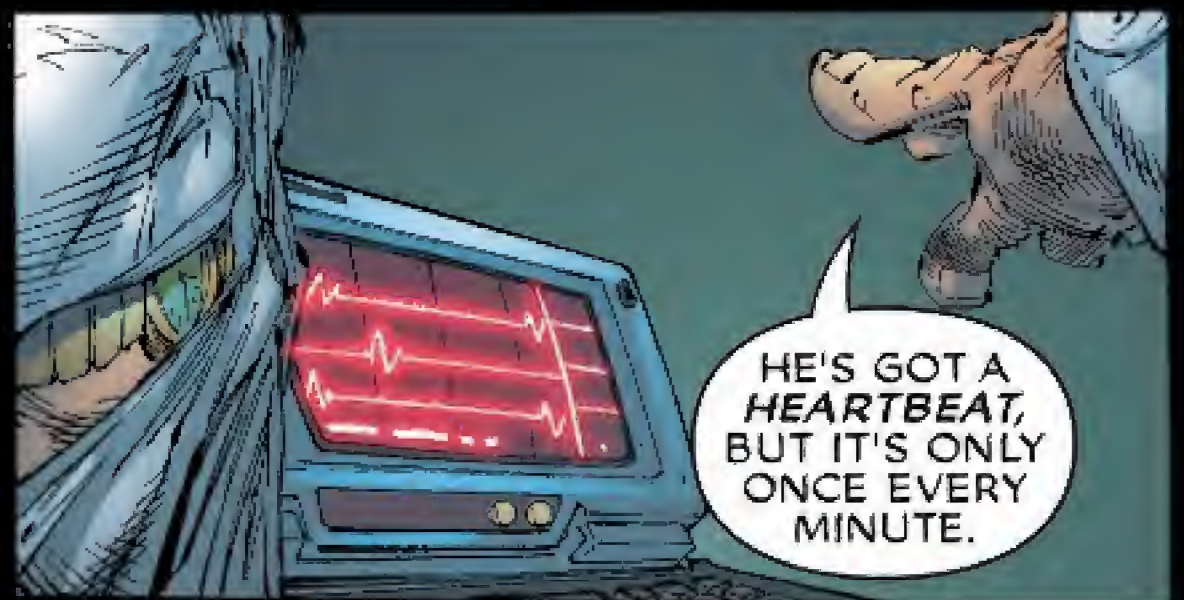


...BAFFLED.  
I DON'T  
HAVE ANY  
OTHER  
WORD...


...MEDIA'S  
DOWNSTAIRS,  
BARKING FOR  
ANSWERS. WE  
HAVE TO TELL  
THEM SOME-  
THING...

...WOUND  
WAS CLEAN.  
IT SHOULDN'T  
ACCOUNT FOR  
THIS KIND OF  
RESPONSE...

...HAD A  
WALLET ON  
HIM. FRANK  
SOMETHING.  
**EDDIE  
FRANK...**







IT SOARS LIKE  
A FALCON ON  
BROAD WINGS  
OF SOLID LIGHT.

THIS BODY  
ISN'T HIS,  
BUT MOVES  
TO HIS  
SLIGHTEST  
WHIM.

HE STARES OUT  
THROUGH NEW  
EYES. THE WORLD  
SHIMMERS, BRIGHT  
AND IRIDESCENT.

HE SCANS THE  
HORIZON FOR HIS  
QUARRY. HE DOES  
NOT FIND IT.

HE SPEAKS WITH  
A VOICE THAT  
ISN'T HIS. WORDS  
ECHOING WITH  
GLASSY  
HARMONICS.

WHERE?

WHERE  
HAS HE  
GONE?



TUNISIA.

GO  
AWAY.  
NOT  
YET.

SPAWN,  
WE'VE BEEN  
HERE FOR  
HOURS.

I'M TRYING  
TO CHANGE THE  
WORLD, OLD MAN.  
BUT FIRST I HAVE  
TO ASK THE  
EARTH'S  
PERMISSION.

ANY  
IDEA WHEN  
WE COULD  
EXPECT AN  
ANSWER?

THE  
PLANET  
OPERATES ON  
ITS OWN TIME.  
WE WAIT TILL  
WE GET A  
SIGN.

NOW BE  
STILL. I HAVE  
TO FOCUS.







**YOU!**  
YOU CAN'T HIDE  
FROM ME!

YOU  
DESTROYED  
WHAT I LOVED...  
I WILL  
DESTROY  
YOU!

**FWOOOM!**







POOR  
LITTLE  
LAMB.



I CAME  
AS SOON AS I  
HEARD. IT'S BEEN IN  
ALL THE PAPERS.  
ABSOLUTELY  
TRAGIC.



WHAT IS IT WITH  
CHILDREN THESE DAYS? SO  
FILLED WITH ANGER AND RAGE.  
SOMETIMES I THINK THAT  
THE WHOLE WORLD HAS  
GONE MAD.

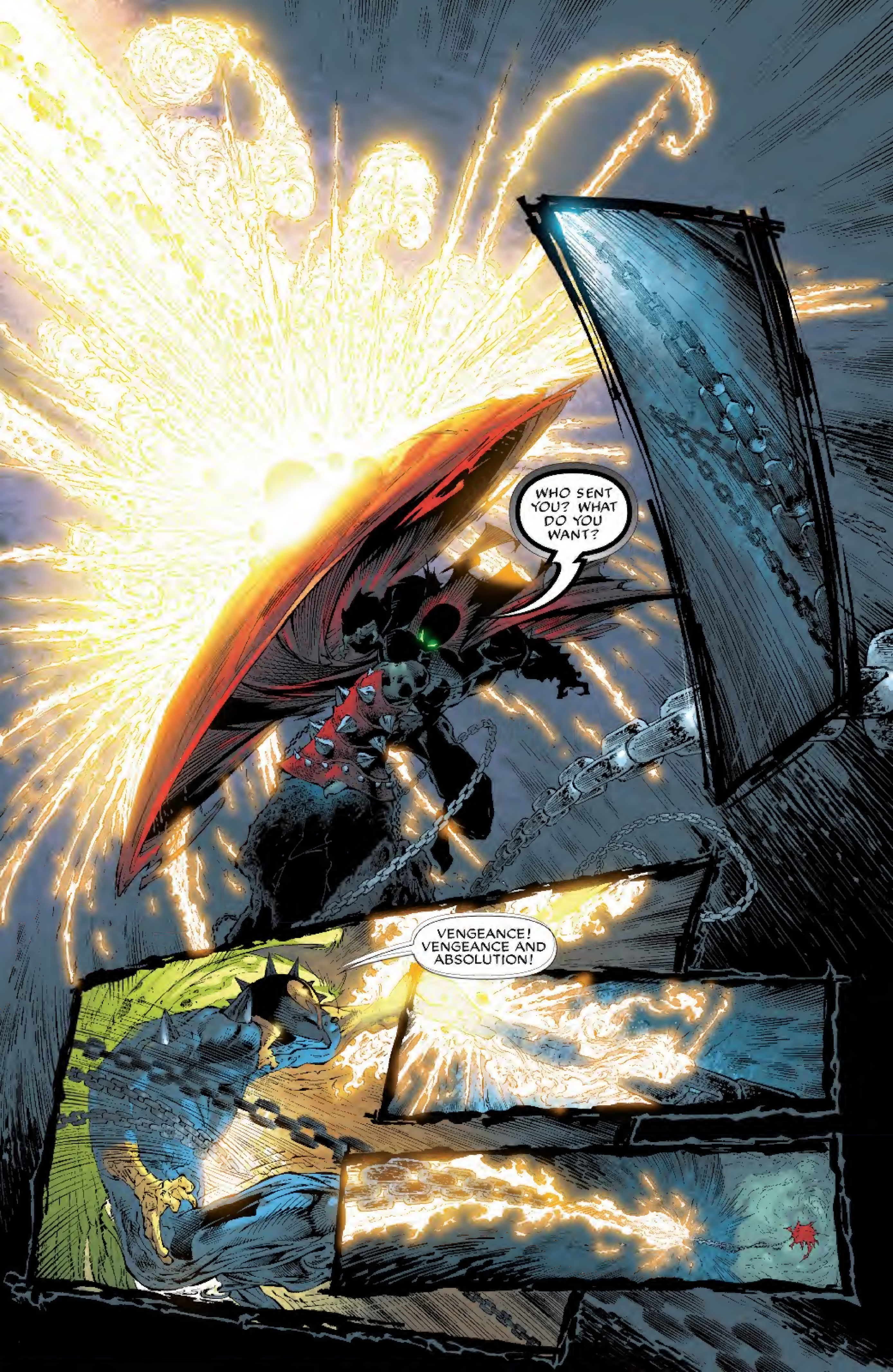
SHALL  
I READ  
THIS TO  
YOU?  
YES?

VERY  
WELL.  
=AHEM=

"ONCE UPON  
A TIME THERE WAS  
A BOY WHO LOVED  
HIS FATHER VERY,  
VERY MUCH..."







WHO SENT  
YOU? WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?

VENGEANCE!  
VENGEANCE AND  
ABSOLUTION!





AARGH!

I WANT  
TO HURT  
YOU.

...THE  
WAY YOU  
HURT  
US!



IN A BEAUTIFUL FAR OFF LAND CALLED ALABAMA, THERE WAS A LITTLE HOUSE WITH A WHITE PICKET FENCE...

THE BOY LIVED THERE WITH HIS FATHER AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER. ALTHOUGH THEY WERE NOT RICH, THEY WERE HAPPY. HUMBLE AND PROUD, THEY MADE A GOOD LIFE TOGETHER, JUST THE THREE OF THEM.



THEIR FATHER WAS A KING AMONG MEN. HONEST, WISE AND WELL RESPECTED BY THE WHOLE COMMUNITY.

HE WAS STRONG AND BRAVE AND HE DOTTED ON HIS SONS. HE TAUGHT THEM IN TURN TO BE STRONG, TO BE BRAVE, AND MOST OF ALL TO BE GOOD.



DAYS WERE FILLED WITH SUNSHINE AND ICE CREAM AND GAMES OF CATCH. NIGHTS WERE SPENT READING STORIES OR PLAYING GAMES.

NO DOUBT THE FATHER COULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT MANY THINGS IN LIFE IF HE HAD WANTED, BUT HE CHOSE TO STAY IN THE QUIET LITTLE TOWN AND DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO HIS CHILDREN.


THAT'S HOW MUCH HE LOVED HIS SONS.



BUT ONE DAY A DARK CLOUD GATHERED IN THE DISTANCE, AND GREAT WICKEDNESS DESCENDED TO TEAR THE FAMILY APART. THE BOY COULD FEEL IT COMING, BUT HE COULD DO NOTHING TO STOP IT.







SOMETHING  
VERY BAD  
HAPPENED  
AND THE  
FATHER DIED.

YOU TORE  
MY WORLD  
APART! TELL ME  
WHY! I WANT  
ANSWERS!

WHAT A  
SHAME IT  
IS WHEN  
A GOOD  
MAN DIES  
BEFORE  
HIS TIME.

WYNN?  
IS THAT  
YOU IN  
THERE?

NO.  
NOT WYNN.  
THEN  
WHO?

WHAT GREAT  
DEEDS, WHAT  
WONDROUS  
ACHIEVEMENTS  
THE WORLD IS  
DENIED BY HIS  
LOSS.





BUT NOTHING CAN  
COMPARE TO THE  
HOLE IT LEFT IN THE  
LIVES OF HIS CHILDREN.

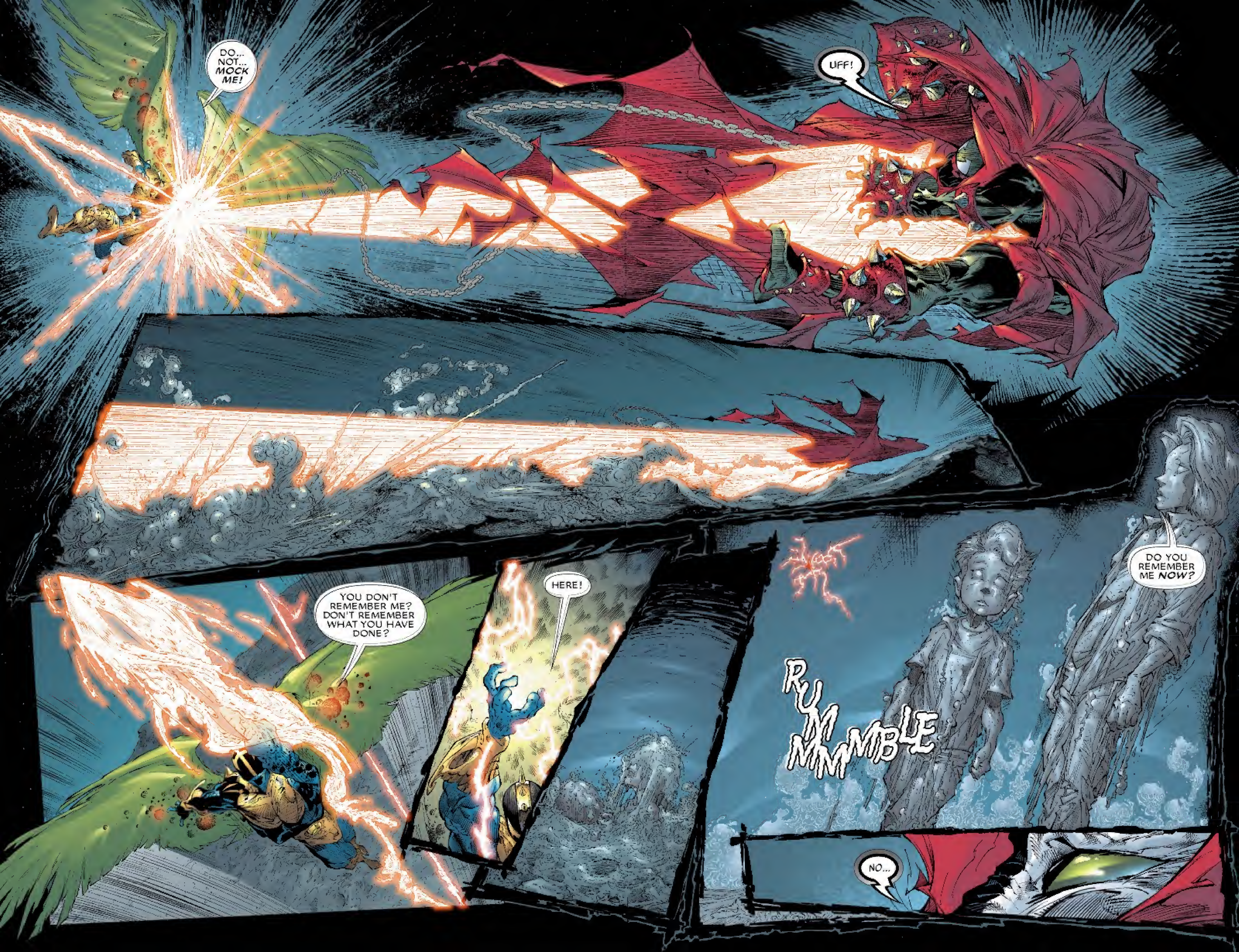
IT WAS AS IF THE SUN  
HAD GONE OUT IN THE  
HEAVENS, AS IF GOD  
HIMSELF HAD VANISHED  
FROM HIS THRONE.

I WANT  
YOU TO  
**SUFFER** LIKE  
I SUFFERED. I  
WANT YOU TO  
KNOW MY  
**PAIN.**

AND, LIKE A  
STORYBOOK  
PRINCE, THE  
SON COULD  
NEVER REST  
UNTIL HE  
AVENGED HIS  
BELOVED  
FATHER.

KNOW  
YOUR PAIN?  
I DON'T EVEN  
KNOW WHO  
THE HELL  
YOU ARE.





DO...  
NOT...  
MOCK  
ME!

UFF!

YOU DON'T  
REMEMBER ME?  
DON'T REMEMBER  
WHAT YOU HAVE  
DONE?

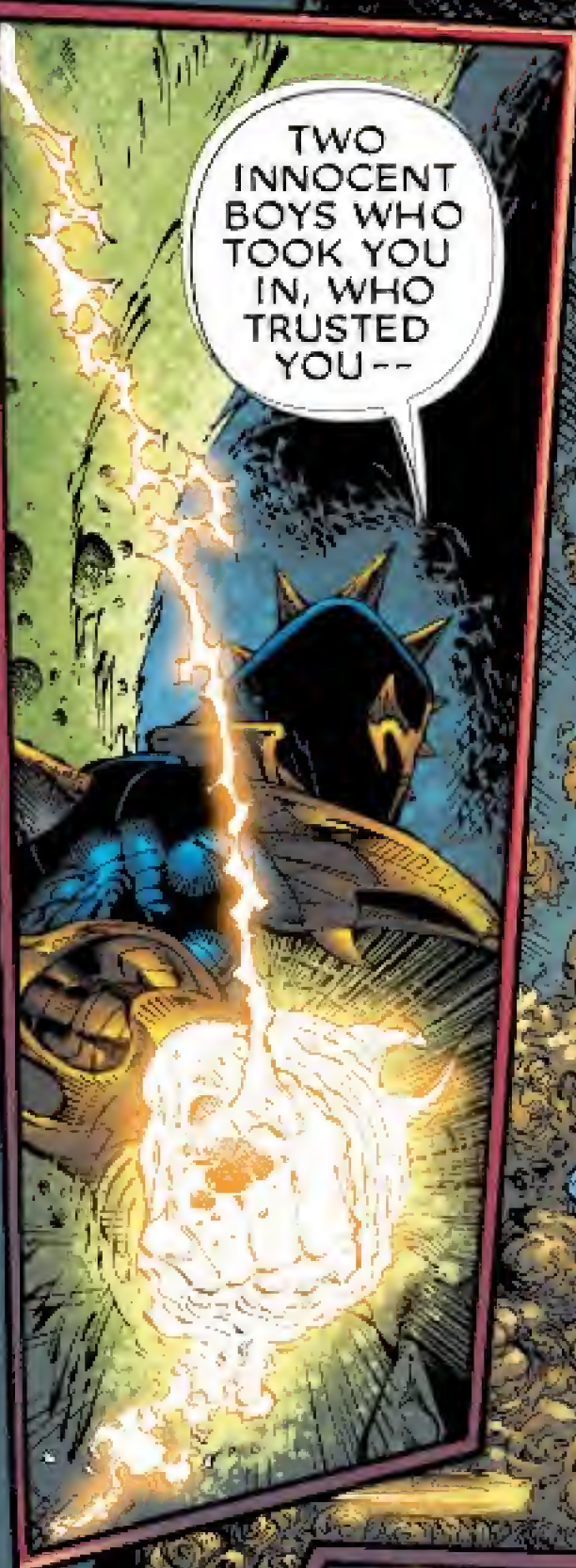
HERE!

DO YOU  
REMEMBER  
ME NOW?

RUMBLE

NO...






TWO  
INNOCENT  
BOYS WHO  
TOOK YOU  
IN, WHO  
TRUSTED  
YOU--




AND  
YOU--YOU  
DESTROYED  
THEM! SMASHED  
THEIR WORLD  
TO BITS!



THAT'S  
NOT TRUE...  
I TRIED... I  
TRIED TO...



HEEEAAH!



OF  
COURSE...  
IT WAS  
ALL A  
LIE.









CLEAR!



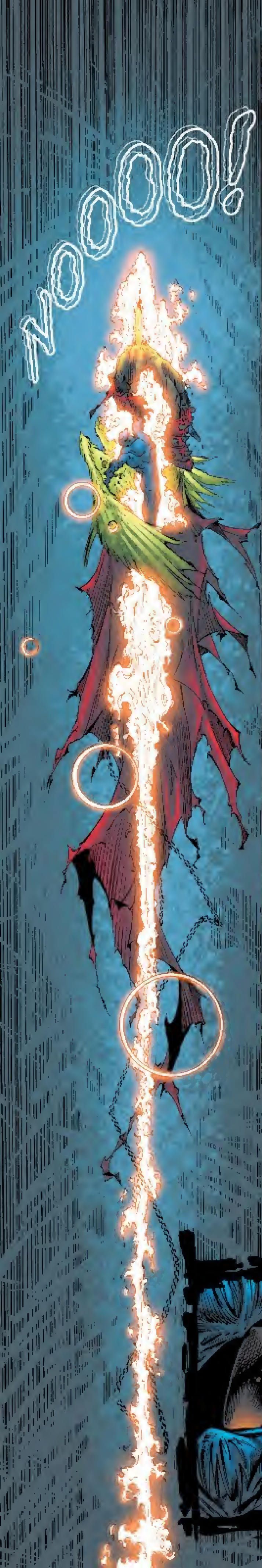
LIES!  
ALL LIES!



IT... IT  
CAN'T BE...  
TRUE...



NOOOO!







NO...

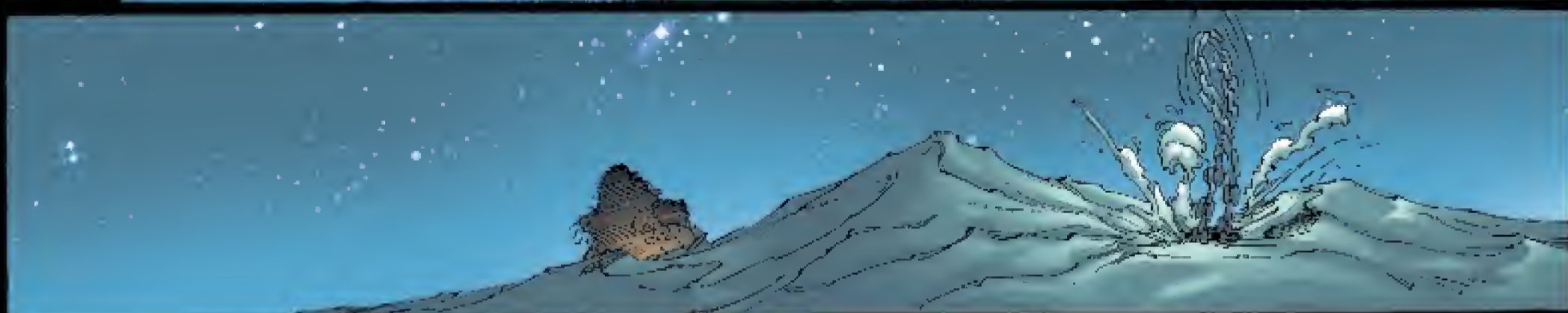
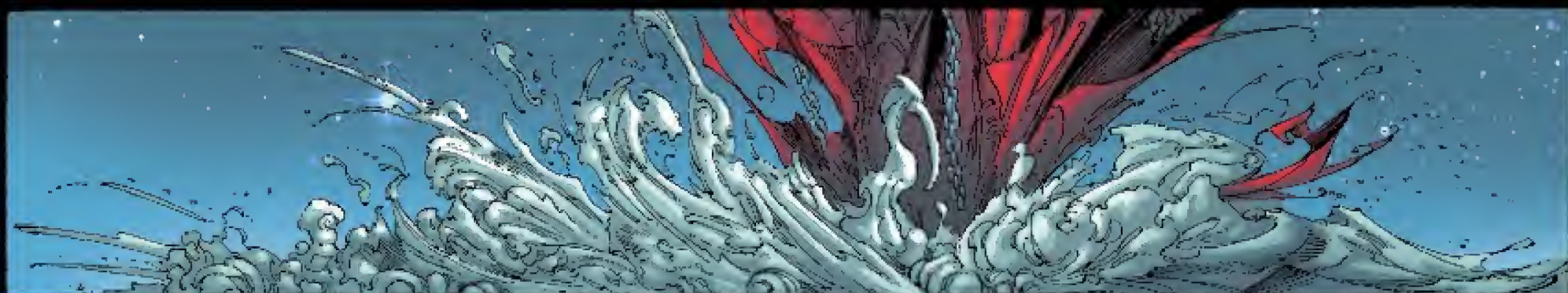
OH  
GOD...

WHAT  
HAVE I  
DONE?

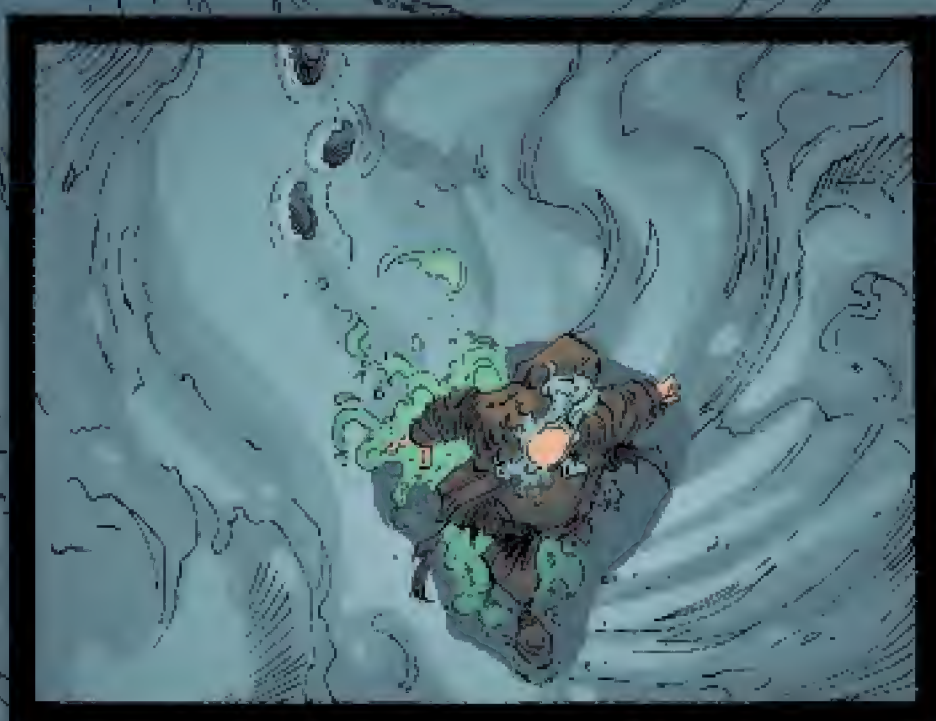














# SPAWN





IT IS LORD  
COVENANT'S  
WEDDING  
NIGHT.

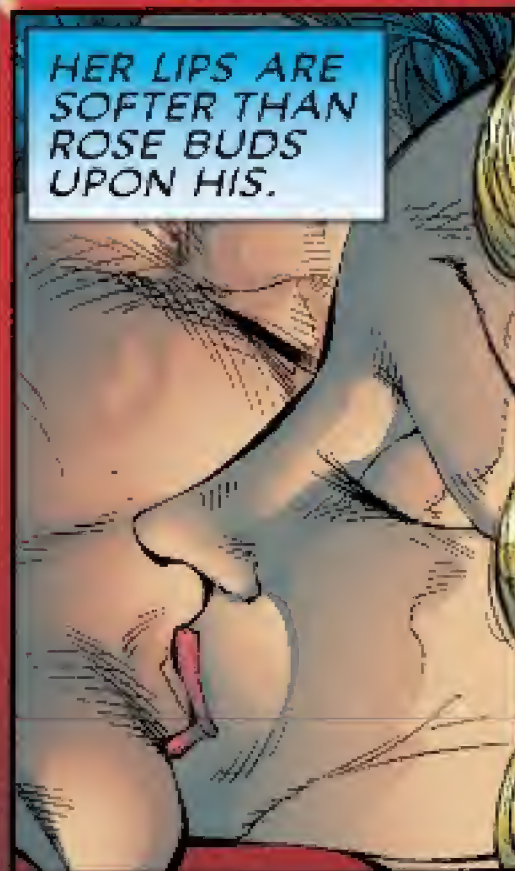


THE ENTIRE VILLAGE OF  
RHYLL CAME OUT TO  
CELEBRATE AND A GREAT  
FEAST WAS HELD.

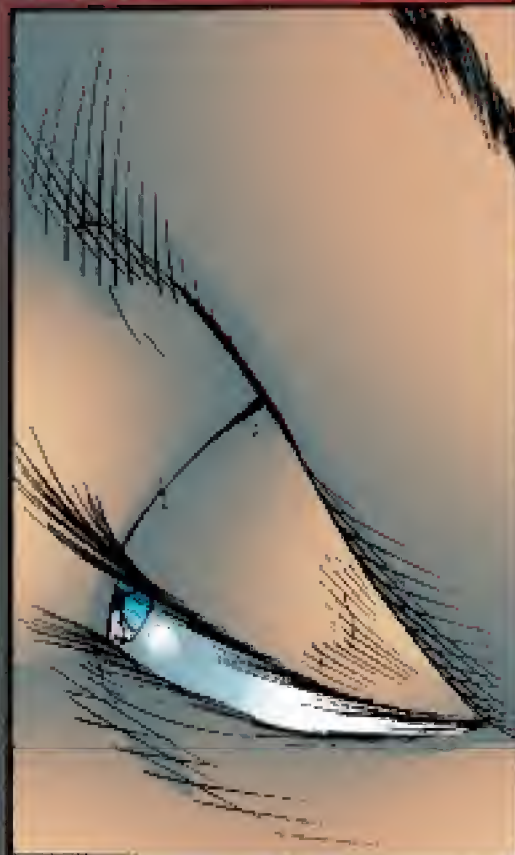
NOW THEY ARE  
ALONE, HE AND HIS  
BRIDE. HE PULLS  
SHIANN TO HIM.



HER LIPS ARE  
SOFTER THAN  
ROSE BUDS  
UPON HIS.



HIS HEART  
SWELLS  
WITH JOY.





IT  
CAN'T  
BE...

NOOOOO

THE CALL GOES OUT AND  
THE GUARDS SOON ARRIVE.  
SOME MONSTROUS THING  
IS LOOSE IN THE CASTLE.

THEY CHASE IT LIKE A WILD  
BEAST, OUT INTO THE COUNTRY-  
SIDE, INTO THE DARK WOODS.

A MOB IS FORMED, FROTHING AT THE MOUTH  
WITH CONTEMPT FOR THIS VILE THING THAT  
HAS INVADDED THEIR TRANQUIL LIVES.

COVENANT'S MIND SWIMS.  
HOW COULD THIS BE? HOW  
COULD THINGS HAVE GONE  
SO TERRIBLY WRONG?

COVENANT'S WORLD  
GROWS HAZY... HIS  
HEAD ECHOING  
WITH A HORRID,  
UNGODLY SOUND...  
THE ANGUISHED  
HOWL OF SOME  
DAMNED AND  
TORTURED BEAST...

DIE,  
YOU  
FIEND!  
DIE!

HIS SOUL  
CRASHES  
IN DESPAIR  
AS HE  
REALIZES  
THE VOICE  
IS HIS  
OWN.



SOUTHEAST  
ASIA.

LT. COLONEL  
AL SIMMONS  
CAN'T REMEMBER  
THE LAST TIME  
HE SLEPT.

THE DAYS BLUR  
TOGETHER, AN  
ENDLESS  
ITERATION OF  
BLACK, FREEZING  
NIGHTS AND  
BLISTERING,  
FEVERISH DAYS.  
MIDNIGHT BLUE  
AND JUNGLE  
GREEN.

HE COUNTS  
THE ANTS  
CIRCLING THE  
TREE TRUNK,  
MEMORIZES  
THE RUST  
SPOTS ON  
THE METAL  
CAGE.

ANYTHING  
TO PRESERVE  
HIS SANITY.

HIS  
MISSION  
WAS  
COVERT,  
NO ONE  
EVEN  
KNOWS  
HE IS  
HERE.

NO  
ONE IS  
COMING  
TO SAVE  
HIM.





I CAN SET  
YOU FREE,  
SIMMONS...  
I CAN  
MAKE YOU A  
BARGAIN...

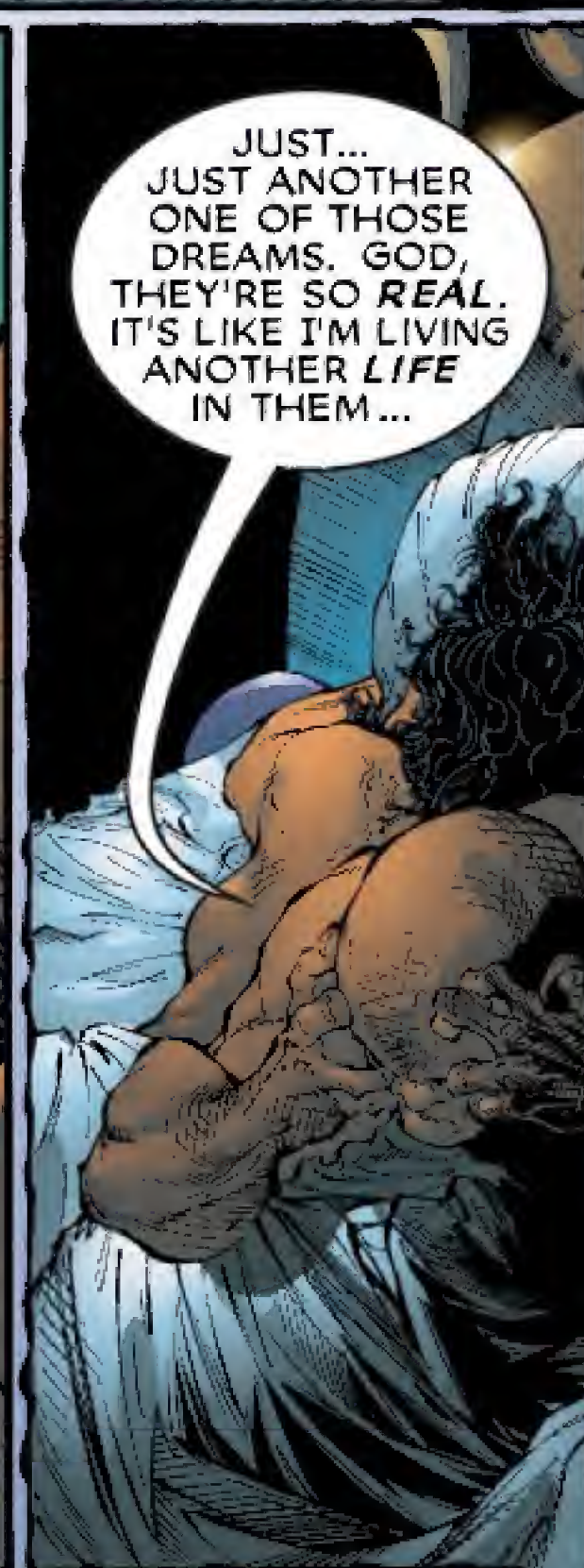




Nooooo!



CHRIST,  
AL. WHAT  
IS IT THIS  
TIME?



JUST...  
JUST ANOTHER  
ONE OF THOSE  
DREAMS. GOD,  
THEY'RE SO *REAL*.  
IT'S LIKE I'M LIVING  
ANOTHER *LIFE*  
IN THEM...



WELL,  
IN THIS LIFE  
I'M TRYING  
TO GET SOME  
GODDAMN  
SLEEP.



HEY!


GO CRASH  
ON THE COUCH  
IF YOU'RE GOING  
TO BE TOSSING  
AND TURNING  
ALL NIGHT.



FINE.







LIGHTNING  
BREAKS THE SKY,  
LIKE A CRACK IN  
HEAVEN'S DOME.

ULRICH ULFSON  
BELLOWS  
THROUGH THE  
GALE, CURSING  
THE STORM.  
CURSING THE  
FICKLE GODS  
WHO HAVE  
BETRAYED HIM.

THE SEA  
WAS  
ONCE HIS  
FRIEND,  
BUT IT  
HAS  
TURNED  
ON HIM.

THE BLOATED  
CORPSE OF HIS  
BEST WIFE LIES  
IN A POOL AT  
HIS FEET, THEIR  
UNBORN SON  
A COLD, DEAD  
STONE IN HER  
BELLY.

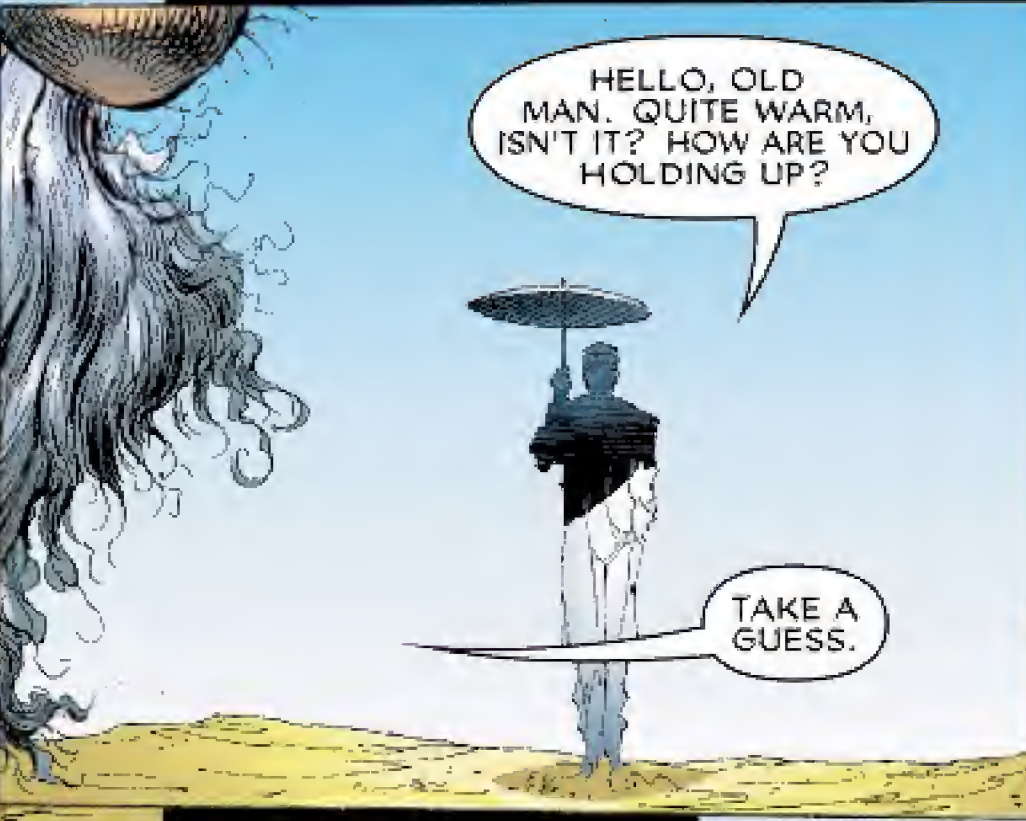
IT IS JUST A MATTER OF TIME TILL  
THE HUNGRY WAVES SWALLOW  
HIM, LEAVING NO TRACE BEHIND.

NO STORIES  
WILL BE TOLD  
OF HIS FEATS,  
NO SONGS  
SUNG OF HIS  
BATTLES.

ULRICH SCREAMS  
HIS CURSES TO THE  
SKY AND THE GODS  
THUNDER BACK  
THEIR LAUGHTER.



TUNISIA.



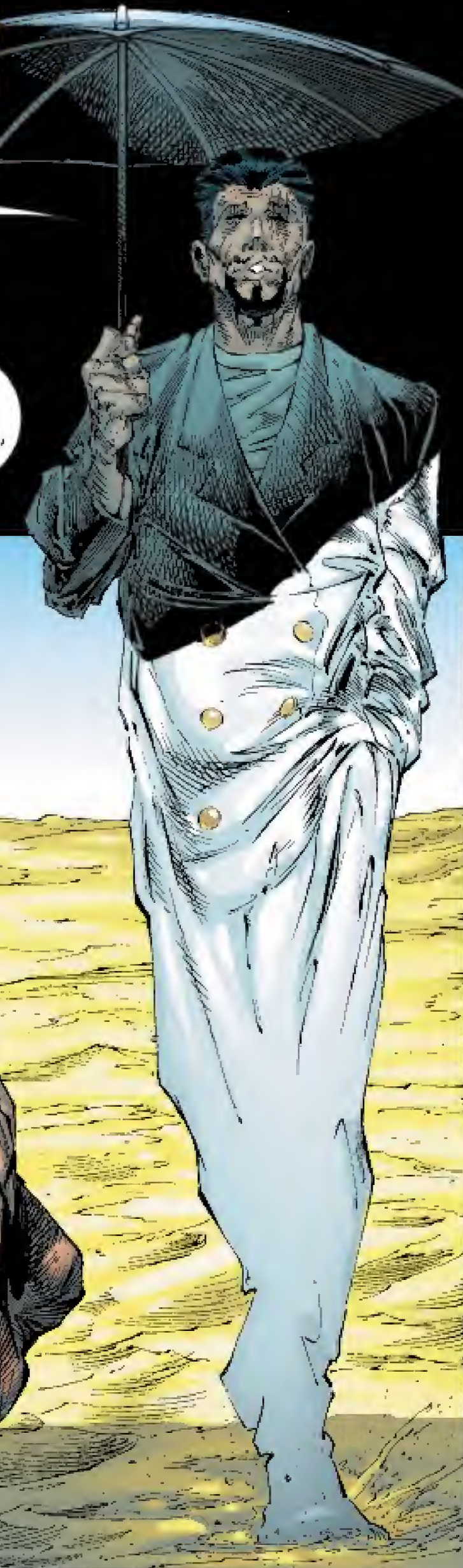
HELLO, OLD MAN. QUITE WARM, ISN'T IT? HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP?

TAKE A GUESS.

NOW, NOW. NO NEED TO BE CROSS. WE BOTH KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS SOONER OR LATER. YOU'VE HAD A GOOD RUN.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, YOU COULD HAVE DONE MUCH WORSE. NOW THAT THIS DAY IS HERE, WHY NOT TAKE IT LIKE A MAN?

WAS I REALLY SO WICKED? WERE MY SINS SO GREAT?



YOU MURDERED A QUARTER OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION IN A SINGLE STROKE. THAT'S NOT INSIGNIFICANT.

I KILLED MY BROTHER.



IT COMES TO THE SAME THING, DOESN'T IT?

OH WELL. SPILT MILK. LET'S GET TO THE MATTER AT HAND. I AM *NOTHING* IF NOT A MAN OF MY WORD.



OH, BY THE WAY... THERE'S A *TREE* ABOUT 10 MILES EAST OF HERE. THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW.











PROBABLY  
JUST  
SEEING...

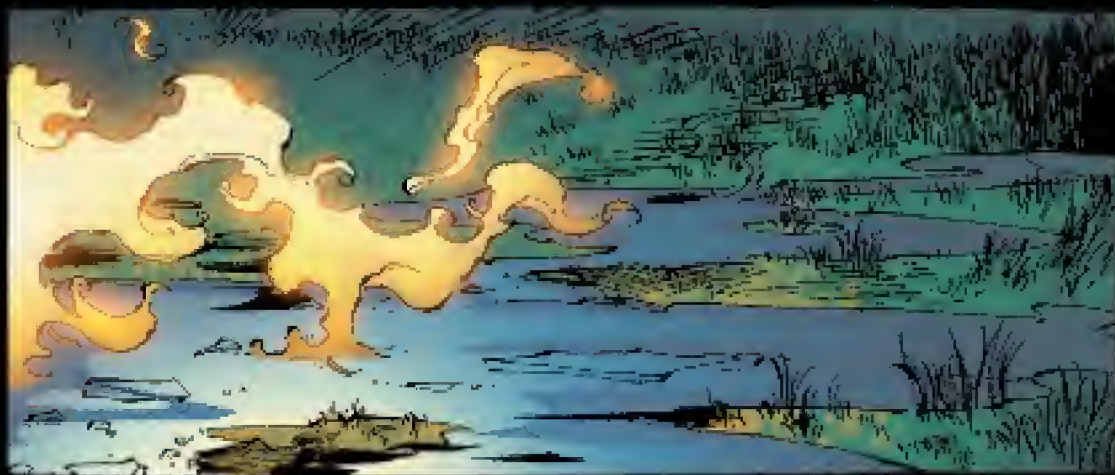
WHAT THE  
HELL IS  
THAT?

LIKE AN  
ANGEL...

WHOOAAA!



# KERR-AAASH!

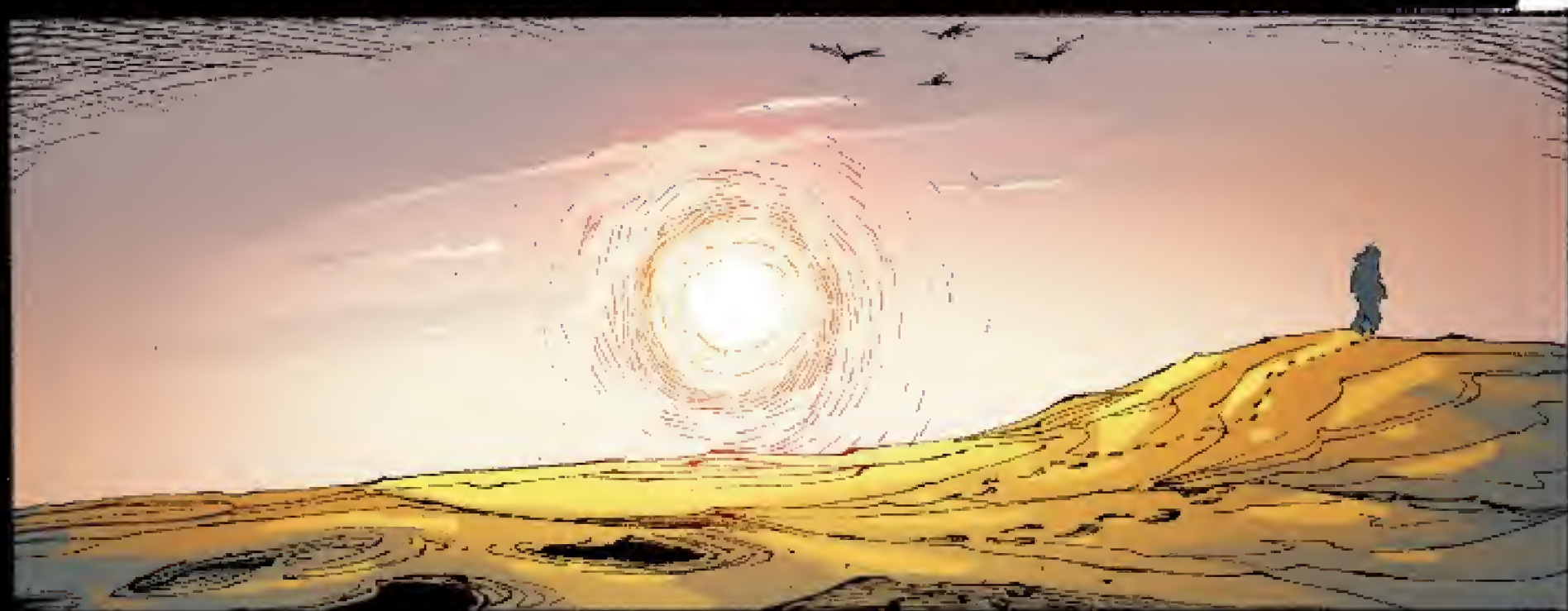
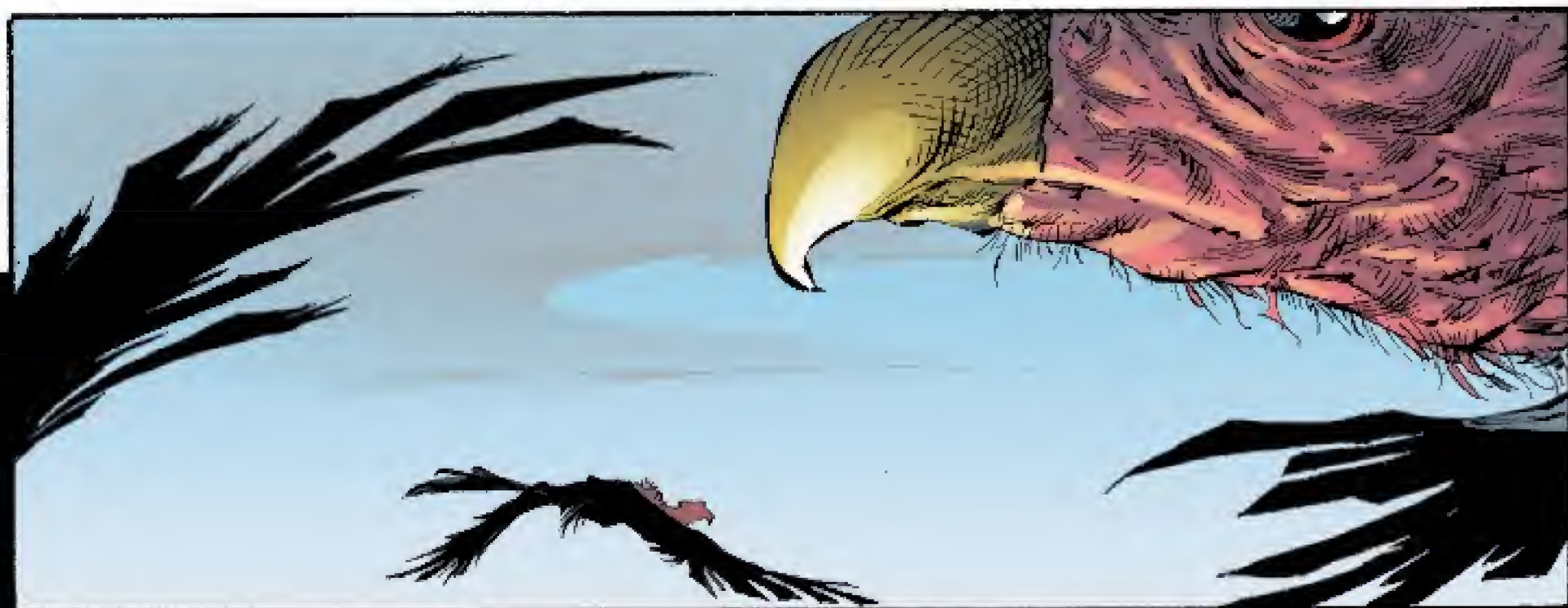


CONSUMED  
IN FLAME, AL  
SIMMONS'  
LIFE FLASHES  
BEFORE HIM.

# NOOO!

WHAT HE  
WOULDN'T  
BARGAIN FOR  
ONE MORE  
CHANCE TO  
GET IT RIGHT.











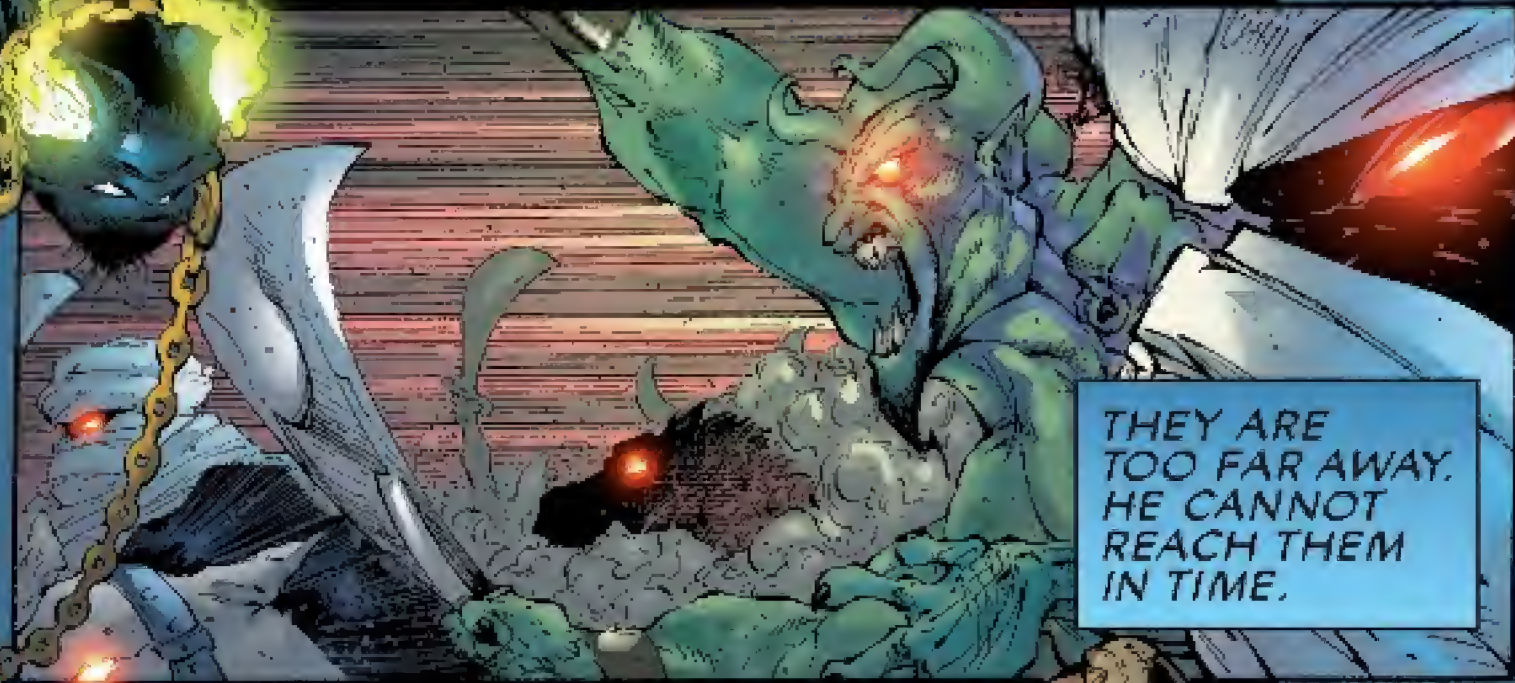


THE MOON RISES OVER THE SANDS, A FLAWLESS PEARL AGAINST DARK SILK. FROM THE TOP OF THE HIGHEST DUNE, HARUN-AL-MAJNUN SCANS THE ENDLESS HORIZON.

HIS STEED STIRS BENEATH HIM, FITFUL AND RESTLESS. THERE IS EVIL ON THE WIND.



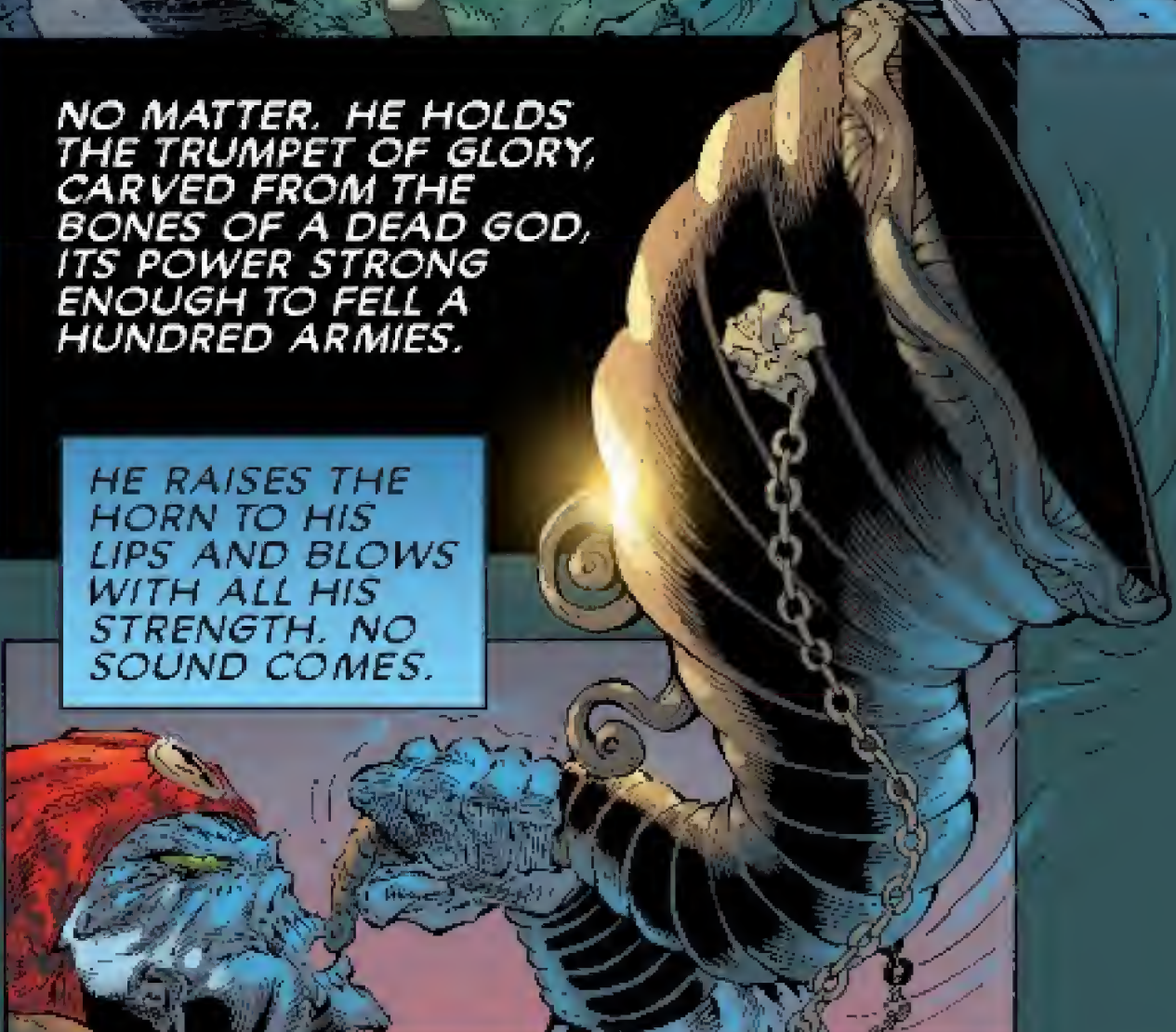
TO THE WEST, THE CITY OF BALAKESH RISES LIKE AN ORCHID FROM THE DESERT, A PERFUMED ALTAR TO BEAUTY AND LEARNING.



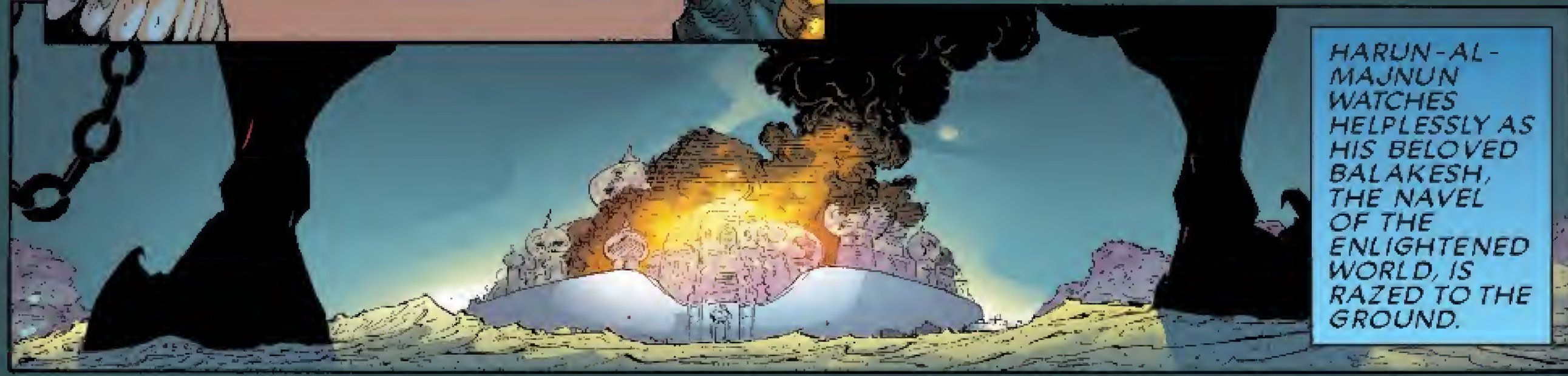
THEY ARE TOO FAR AWAY. HE CANNOT REACH THEM IN TIME.

NO MATTER. HE HOLDS THE TRUMPET OF GLORY, CARVED FROM THE BONES OF A DEAD GOD, ITS POWER STRONG ENOUGH TO FELL A HUNDRED ARMIES.

HE RAISES THE HORN TO HIS LIPS AND BLOWS WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH. NO SOUND COMES.



HE TRIES AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT HIS EFFORTS ARE MET ONLY WITH SILENCE.




HARUN-AL-MAJNUN WATCHES HELPLESSLY AS HIS BELOVED BALAKESH, THE NAVE OF THE ENLIGHTENED WORLD, IS RAZED TO THE GROUND.





Lt. COLONEL AL SIMMONS LOVED HIS COUNTRY, LOVED HIS FAMILY.



AND HE WAS MUCH LOVED IN RETURN...



WANDA? HELLO? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE HERE?




IT WAS A LOVELY SERVICE, DESPITE THE RAIN.

HELLO?

HEY, IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?

I'M RIGHT HERE.



I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW SORRY WE ARE FOR YOUR LOSS, MRS. SIMMONS.

IF THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO, ANYTHING I CAN DO, PLEASE SAY THE WORD.

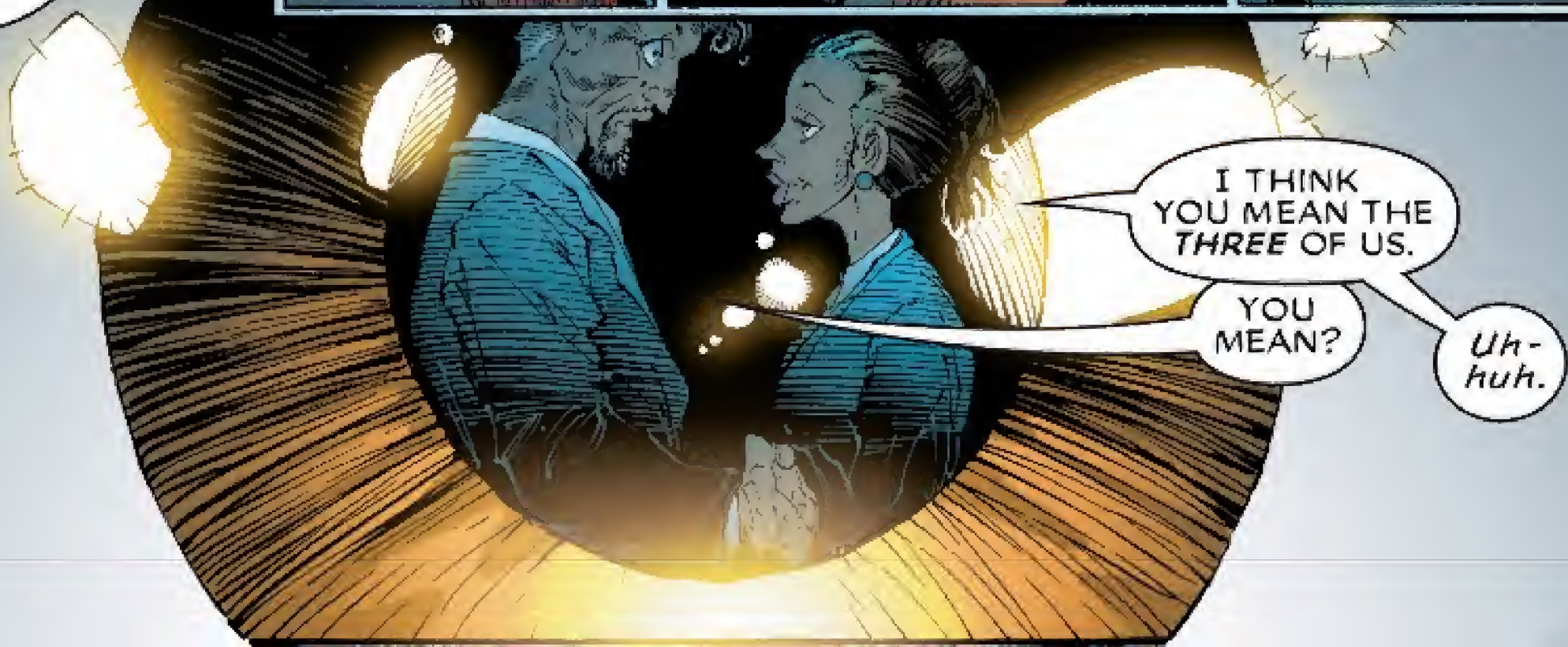
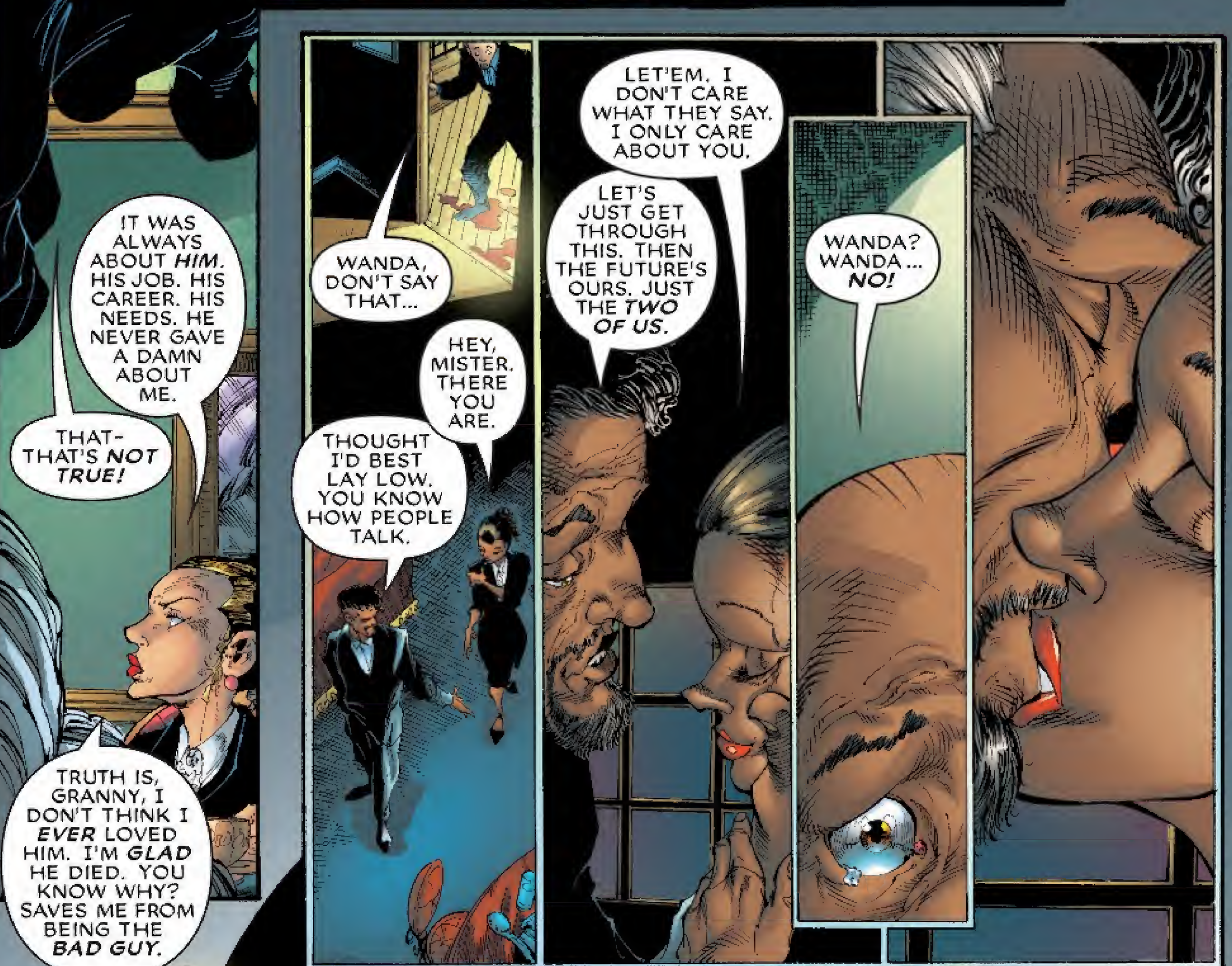
THANK YOU, MR. WYNN.



WYNN! GET AWAY FROM MY WIFE!

WANDA! WANDA! COME BACK!









THIS CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING...



IT'S NOT  
REAL...



JUST ANOTHER  
ONE OF THOSE  
*DREAMS... ANOTHER  
NIGHTMARE... IT'S  
NOT REAL...*

IT'S  
NOT TOO  
LATE, YOU  
KNOW...



WHO'S  
THERE?  
CAN YOU  
**SEE**  
ME?



IT'S NOT  
TOO LATE  
TO STRIKE A  
BARGAIN.

I CAN  
END THIS FOR  
YOU. ALL THIS  
SUFFERING, ALL  
THIS PAIN. I  
CAN SET YOU  
FREE.







SURRENDER  
YOUR BURDENS  
TO ME. I WILL  
TAKE YOUR PLACE.  
GLADLY.



AND YOU  
WILL BE FREE  
AGAIN. BUT YOU  
MUST GIVE  
YOUR POWER  
WILLINGLY.

WE  
BOTH  
KNOW YOU  
NEVER  
WANTED  
IT...



TRUST  
ME...



TRUST  
ME.

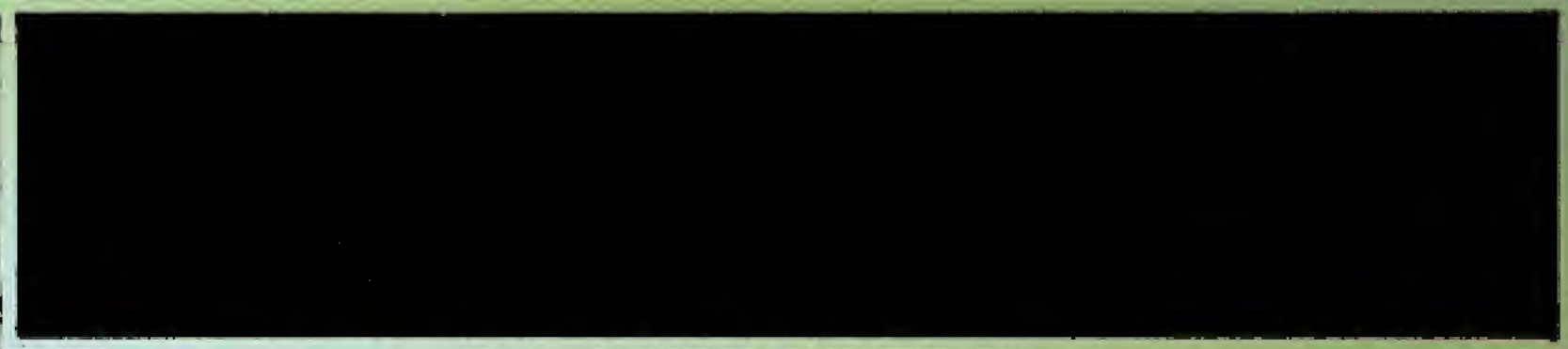


POWER?  
WHAT POWER?  
WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

I CAN  
BE PATIENT. I'LL  
GIVE YOU SOME  
TIME TO THINK  
ABOUT IT.



BUT  
NOT TOO  
LONG.



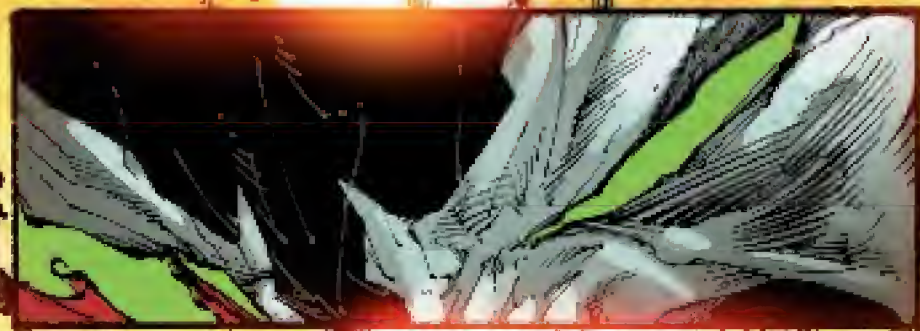


SPAWN...  
SPAWN...  
WAKE  
UP...

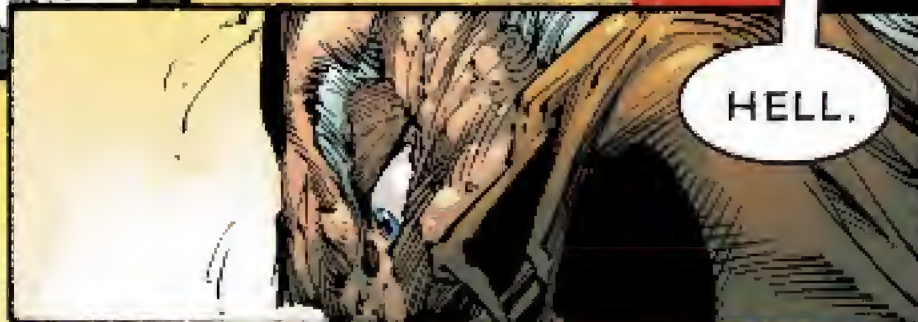
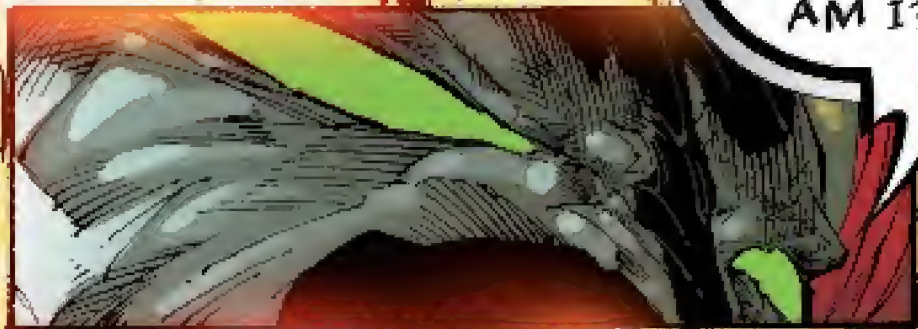
THERE'S  
NOT MUCH  
TIME...  
SNAP OUT  
OF IT!



COG...  
IS THAT  
YOU?

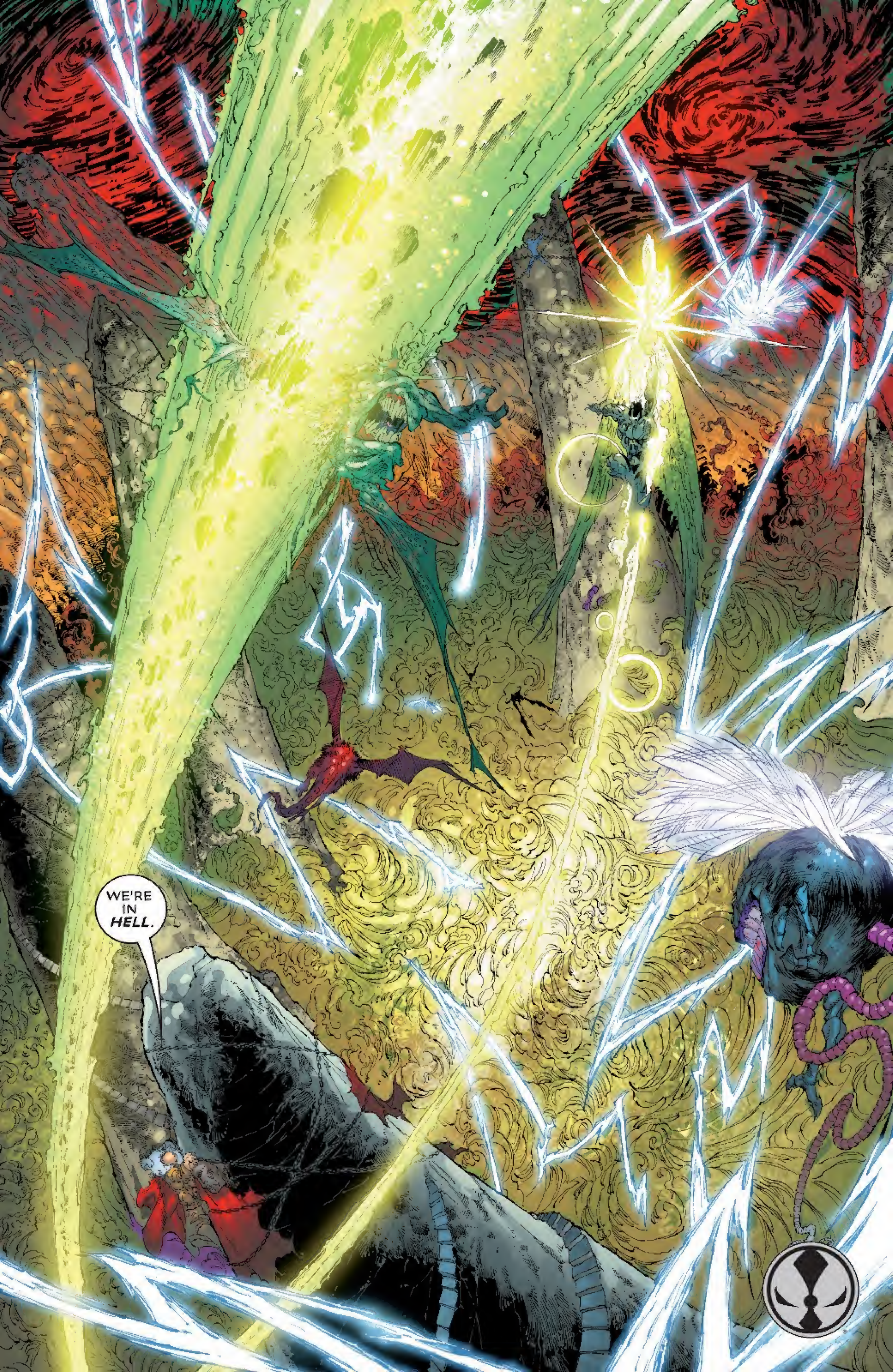


COG...  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?  
WHERE  
AM I?



HELL.





WE'RE  
IN  
HELL.

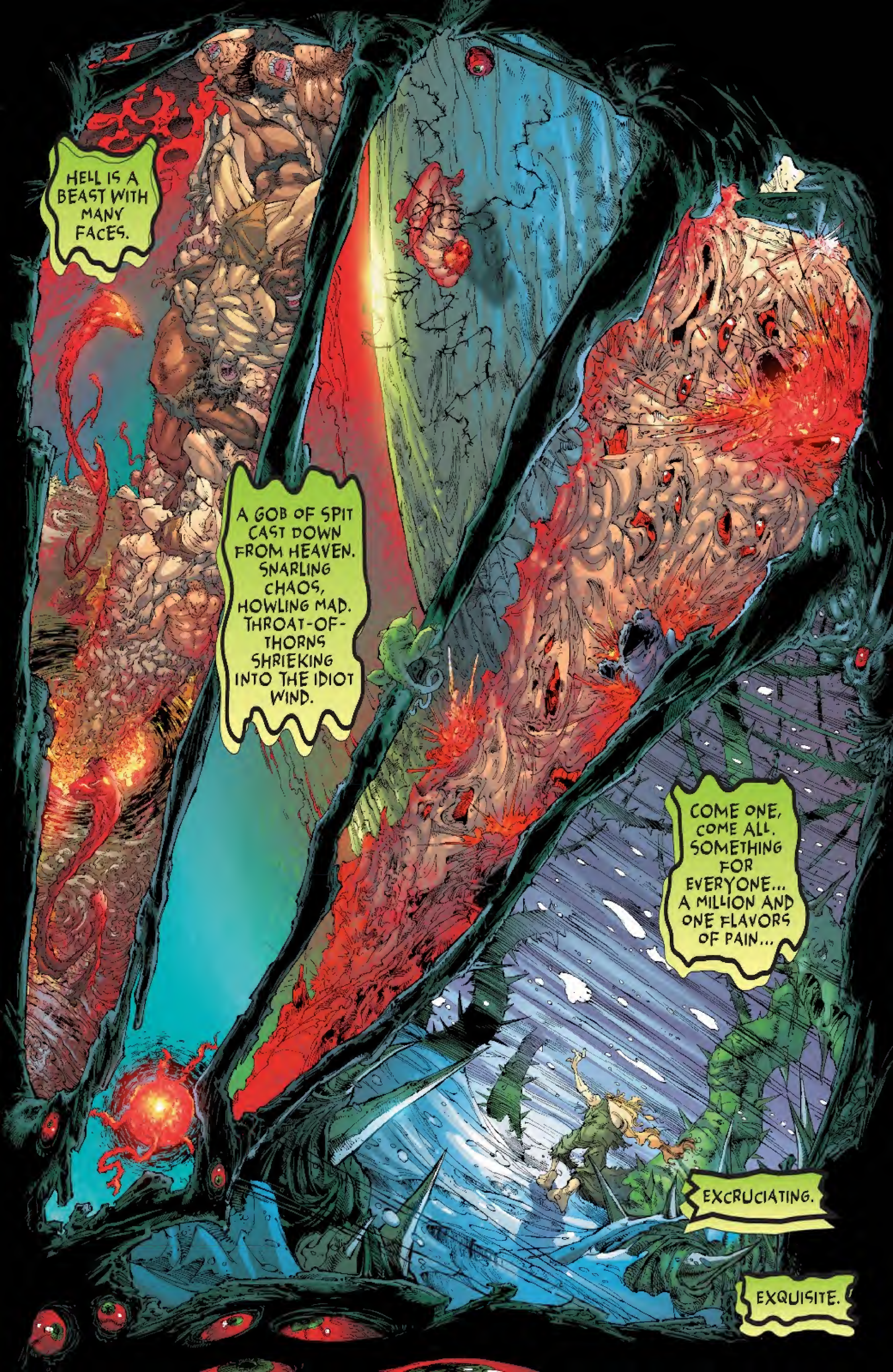




# SPAWN







HELL IS A  
BEAST WITH  
MANY  
FACES.

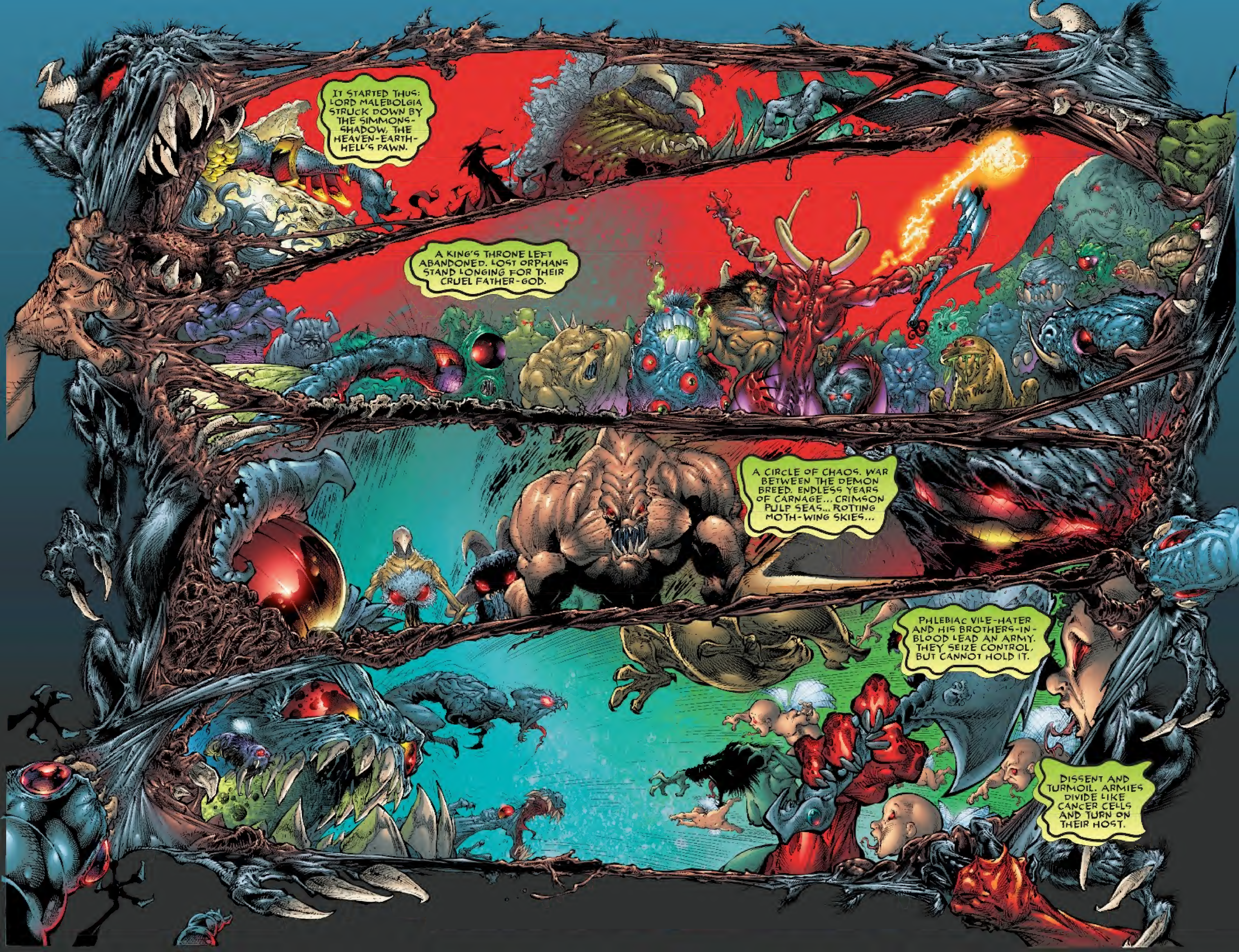
A GOB OF SPIT  
CAST DOWN  
FROM HEAVEN.  
SNARLING  
CHAOS,  
HOWLING MAD.  
THROAT-OF-  
THORNS  
SHRIEKING  
INTO THE IDIOT  
WIND.

COME ONE,  
COME ALL.  
SOMETHING  
FOR  
EVERYONE...  
A MILLION AND  
ONE FLAVORS  
OF PAIN...

EXCRUCIATING.

EXQUISITE.





IT STARTED THUS:  
LORD MALEBOLGIA  
STRUCK DOWN BY  
THE SIMMONS-  
SHADOW, THE  
HEAVEN-EARTH-  
HELL'S PAWN.


A KING'S THRONE LEFT  
ABANDONED. LOST ORPHANS  
STAND LONGING FOR THEIR  
CRUEL FATHER-GOD.

A CIRCLE OF CHAOS. WAR  
BETWEEN THE DEMON  
BREED. ENDLESS YEARS  
OF CARNAGE... CRIMSON  
PULP SEAS... ROTTING  
MOTH-WING SKIES...

PHLEBIAC VILE-HATER  
AND HIS BROTHERS-IN-  
BLOOD LEAD AN ARMY.  
THEY SEIZE CONTROL,  
BUT CANNOT HOLD IT.

DISSSENT AND  
TURMOIL. ARMIES  
DIVIDE LIKE  
CANCER CELLS  
AND TURN ON  
THEIR HOST.





THE SOULS' REBELLION: MAD MARK, CHILD BEAST OF SAINT MONICA, LEADS A LEGION OF THE DAMNED.

THE MURDERERS' BRIGADE CRIES FREEDOM AND RAILS AGAINST THE DEMONIC LORDS.

YEARS PASS. YEARS AND MORE. POWER SHIFTS LIKE DESERT SANDS.

HELL'S CIRCLE... BROKEN UPON THE WHEEL... A HISSING SERPENT, IT SEEPS ACROSS THE BORDERS INTO THE WORLD ABOVE...

AND STILL, DOWN BELOW, THEY FIGHT. TOOTH AND CLAW. FANG AND TALON. WHAT WILL THEY SAY NOW? WHAT WILL THEY DO?

NOW THAT THEIR KING IS RETURNED...





KIN-  
SLAYER...  
FIRST-OF-  
KILLERS...

YOU SAD,  
QUIVERING  
LITTLE LUMP  
OF SHIT. WE HAVE  
BEEN WAITING A  
VERY, VERY  
LONG TIME  
FOR YOU.

I NEVER  
THOUGHT  
YOU'D HAVE  
THE BALLS  
TO COME  
HERE.

AND  
DESPAIR...

LOOK  
UPON YOUR  
WORKS, OLD  
MAN...





STOP!  
LET HIM  
GO!

THIS  
DOESN'T  
CONCERN  
YOU, LITTLE  
THING.

YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE FOLLOWED.  
THIS IS A GAME  
FOR THE **BIG**  
BOYS.


DON'T  
YOU SEE?  
HEAVEN'S HAD  
ITS USE OF YOU  
AND HAS  
DISCARDED  
YOU.

SO  
SIT DOWN  
AND SHUT  
UP.

NOW...

WHAT'S  
THIS?





WHERE  
DID YOU GET  
THIS? DID... DID  
HE GIVE THIS  
TO YOU?

IS  
THAT YOUR  
GAME?

**HA HA HA!**

PLEASE...  
I NEED...

YOU  
DIDN'T  
REALLY THINK  
IT WOULD  
MAKE A  
DIFFERENCE  
DID YOU?

YOU'RE  
A GREATER  
FOOL THAN  
I HAD  
GUESSED.



SO...  
TRYING  
TO *SNEAK*  
OFF WITH  
OUR LITTLE  
PLAYTHING,  
WERE  
YOU?

LET ME  
BE CLEAR: I  
WANT THE THRONE  
OF *HELL*. I'VE WAITED  
A *LOOONG* TIME FOR  
IT. AND I WILL SEIZE  
IT BY ANY MEANS  
NECESSARY.

AND EVEN A  
FEW THAT *AREN'T*  
NECESSARY.

UGHHN...

SAY THE WORDS,  
HELLSPAWN. TELL ME  
THE THRONE IS *MINE*.  
IT'S OF NO USE TO YOU.  
BOW DOWN BEFORE  
ME AND ALL THIS  
CAN BE OVER...

N-N-NO....


I'M QUITE  
GOOD AT MY  
JOB. I'VE  
BEEN DOING  
IT A LONG  
TIME.

AND I CAN  
HURT ANYBODY.  
EVEN A SOMEONE  
AS IN LOVE WITH  
HIS OWN  
SUFFERING AS  
YOU...

I KNOW  
YOUR WEAK  
SPOTS,  
SPAWN...

YAAHHH!





WANDA...  
PERFECT, IDEALIZED  
WANDA. SHE *BELONGS*  
TO US, YOU KNOW. WE'VE  
PLANTED OUR SEED IN HER.  
CARVED OUR *NAME*  
ON HER WOMB.

WHEN  
SHE COMES  
TO US, I WILL  
SEE THAT SHE  
SUFFERS AS NO  
SOUL EVER  
HAS.

WRITHING  
IN AGONY FOR  
ALL *ETERNITY*. AND  
I WILL MAKE SURE  
SHE KNOWS... EVERY  
PAINFUL MOMENT...  
THAT IT IS ALL  
YOUR *FAULT*.

SO,  
SPAWN...  
WHAT DO  
YOU--

**WOMP!**

SHOULDN'T...  
HAVE  
MENTIONED...  
WANDA.

OOOHH...  
LITTLE MAN, DID  
I MAKE YOU  
MAD?!






I WAS  
HOPING WE  
COULD DO THIS  
THE HARD  
WAY.

GOOD!






WE'RE  
GOING TO  
TEAR YOU TO  
SCRAPS, HELL-  
SPAWN.

AND  
THEN I'M  
GOING TO SUCK  
THE MARROW  
FROM YOUR  
BONES.

THE BATTLE ECHOES  
ACROSS THE FIELDS  
OF HELL.





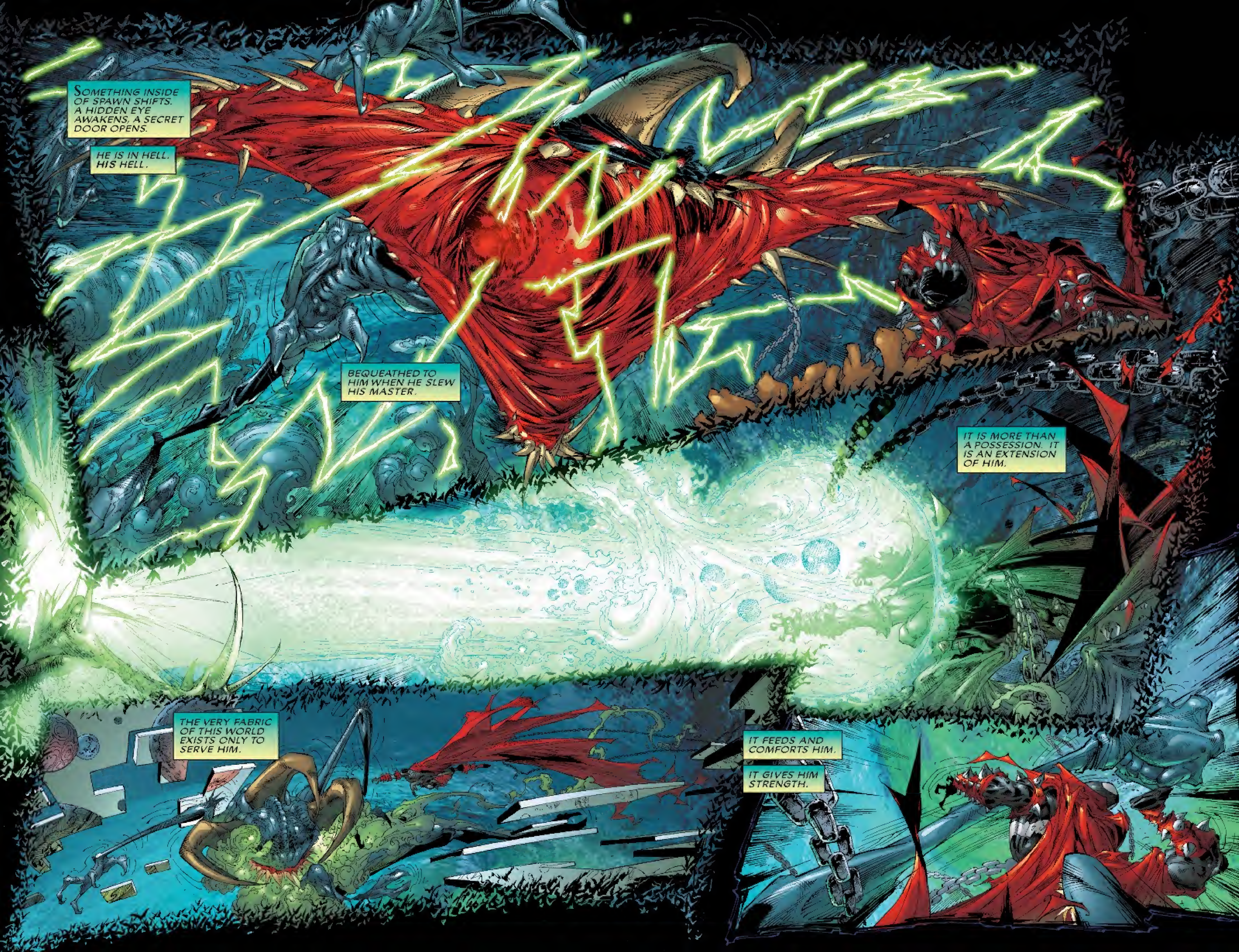
FROM THE  
PILLARS OF  
TARTARUS TO  
THE WASTES  
OF NIHIL.

FROM THE  
DROWNING  
SHALLOWS  
TO THE  
FOREST OF  
THORNS.

ALL  
PERDITION  
QUAKES.

COME ON,  
CAPTAIN MISERY!  
IS THAT THE BEST  
YOU'VE GOT? WHAT ARE  
YOU PLANNING DO?  
MOPE ME INTO  
SUBMISSION?!



A dramatic comic book illustration of Spawn. He is depicted in a dark, stormy environment, surrounded by jagged, lightning-like energy. A large, glowing green orb is visible in the background. Spawn is shown in a dynamic pose, with his red cape flowing. The scene is filled with intense energy and a sense of impending action.

SOMETHING INSIDE  
OF SPAWN SHIFTS.  
A HIDDEN EYE  
AWAKENS, A SECRET  
DOOR OPENS.

HE IS IN HELL.  
HIS HELL.

BEQUEATHED TO  
HIM WHEN HE SLEW  
HIS MASTER.

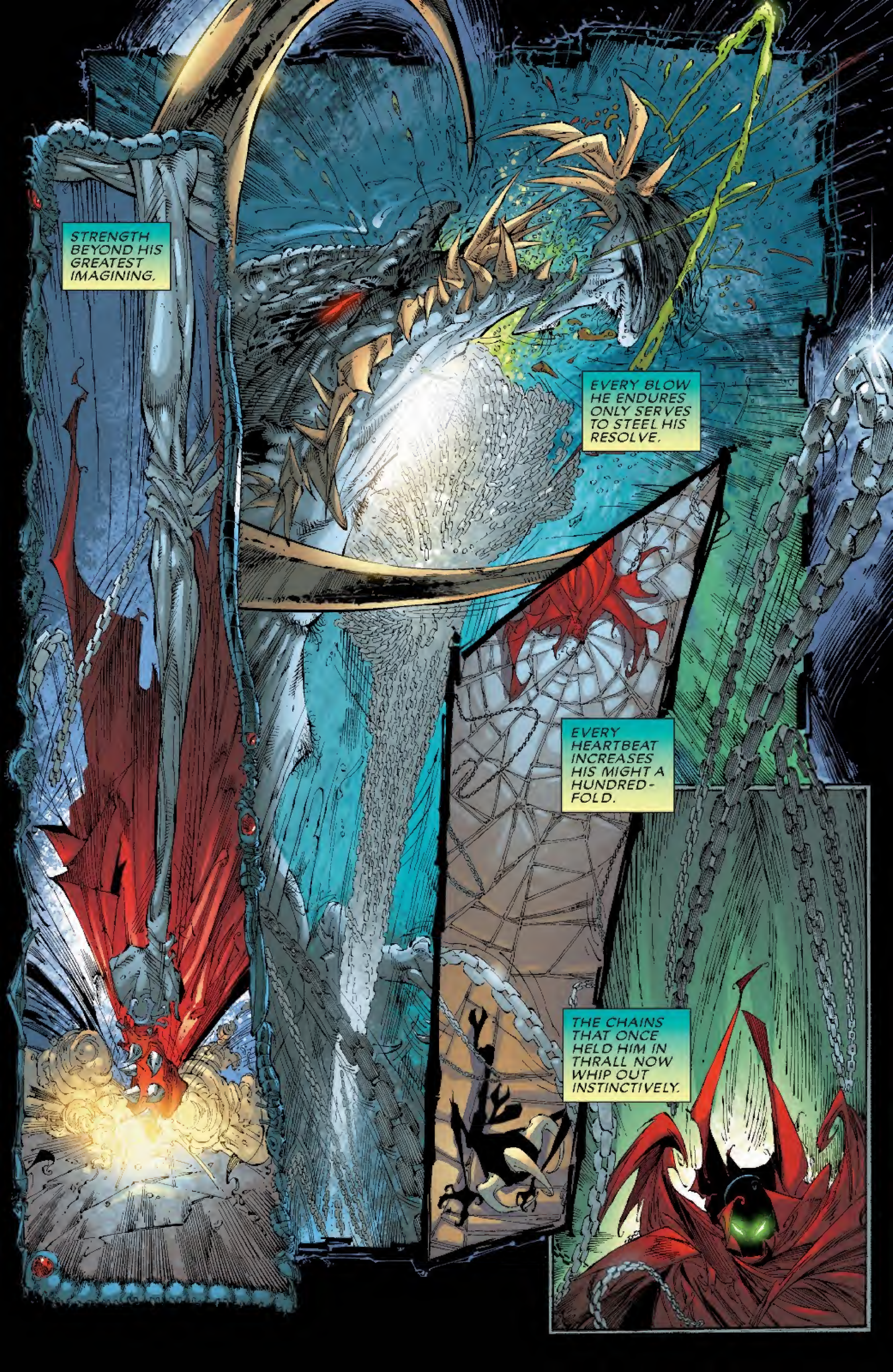
IT IS MORE THAN  
A POSSESSION. IT  
IS AN EXTENSION  
OF HIM.

THE VERY FABRIC  
OF THIS WORLD  
EXISTS ONLY TO  
SERVE HIM.

IT FEEDS AND  
COMFORTS HIM.

IT GIVES HIM  
STRENGTH.






STRENGTH  
BEYOND HIS  
GREATEST  
IMAGINING.

EVERY BLOW  
HE ENDURES  
ONLY SERVES  
TO STEEL HIS  
RESOLVE.

EVERY  
HEARTBEAT  
INCREASES  
HIS MIGHT A  
HUNDRED-  
FOLD.

THE CHAINS  
THAT ONCE  
HELD HIM IN  
THRALL NOW  
WHIP OUT  
INSTINCTIVELY.





THEY  
ANCHOR  
HIM TO  
THE CORE  
OF THIS  
WORLD.


PULSING ARTERIES  
THAT FLOW WITH  
LIMITLESS POWER.

EVERY DARK  
CORNER...

EVERY  
ACCURSED  
INCH  
OF THIS  
REALM...

IS HIS TO  
COMMAND.





HIS VOICE  
IS FIRE. HIS  
WORDS ARE  
THUNDER.

DO YOUR  
WORST.

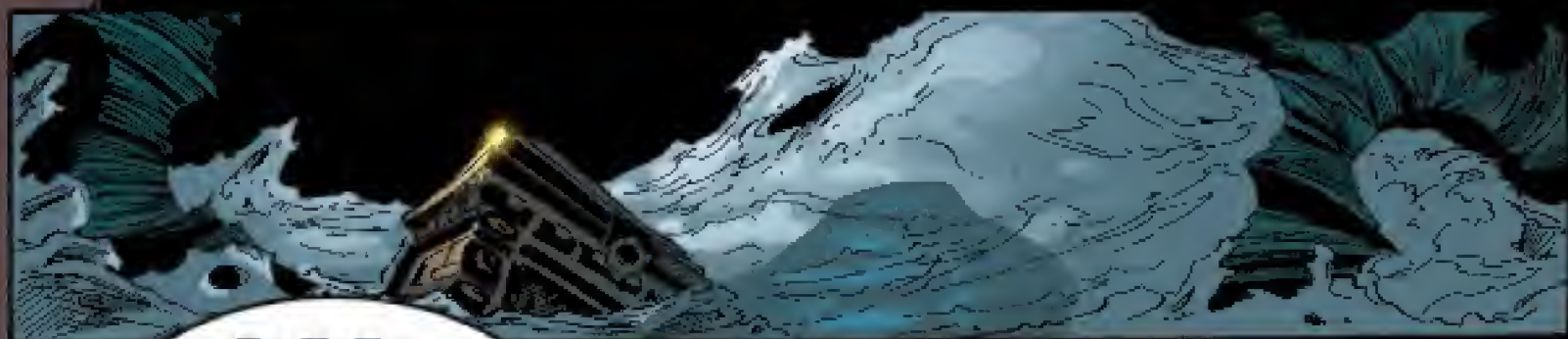
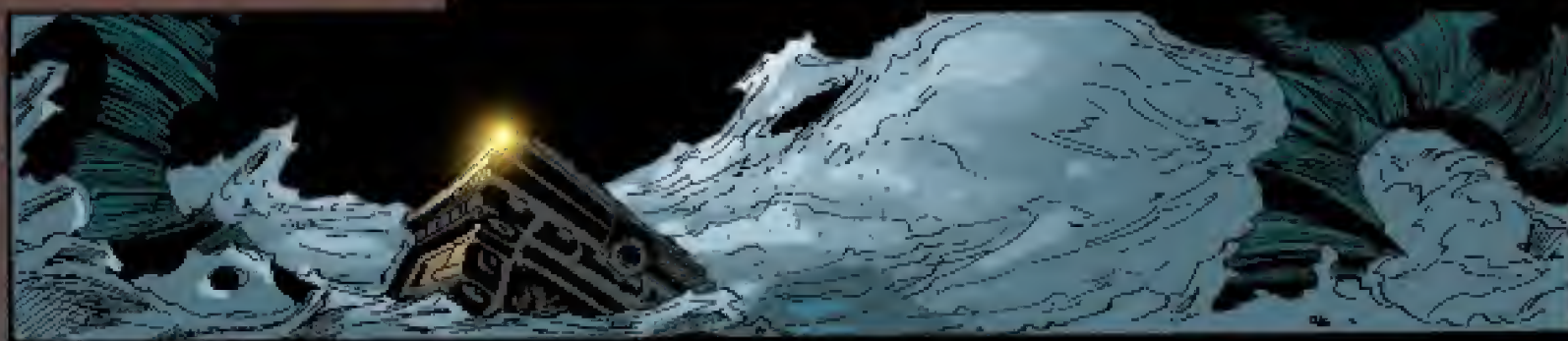
CALL ALL  
THE HORDES  
OF HELL TO YOUR  
SIDE. IT MAKES NO  
DIFFERENCE.

THIS  
REALM IS  
MINE.

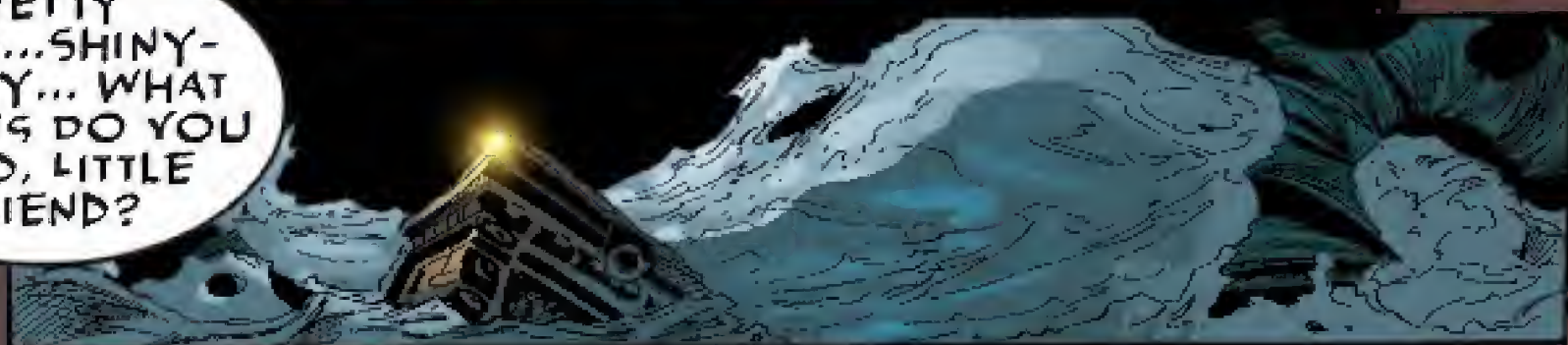
AND I HAVE  
AN ARMY OF  
MY OWN!



ELSEWHERE...



PRETTY  
THING... SHINY-  
PRETTY... WHAT  
SECRETS DO YOU  
HOLD, LITTLE  
FRIEND?




FROM THE  
VALLEY OF  
THE TEARS  
COMES A  
GREAT  
CRACKING  
SOUND...

... AS  
ANCIENT  
CHAINS  
BREAK  
AND SLIP  
FOR THE  
FIRST  
TIME IN  
MEMORY.







OVER THE RISE THEY COME...

AWAKENED FROM  
EONS OF PRIVATE  
TORMENT...

...TO FIGHT  
BESIDE THEIR  
KING AND  
BROTHER.

THE LEGION  
OF THE MOST  
DAMNED, THE  
ARMY OF THE  
HELLSPAWN,  
CUT A RAGGED  
SWATH ACROSS  
THE FACE OF  
HELL.



TRAITORS  
AND REBELS...  
DEMONS AND  
DAMNED...  
CHOOSE YOUR  
SIDES.

THE KING OF  
**HELL**  
HAS  
RETURNED!

